



Innkeeper's Fire

Sightings of a sacred hearth

Vol. 1

Richard Mc Sweeney

Innkeeper's Fire

- Sightings of a sacred hearth -

Volume I of II

By

Richard Mc Sweeney

Risteárd Mac Suibhne Uí Éire

INNKEEPER'S FIRE

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Vol. I

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Author's disclaimer:

While I have made every attempt to ensure that the style and editing of this work is of the highest standards, I ask for your understanding if you should happen therein upon anything to the contrary.

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To the Beloved Profundities of my life ~

Sung-ja my wife, son Richard, and daughter Iris

A hiding place of mine own for mine own throughout
the ages of mine own past, mine own present,
and mine own future.

Also by Richard Mc Sweeney

Myriam of Lebanon

A Jesus of Nazareth

Generations Reaching

Hearing in the Write

Richard Mc Sweeney of the ancient and enigmatic isle of Éire writes on a variety of themes, but primarily on those to do with promoting beauty, good-naturedness, love of family, artistic expression, respect for the natural world, and cosmic considerations.

Having spent six edifying years as a seminarian with the Missionary Society of St. Columban, Richard came to the conclusion that his calling in life was to be sought elsewhere. Thus, journeying onwards with a great sense of gratitude and many happy memories he came to sojourn for some nine years in the Republic of Korea followed by three in the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia, and a further three in the United Arab Emirates.

While in Korea he earned a master's degree in Chinese Philosophy from Seoul National University, and a bachelor's in Korean Language and Literature from Kyunggi University. Both of which were conducted entirely through the mediums of Korean and Classical Chinese. He holds a diploma in Philosophy & Arts from St. Patrick's College, Maynooth in the county Kildare.

Richard a native of Fermoy in the county Cork lives with his wife and two children in the idyllic border village of Tallow in the county Waterford.

Rísteárd Mac Grailt the Innkeeper's Sunday Eve
Invocation to the Ancestors

Silently to himself, saying,

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and
In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of
Bygone Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.



Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Rísteárd is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Sitting across the hearth from him is his guest, Receptive.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over on the windowsill and from the one on the table.



Introduction

Innkeepers' Fire is a keeper; a fascinating piece of literary art, best read as philosophy expressed through a poetic means all of its own delightful design. Some nineteen years in the making, the earliest section of the work dates from early autumn of 1991 right through to late spring of 1992. It contained forty succinct stories, and was written in the joyful, supportive company of my wife Sung-ja, son Richard, and daughter Iris in our pretty apartment south of the great Han River, in Seoul the capital of the Republic of Korea.

While an overarching conceptual frame of ideas had been with me for some time up to then, I had as of yet not encountered a compelling enough situation; a catalyst as it were that would have strongly encouraged me to formulate my ideas on paper. However, that very quickly changed with the outbreak of the United Nations authorised Gulf War of the 2 August 1990 to the 28 February 1991.

On a visit back here home to Éire in the summer of 1993, I had these forty stories privately published as a short and compendious paperback. It was titled *Oriental Mystique*. Copies of this work are kept in the Library of Congress, Harvard College Library Cambridge, British Library, and in Trinity College Library Dublin.

Some years later, and now teaching in Jeddah, in the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia, a generous opportunity presented itself which enabled me to have these stories internationally published. In the summer of 1998 a version (with some minor modifications on the previous publication) appeared, and was titled *A Misty Night Canticle*. Copies of this work are also kept in the British Library, and in Trinity College Library Dublin.

Having completed my three-year contract in Jeddah, I had gone on to spend a further three years teaching in the United Arab Emirates before returning here to Éire to settle for the time being. That was in mid-June of 2001.

Ever since the publication of *Oriental Mystique* and even more so with the publication of *A Misty Night Canticle* I had been contemplating adding a commentary section to these stories which would take the form of poetic/rhetoric dialogues; intriguing natural conversations of the lyrical kind. I felt the stories needed to be interestingly teased out, thus providing the reader with the opportunity to become more personally acquainted with them.

I envisaged a work that would well bespeak in continuance and similitude of sincerity, scope, and style the charming storytelling ways of my father Richard Mc Sweeney of Ballyvourney, and of my mother Joan Healy of Glanworth, and of their fathers and mothers before them, and of our ancestors going way way back on either side by humble cottage and grand hall hearth; a continuance and similitude that would be seen to be in no small way a worthy 21st century epiphany of the rich literary heritage of Éire.

With this in mind, I had been examining and reflecting upon the methods used by such innovative and creative greats as Gibran Kahlil Gibran in his *The Prophet*, Friedrich Nietzsche in his *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, Iohannes Scottus Ériugena in his *On the Division of Nature*, Titus Lucretius Carus in his *On the Nature of Things*, and Chuang-Tzu in his *The Chuang-Tzu*; William Shakespeare in his *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and John Millington Synge in his *Riders to the Sea*.

Then abominable 9/11 happened, and I could clearly discern in it that a catalytic moment had come upon me to provide the original collection of stories with extensive and in depth commentaries.

Composition of the commentaries began in earnest in November of that same year in the joyful, supportive company of my family here in our lovely home in Tallow, south of the gentle Bride River. The work carried on all the way through to March of 2003. Each and every story was provided with a dialogue distinguishable by its poetic and rhetoric qualities; a commentary in the form of an intriguing natural conversation between the teller of the story and the listener. Once the story was delivered the listener would ask certain questions of the storyteller on elements that were of interest and of concern to him or her.

Being now well satisfied with this completed work, I set it aside for the next three years while I applied myself to other writing projects, namely that of *Hearing in the Write*, *Generations Reaching*, *A Jesus of Nazareth*, and *Myriam of Lebanon*.

On a side note, publication of these works has been in reverse chronological order. The first being *Myriam of Lebanon* followed by *A Jesus of Nazareth*, *Generations Reaching*, and *Hearing in the Write*. And now *Innkeeper's Fire*.

With revisiting the work in the closing months of 2007, I made some slight modifications here and there. However, aside from the digital artwork introducing each of the chapters (acts) the original stories were left intact in their original forms as they had been presented in the 1998 internationally published version, and so too were the commentaries that were added between 2001 to 2003. The reason for this being that I wanted to preserve them in their unique

time settings: namely just before the dawning of the Internet Age proper, and the aftermath of the 9/11 tragedy.

At the time of writing the original stories back in 1991-92, it would be true to say that literally I knew very little of what was the Internet. Hence this having been the reality with respect to my knowledge of what was to become THE INTERNET, it is quite amazing that so much in these stories can now be appreciated as having accurately foreseen and anticipated with remarkable prescience some of the major difficulties we are today experiencing with the Internet Age, not to mention with the destructive consequences created by the disgraceful lack of moral conviction displayed by the United Nations on several opportune occasions, when with just a little bit more reflection and a great deal more effort, it could so very easily have had assured a more compassionate, dignified, and peaceful world for everyone in these following years and beyond.

Innkeeper's Fire comes in two volumes; volume I contains Acts 1-22, and volume II, Acts 23-40. It is being presented as an opera of place rather than as a drama of place as the setting for each act and its performance may be said to resemble more that of an opera performance than that of a theatre. With just a slight movement of the imagination one can easily see, hear, feel, and come to know this to be so for the voices, sounds, and silences found therein are all simply music expressed in a particular rhythm, pitch, melody, and harmony, and in a style and deliverance all of its own wondrous composition.

I have chosen a traditional Irish setting which is very close to my own heart, namely that of the convivial ambience of sitting around a cosy open hearth telling stories and then discussing them at length for half the night. Here on the isle of Éire, as surely in many other places too, the tradition of telling stories about the hearth has

been honoured and treasured by our people for centuries and centuries be they sitting about the hearth within their simple cranogs, cottages, country houses, castles grand or by road away caravans.

The hearth within these pages is seen as a bright window way to our ancestors; a natural, and faithful expression of Sacred Hearth Sun's presence deep within the home, deep down within the isle, deep down adown within the planet. For verily, like all peoples we have down through the ages naturally treasured sitting and chatting with each other, and with the welcomed stranger about sacred hearths be they off in the ever so quiet crisp Arabian desert night air, or here in the wild windy winterish evenings of this North Atlantic isle; delighted we have however and wherever in sitting and chatting together about gently crackling, softly singing, sacred fragrant hearths. And who knows knows it to be so, that these sacred fragrant hearths well serve as ever-present living home sweet home emblems of Sacred Hearth Sun's wondrous presence within our own bosoms.

Each and every act has the same format: a prologue, and the presentation of a story followed by an in depth conversation. While there are forty different stories with their accompanying conversations told by the one same storyteller to forty different listeners, the work may also be understood as giving the impression of being a single multifaceted story accompanied by an equally multifaceted conversation, and again told by the same storyteller to one lone listener albeit a listener who is of various roles, and whose personality types, experiences, and cultural backgrounds all greatly differ.

Rísteárd Mac Grailt the innkeeper; the knowledgeable, adept, self-taught storyteller as well as faithful invoker and recipient of ancestral blessings and inspiration, first tells a story (sighting) to his

special guest, Receptive. This is then followed by a very enlightening conversation initiated by the guest on the content of the story. Throughout the work the identities of all guests save for two or three are kept anonymous (hence the anonym "Receptive"). Come equinoxes and solstices all storytelling sessions take place on Sunday Eves, in other words on Saturday nights.

An important feature of the work is the invitation to the reader to seek white space knowledge; the hidden knowledge found in the depths, widths, and heights about the written word; inclusive of the hidden knowledge found between the letters and punctuation markings of words, phrases, sentences, and paragraphs. Wherever there is white space there exists hidden knowledge. And it may well be said that there is no white space that doesn't contain hidden knowledge. The encounter with it is subjective to the reader, in that white space knowledge welcomes and respects the level of knowledge being brought to it, and as such responds to it accordingly; never too easy nor never too difficult, just comfortably hovering there somewhere betwixt and between.

The stories and their respective conversations in this multi-layered contemplative work cover many compelling contemporary topics, ranging from those related to Art and Artistry, Astronomy, Bioethics, Economics, Environment, Extraterrestrial life, Family, History, Human dignity, I-ching, Language phenomena, Marriage, Parentage, Philosophy, Relationships, Religion, and to Technology just to mention but a few.

What truly distinguishes *Innkeeper's Fire* and provides it with its definite strength has to be the time frame in which it was written, the diversity of topics addressed, the boldness of thought explored, and throughout the charm of presentation maintained. The lyrical simplicity and inventiveness of the discursive language employed,

and its potent ability to bring about a qualitative change in the way we look at life and ourselves makes the work a very attractive read. To achieve this effect an abundance of artistic, literary, mythic, religious, and symbolic motifs have been brought into play.

Innkeeper's Fire effectively communicates that it is an ongoing human obligation to think life in a new and different light. The flamboyancy and style of both the stories and their commentaries ensures a highly enjoyable and most rewarding encounter. Its profundity will at times bring tears to the eyes. While cryptic and esoteric elements are subtly and copiously scattered here and there throughout the text, they won't in anyway distract from the reader's enjoyment of the work, rather will instead be handsomely adding to their enjoyment of it. The work takes the position that there is nothing that isn't mysteriously related to everything else in some way or another.

Innkeeper's Fire is being presented as a landmark work in the tradition of clear independent Irish thought; in the tradition of spontaneous, independent, Irish philosophical speculation of the most natural, and native kind. The ever-embering presence of this tradition has been softly glowing with us down through the ages in the treasured burial caverns, rock designs, artifacts, stories, poetry, and writings of our gracious ancestors. Yet, there have been but brief memorable moments when this softly glowing embering was with the laying of well footed May-dried turf, spontaneously given to kindling itself into a passionately glowing fire in the hearth of Irish and global intellectual thought. Such a rare, beauteous, and auspicious moment, like unto the appearance of a supernova in the heavens, I see as having last occurred in the welcoming, self-culturing mind of the 9th century independent Irish philosopher Iohannes Scottus Ériugena.

I have grown to greatly admire Êriugena for his intellectual brilliance, his originality, his courage to freely and profoundly speculate, and above all for his focus on harmony, yet I need, however for it to be made clear from the outset, that this should not be taken in any way to mean or to imply that I share his Neoplatonic ontological explanations on how everything is. This having now been said, I feel we need to regenerate in our own day such an openness of mind as Êriugena's; such a spirit that will with style and finesse boldly speculate on the given existence. To be of such a lyrical spirit is to be at one with the ever-becoming generations of yesterday, today and tomorrow. May it continuously be that there be in place and time enlivened metaforms of this fragrant metaphor kind.

Some eleven centuries would dilatorily pass before the tradition of clear independent Irish thought; spontaneous, independent, Irish philosophical speculation at least of the Êriugenan kind would again make its reappearance. In the big scheme of things this is but a moment, but here on planet Earth this has been quite a long time. And this in no way is meant to deny the existence of the many other great Irish thinkers in that long span, especially those who have been influenced in one way or another by Êriugenan principles, but rather to bring out the idea and the image that the particular self-cultured Êriugenan adventurous type and style of free thinking has not been with us now in person for such a very very long time.

Its reappearance and regeneration as presented in *Innkeeper's Fire* (and in my other works); its journey from the banks of the rivers of Éire, to the banks of the Seine of Paris, the Han of Seoul, and the Bride of Tallow, respectively has not been conveyed to me per se by means of those many great thinkers, but rather as it were by means of transcending rainbows of vestige thought forever forming themselves o'er the landscape of my heart. Incidentally, this is no 'pot

of gold' I happened upon by chance at the end of a rainbow of a soft misty morning in July, no rather the rainbows themselves have been the vessels of gold; vessels of gold on means of old on how to spontaneously speculate along the banks of rivers to seas continuously.

As an independent self-publisher of spontaneous, independent, philosophical speculation, I have with careful consideration and reflection felt obliged to invoke unto myself some kind of a 'regal prerogative' when it comes to promoting my own work, for we of the lonelier way (i.e. the self-publishing way) have no voice at the moment but our own with which to make our work known. I have as such found it necessary to courageously crown myself with a regal prerogative of my own making, that I may write and speak honestly and confidently of the worthiness of my various works as they seem to me to be. Those of a more conventional publishing bent or in some cases perhaps a conventional publishing captivity be they literary agent, publisher, book critic or even reader will naturally be inclined to view such a step as being very Bonapartean or Ecoian of me; an affront to humility and will therefore want to reject my work out of hand. This though very understandable is far from acceptable, for assuredly, Umberto, Napoleon, and the likeminded would for the sake of future generations have no problem whatsoever with I taking my precious work's literary destiny out of a confounding impasse, and placing it securely into my own self-confidence.

It seems to me there is everything right about having the conventional method of publishing and the digital on demand self-publishing coexist in a healthy competitive harmony, and even from time for them to delight in lending each other a helping hand. Surely the sun does not begrudge the existence of the humble candle burning away softly in the depths of night nor in the noon hour of the

day is the candle envious of the mighty sun. Clearly the enlightened and nobler way is of mutual respect and grateful dependency.

Quintessence of humility as I understand it, demands that I gather only to give, and have only to share. The best qualified to critique the quality of my work are its receivers: the world readers of today, tomorrow, and beyond, and it is they too within their own private and public contexts who will be interpreting it accordingly for themselves; interpretations that may very well by subtle twist of word or phrase differ greatly from what I had in mind at the time of writing. This is anticipated and welcomed so long as such interpretations are devoid of any wilful misappropriation and distortion of the written word. Isolating phrases from their natural contextual settings would not alone amount to a tarnishing of my efforts, but would be nothing short of a defamation of the rich literary heritage of Éire. Should such an injustice and the like be ever given to appear, (may it never be given to appear) mark it well that it is written here at the gate for all to read and contemplate, that even from the beyond of tomorrow will I defend my honour, and that of the integrity of my noble literary heritage.

In the preface to *Russian Album* (2006) featuring the wonderful Russian soprano Anna Netrebko singing arias of her homeland, Valery Gergiev director of the St. Petersburg Mariinsky Theatre, speaks of her as follows:

"Even if she learns many more new parts, this (the role of Natasha Rostov in *War and Peace*) will remain one of the chief roles in the life of Anna Netrebko. That's because this type of heroine perfectly fits her dramatic, vocal, and musical possibilities. And she also corresponds ideally to the character's visual conception."

Inspired by his words, and enchanted by the luscious voice, incandescent beauty, musical technique, and natural drama of Anna Netrebko, I am lightheartedly given over to metamorphosing: Even if I write many more new books, this (the role of Risteárd Mac Grailt in *Innkeeper's Fire*) will remain one of the chief male character roles in my life. That's because this type of calm, wise, bright, joyous, courteous, warm voiced, nuptial hermit and family man; this rural philosopher-poet who tells mythic stories and engages in homely conversations perfectly fits my imaginative, writing, and poetic possibilities. And I also feel I correspond ideally to his lyrical outlook on life.

To date, Risteárd has to be without a doubt my signature male role, and *Innkeeper's Fire* with its fascinating repertoire of overtures, recitatives, arias, choruses, and silences (prologues, invocations, stories, conversations, and silences) my celebratory incarnation of spontaneous, independent, Irish philosophical speculation.

And may it be on bright fresh spring mornings of yet to come, that you the generations unto the ages of the ages will confirm what I have written here this day to have been quite true all along, and in joyfulness of heart may you from whence with it be in goodly company. Ave.

Tallow
6th January 2008

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ACT 1. Misty Knight

Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 1. *Misty Knight*

Prologue:

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Risteárd Mac Grailt the innkeeper is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Each night before retiring, the remaining fire would be raked to cover over the live embers of turf with the ashes. The embers would then be left to repose comfortably there throughout the night until just before aurora when they would be gently breathed into to coincide with the flowering of the daystar. In this manner was impressive continuity been given to the ancient custom of ensuring the perpetual presence of the Inner Sun in the hearth of the home.

Outside it is a wet dark night with the wind blowing in from the southwestern Atlantic; the kind of night that one feels thankful for having the right side of the house facing out.

Sitting across the hearth from Risteárd, is his guest, Receptive.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Risteárd Ah, this pleasing fire, Receptive revives to my eyes the sighting of *Misty Knight*.

Receptive How does it proceed, Risteárd?

Rísteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and
In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Rísteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?

I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Risteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another world)

Misty Knight switches off the telesatavision in the sitting room, and with tears in his eyes retreats into his study. There he sits at the window, ninety-one floors above the screeching streets, lost in painweightful thought.

He had been watching THE NEWS as was his habit every morning for the past years of years, before leaving for his place of work.

And he speaks unto himself with a great heaviness of heart, saying,

'How can I continue to merely doodle while there is so much hardship taking place in the world? I have a comfortable room to study in, a soft bed to sleep in, delicious food to fill my stomach with whenever I so desire, a loving family, and a lot of freedom.'

And he continues, saying,

'Borderless television brings the hardships into my wheretheycannotphysicallytouchme room. Of course, initially I am shocked, and hurt for a while, and then I have to allow myself the convenience of forgetting all about them.'

Today it is minus one degree Celsius outside. I feel it to be very cold. On the telesatavision I have just watched refugee children with few clothes, no socks, no shoes, running noses, and tangled hair. Tears form and, immediately freeze on their cold faces as they attempt to walk on minus twenty-degree icesnow in a refugee camp somewhere down on the planet floor, far far beneath my highrise cosinest. Dirty brown coloured issue tents where flapping and swaying in the wind.'

And his chest heaves, saying,

'How can I go on living my own comfortable style of life indifferently to the miserable plight of my fellow lifeforms? How can I go on living indifferently to the massacres which have taken place already in the world during my lifetime not to mention those of former times? How can I go on living indifferently to the mass systematic destruction of animal, plant and insect lifeforms committed by our kind for the greater comfort of our kind?'

There is a silence followed by a crying out; a most lamentable cry, saying,

'Could it be very possible that this is all my faauulltt? If I had acted differently could all of this have been avoided? To what extent am I somehow totally responsible? And what of those atrocities being committed now and tomorrow?'

Tears roll down onto his shirt, and seep to the floor.
Through the terrible sobbing he continues with these words,
saying,

'There is the Great Universe, myself and the troubles of
this human-run world. The Great Universe is power. In a very
real and practical sense I have personally experienced this to
be the case. That I have not and do not actively share this fact
with others in a tangible, constructive and practical way could
be the primary reason why there have been and continue to be
so many hideous things taking place in the world.
It is all my faauulltt!'

Tears upon more tears.

A plant, named Greeleene on the windowsill begins to
make conversation with him, saying,

'Pitiful!

If, then it's all your fault Misty Knight, as you claim, what are
you going to do about it? Your salt merely stains the floor.'

'What if I were to offer up my very life this day as a
sacrifice? A sacrifice for all the awful things which have taken
place during my lifetime, and a guard against the future?
A living sign for all others?'

'Better to focus on your abilities. Selfdestruction is an act of denial of your own power, and ultimately it solves nothing. In fact it only adds more fibers of confusion to the already existing problem.

Live fully, and use your abilities well, Misty Knight.'

Sniffing trice. The last being the deepest. He pulls himself together, saying,

'If that's the case, then I'm only aware of one thing I'm able to do which in a very broad sense could be referred to as an ability. I can bring words together in a doodling fashion. Perhaps I can develop this ability into a writing form, and in that way could help to make others aware of the importance of what it really means to be a lifeform. You see, Greeleene, I know something of great significance for us human lifeforms, but I haven't had the courage to share it with others. This lack of courage weights heavily upon my brow during my waking and sleeping hours.'

'Do you feel strongly that you should do something, Misty Knight?'

'I feel, I have to, Greeleene.'

'Do you feel it strongly enough to be able to actually push yourself to do something worthwhile with your own natural ability?'

'Yes, I do! Now, more than ever.
Just a few, well written pages will be enough.'

'Then, Misty Knight write with a great sense of conviction and intimacy. Keep your words simple and to the point. Neither write for recognition or wealth.

All human related problems rest on the shoulders of intuimagicognitators. When these people don't tell of or practice what they know about the hidden ways of the Great Universe then awful things take place in the world, which inevitably effects all of us too, your cohabitants.

Misty Knight, the intuimagicognitator has been lying hidden deep within you all along without you being even vaguely aware of it. Now that you are aware of it, then be accordingly. Have courage, Misty Knight. What you write will touch those who will let it touch them.
Let Identificationwith be your only concern.'

With pencil in mouth, notebook tucked inside his jacket, Misty Knight pushes the button, and agilely climbs down from his cosinest, for the last time.

And that Receptive in a translated form is *Misty Knight* ~ a sighting of the sacred hearth.

Receptive You've filled my eyes with tears, Risteárd,

Risteárd (silently) Wonderful!

A listener with the heart.

Risteárd Most fortunate are you, Receptive.

Receptive Ninety-one floors up is a fare bit to be removed up from the ground, Risteárd?

Risteárd It is indeed, Receptive no doubt, but how about they who live on the two thousand and first floor even more so removed? And the same would be true for those living in the two thousand and first floor down in the basement.

Receptive All in more ways than one. Isn't doodling a form of relaxation, Risteárd?

Risteárd Doodling here, Receptive refers to one's regular job whatever that may be. The problem is one of indifference to the daily lives of others, especially those in difficulty within our own communities about us in the valleys and hills; in the towns and cities; in the countries and regions near and far even within the same building. How many are they who living within the same building do not even know their next-door neighbour's name?

Receptive One cannot live happily, Risteárd in these modern times, if he or she is always concerned about others, especially those existing in faraway, remote places. Taking the best of care of one's own family is a full-time concern.

Rísteárd However a full-time concern it may seem to be Receptive it produces nothing more than the happiness of the indifferent. The happiness of the indifferent is but a producer of small happiness.

Great happiness comes from having a compassionate heart.

Receptive If one was to be always thinking of others who are in worse off circumstances than oneself is in, how can one possibly concentrate on fully taking care of one's own family or even the bigger family one's country?

Rísteárd Why stop at just referring to one's own country, Receptive as one's bigger family?

Surely, the whole world is our bigger family?

In our caring for our immediate family we must likewise be conscious of our bigger family and help in any way we can.

At the moment there is a great imbalance between taking care of one's own family and showing genuine concern for others; concern which empathizes with the others' situations, and then qualitatively does something about it.

Receptive That is all very well to say *Rísteárd*, but what if suddenly, and seemingly without any reason at all, members of that bigger world family come and appallingly hurt the smaller family; my family and my country even though that family, that country has been caring for that bigger world all a long in so many ways?

Rísteárd There is a caring, Receptive which is most generous, and truly equitable. This is highly to be admired for only the great can reach this level of caring; this plateau of compassion.

Receptive It puzzles and frustrates me, Rísteárd why there are so many in the world today who seemingly are without even the slightest bit of compassion in them.

Rísteárd There is no human, Receptive which appears into existence without bringing with him or her some seed of compassion. It's fear which stifles compassion's growth.

Receptive What is fear?

Rísteárd Fear is respect and fear can also be disrespect. One gives security and comfort while the other only gives insecurity and hardship. Strolling in the higher altitudes in deep winter, I greatly respect the heights, depths, wind and snow. This brings me great safety and comfort.

Receptive Fair enough, Rísteárd but what if ones' people were being governed by a tyrant; a tyrannical system? Should the fear in the hearts of the people be one of respect or disrespect?

Rísteárd How was it possible, do you think, Receptive for such a tyrant or tyrannical system to appear in the first place?

Receptive I'll have to think about it, Risteárd.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive With regard to the "Great Universe" Risteárd what is it?

Risteárd That which the scientific consensus-of-opinion-community refers to as the Great Universe is not the Great Universe nor neither Receptive is that which it refers to as the power of the Great Universe.

Receptive This extensive community has also on occasion, Risteárd made reference to the possibility of there being many Universes.

Risteárd Such a reference, Receptive would have in the first place been building up its edifice of theories on the foundation of the one Great Universe concept.

Receptive (reflectively) That would be true.

Receptive How is it possible, Risteárd that one individual, physically far removed "...could be the primary reason why there have been and continue to be so many hideous things taking place in the world"?

Risteárd (with a smile) Is not the Sun physically far removed, Receptive from the Earth?

Receptive (leaning back in his chair laughing) Point well made, Risteárd. Point well taken.

Risteárd (with a smile) Would you care for a cup of tea, Receptive with some freshly baked white cake, butter and blackberryapple jam? The night is still young.

Receptive That would be fantastic, Risteárd.

Tea and the taking of cake is being enjoyed by the fire.

Receptive Is not one's whole life, Risteárd somewhat of a physical sacrificial offering made up of the commitments to one's family, job, team, religious institution, one's country or to international alliances?

Risteárd It is, Receptive if it shows obvious signs of physical self-destructuion such as backs which are bent over at a young age from constant hard work; faces which are prematurely wrinkled and knotted from constantly being anxious; speech which has become faltering and stumbling from having to give up on listening attentively; young eyes whose light has become a dimness from having to be ever

vigilant about a piece of material on a conveyorbelt;
mannerisms which are mechanical from the machines one
daily has to operate.

Among all the signs of physical self-destruction by far
the most tragic is that of the ultimate one; the actual complete
self-destruction of one's physical body by one's own deliberate
intention.

Receptive Then, Risteárd is there any difference between
physically sacrificing oneself for one's family, job, team,
religious institution, country or an international alliance, and
physically giving oneself for them?

Risteárd There is a substantial difference; a difference
between living constructively and living destructively.

Existence, Receptive is not in need of any sacrificial
offerings whatsoever. However, it is in great need of wholesome
giving, wholesome living, and wholesome lifestyles for all.

Receptive What are these for you, Risteárd?

Risteárd They are as you have being seeing, Receptive
since you first arrived at the inn. Only their form will be
different for others in other surroundings in other parts of the
world given peoples' cultural backgrounds, beliefs, climatic
circumstances and times.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive What is being alluded to, Rísteárd in the words, "...the importance of what it really means to be a lifeform": a human lifeform?

Rísteárd (with a smile to himself) Ah, very attentive. Wonderful.

Suffice it will be for this night to say that it is definitely not what Receptive has been cultured to believe it to be.

Receptive (with a smile) And how now would Rísteárd be able to say or judge for sure what Receptive has been cultured to believe having only known him but this short while?

Rísteárd What a person has been cultured to believe or what one has cultured oneself to believe is written all over one; in the brightness of the eyes and in their direction of focus when discoursing; in the gestures one makes; in one's particular posture and style of movement; in the fashions one wears and how one wears them; and not least in how one speaks, and in the very the content of one's speaking.

Receptive (laughing) Then, Rísteárd you are a most attentive reader.

Rísteárd (laughing) You use a very readable script, Receptive.

Receptive (with a smile) How is it possible, Rísteárd that all human related problems rests soley on the ones who are intuitive, imaginative, and cognitive?
Why is faith being excluded?

Rísteárd How do you understand this living seamróg of 'intuition', 'imagination', and 'cognition'?

Receptive Three parts leaflet, one part stem and the remainder made up of its roots.

Rísteárd Then what is the stem? What is its function?

Receptive It is the lifeline connection, Rísteárd running between the roots and the leaflets without which there could be no seamróg.

Rísteárd (with a smile) You're very receptive, Receptive.

Receptive (with a laugh) You joke well, Rísteárd.

Rísteárd (laughing) Ah, it's the seamróg dwelling within me, surely.

Receptive Either that Rísteárd or there are bunches of it growing in my ears!

Risteárd (laughing heartily) With that lovely image before us let's call it a night, Receptive. Shall we?

Receptive I suppose it's better, *Risteárd*.
Rest being important too.

Risteárd The nights are many in number, and as many again in number are the stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush to leave the inn, then you are very welcome to sit yourself down there again tomorrow night, in that very same chair, where you may happily listen to whatever sighting the fire will bring to my eyes. And it would be my anticipation, Receptive that we would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did here this night.

Receptive Thank you, *Risteárd*. It's very good to be here.

Risteárd You're most welcome, Receptive.
You go ahead now to your bed.
Take the candle from the table with you.
I will rake the fire.

Receptive Good night so, *Risteárd*, and thanks again.

Risteárd Have a sound sleep, Receptive.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Misty Knight*

Sunday Eve the 1st December 2001

Annotations:

Certain words and phrases found throughout the work will have been borrowed from 'an teanga Gaedhilge/Gaeilge': an ancestral language of humanity still richly treasured and used, particularly here on this isle of great antiquity as well as on the bonny highlands of Alban, and most admirably on the solitary august promontories of Gaedhilge Diaspora.

Oidhche Dhomhnaigh - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'Sunday Eve', namely Saturday night: the Eve before the sunrise of Sunday

cois tine mhóna - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'beside a turf fire'

botháin ósta - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'a small country inn'

blas - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'an accent in speech'

seamróg - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'shamrock': a plant having leaves divided into leaflets like clover. Herewithin taking the metaform of an inverted green *fleur-de-lys* whose roots are in the fecund ethereal soil.



Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 2. *Great Countryside*

Prologue:

Appearing above the eastern hills, and to the south of rising Gealach are Féileacán and Coileán Uasal on their happy way to play with the pastorales of the Abhainn Bheag.

Carried on the chilly wind coming down by way of the hazel grove over to the northeast is the intermittent sound of the time-honoured bell at far off Carraig Bán Abbey calling the community to Compline.

A crane appearing in silhouette as it glides serenely over the inn to alight gracefully on the oak that stands beside the moonlit stream.

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Risteárd is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Sitting across the hearth from him is his guest, Receptive.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Risteárd Ah, this pleasing fire, Receptive revives to my eyes the sighting of *Great Countryside*.

Receptive How does it proceed, Risteárd?

Rísteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and
In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Rísteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?

I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Rísteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another world)

The great countryside stretches for kilometres in all directions. There are rolling~hills~and~winding~streams. Fields are a lush waving green in the company of floating groves. EarthNature is being its own natural self naturally.

Three friends are strolling and talking when they happen to come upon a most dreadful scene. And one of them questions, saying,

'What are those rusty rectangular things spread out on the ground all across the bioscape?'

The one standing next to him stoops down, and is saying,

'They're steel plates. Look, they're securely fastened to the ground with staples.'

As they are walking and walking in a southerly direction following some unusual tracks they catch up with a man who is sitting on top of a huge bag which is being pulled along by four draft robohorses. He is climbing down. And now he is taking some quadratplates, staples and a mallet out of the bag.

One of the friends approaches and asks, saying,

'Excuse me, but why are you fastening those quadranteplates onto the body of EarthNature?'

'I'm trying to bring some order to this chaotic countryside.'

'Pardon our ignorance, but what's chaotic about it? It's so beautiful.'

'Who are you? Are you the only ones on planet Earth who can't recognize chaos even when it's staring you right between the eyes? Look! Kilometers after kilometers of hills rolling, streams winding, fields waving and groves floating. I've never seen such chaos in all my two and a half hundred years, and I can tell you I've been to many places on this planet of ours. This place has to be covered over and stunted like all the rest.'

Another asks, saying,

'How long will you leave them there?'

'How long? You just don't understand, do you? If we remove the quadranteplates chaos will return. Not alone is this true in the case of this stretch of countryside the same holds true for the whole planet and the night sky. In fact, later it will also apply to the whole Universe when we get around to encasing and stunting it. Square under and leave. That's the only way. Order and control once established must be allowed to reign for ever and ever. I and others like me consider

ourselves to be both creators and at the same time transmitters of order. Future generations will thank us. Believe me, and now leave me! I've work to do.'

One of the upset friends responds, saying,

'You, and those others are turning humankind into horrible monsters. Who will want to be friends with us in the Great Universe if we're armed with quadrates, staples and mallets?'

The man by now having become quite angry arrogantly makes answer, saying,

'We are of the opinion that unless we come armed with these things nobody from the Universe will want to make friends with us. It's these that make us one with the advanced civilizations of the Universe although we've no substantial proof of their existence. Naive younglings, what if visitors from these advanced civilizations were to see this chaotic scene or even hear what you are saying now? What would they think?'

One of the friends, namely the teacher among them asks, saying,

'On the other hand what if they were to see these quadrates? '

He receives the following almost predictable reply,

'They would most surely, I can tell you, be highly impressed.'

The three friends in unison lamented,

'Pitiful.'

'No! What's pitiful is, that you three younglings don't appreciate what's being done for you by deadicated people like myself. When I was a boy, the whole world looked like that! Everywhere hills rolling, streams winding, fields waving and groves floating. You can't imagine the extent of the chaos. We expect however, that within the next fifty years we will be able to complete the work and then you will thank us.'

And that Receptive in a translated form is *Great Countryside* ~ a sighting of the sacred hearth.

Receptive I too feel it to be desperately pitiful, Risteárd.

Risteárd It's the natural feeling to be having, Receptive.

Receptive Where, Risteárd is the 'great countryside' of which you speak of?

Rísteárd It is in the first instance, Receptive the landscape within each one of us; the world of the heart and the six senses. Extending from there it is the landscape of relationships with our fellow human beings. It is the landscape of our relationships with all other lifeforms. It is the physical world about us such as the hill country here of Déisi Mumhan; the isle of Éire with its valleys and streams. It is the seascape with its numerous islands large and small. It is the atmosphere about the planet. It is the near land of space which is of late being referred to as the Solar System. It is the land of this galaxy which is of old referred to as the Milky Way. And it is the land of infinity with infinity beyond and beyond without beginning or end.

Receptive I have been taught from an early age that there are but five senses. What? Is there a sixth one, *Rísteárd*?

Rísteárd Receptive, do you think the brain acts any more differently from that of the eyes, ears, nose, tongue or the skin?

Receptive That's what I have always been lead to believe. These others do not think. These have no ability to think whereas the brain does.

Rísteárd (smiling) Can the brain see, hear, smell, taste or feel? If not then, would that imply that the brain is not one of the senses but something else?

Receptive Yes, I would be inclined to agree with that implication, Risteárd.

Risteárd What if we were to say that 'to think' is the sensory attribute or ability of the brain, in the same way that we would most naturally consider 'to see' as being the sensory attribute or ability of the eyes? And like wisdom when speaking of the ears, nose, tongue and mouth.

Receptive (smiling) I would need to think a little more about it, Risteárd. With regard to the 'great countryside' can we say that it has as its first reference our inner selves?

Risteárd Yes, that would be true.

Receptive What is the relationship then between my inner landscape and that of 'the land of infinity with infinity beyond and beyond without beginning or end'...?

Risteárd Ah, a fine question, Receptive. And I will answer that it's the relationship of no distinction.

Receptive (laughing) That's a huge idea, Risteárd. It makes me weak even to think about it.

Risteárd Yet, it is the awareness of this immensity which will be bringing you that bit closer to appreciating who you are, Receptive.

Receptive Maybe you're right, Risteárd.

How does EarthNature be its own natural self naturally?

Risteárd By being itself.

Its ocean faithfully shores.

Its islands faithfully stand.

Its sands faithfully dune.

Its rivers and streams faithfully journey through the
valleys and fields.

Its salmon faithfully leap and spawn in waters fresh.

Its trees faithfully sway with the wind.

Its thrushes, robins and blackbirds perched on
blackthorn and holly in this month of December
faithfully sing in harmonious diversity.

But oh, oh, alas for its humankind save for a few who
tend to be very much other than themselves.

Receptive Why but only a few, Risteárd?

Risteárd It seems to be that the vast majority of its
humankind has remembered to forget what they should be
remembering, and forgotten to remember what they should be
forgetting.

Receptive (laughing heartily) It must have been an awful
experience, mustn't it, for those three friends to have happened
upon that scene of rusty rectangular things spread out all over
the beautiful landscape?

Risteárd Imagine, Receptive how EarthNatrue must have been feeling. Imagine the pain being felt as steel girders are pounded into its exterior.

Receptive We can only imagine. And what about, Risteárd all those entombed explosions in the depths of its interior?

Risteárd (with a sadness in his voice) Say no more on them for now, Receptive. Hurts too much.

Receptive (lowly with a sense of having touched on a sensitive topic)
All right, Risteárd.

Risteárd (smiling) And we shall continue.

Receptive Great. Were our humankind, Risteárd always this way do you think or is it only a phenomenon of our own times?

Risteárd It was not always like it's now, Receptive. There were times in former days when humankind understood the natural world for what it is, namely the greater part of itself, and as such extended towards it the greatest of respect and love. Humankind lived according to the honoured tradition of to be unto yourself as you would be unto yourself. Those were magnanimous times when EarthNature could everywhere be its own natural self naturally.

Receptive What may we say, Rísteárd the quadrateplates, staples and mallets represent?

Rísteárd These instruments specifically, represent the numerous implements cunningly fashioned down through the millenniums by our humankind to introduce fear, destruction and pain to the inhabitants of the isles, sea and sky; to EarthNature itself.

Receptive, I feel a great grief welling up within me when I do be thinking of the ways people so calculatingly and cleverly devise such instruments.

Rísteárd lowers his face into his hands with his two elbows heavily weighted down on to his knees and sobs deeply for a long while. It is an olagón sort of crying that a man would not cry in front of his wife or children for so sad would it make them to be listening to it. The sheepdog and the cat sleeping beneath the table feel along with him with low sorrowful sounds. And Receptive turns to gaze into a very misty fire; saying nothing but leaving Rísteárd to settle of his own accord in his own sweet time.

Rísteárd (with a soft smile like that of the sun shining through the trees after an afternoon shower of rain, calls the sheepdog and the cat over to him and pats them. They are mad about him.)

Rísteárd I'll make a pot of tea, Receptive. And we can have some of Aoife's freshly baked scones with butter and jam.

Receptive That will be delightful, Rísteárd.

The grandfather clock by the front window chimes, and the cat and dog beneath the table stretch and then return back lazily to their former positions after having been given some bits of the delicious scones.

Receptive (smiling) There is a lot to be said for being a cat or a dog, Risteárd, isn't there?

Risteárd (smiling broadly) There is I suppose, but I for the time being love being what I am; I love being a human lifeform.

Receptive (smiling) Perhaps they would be saying the same about us, Risteárd.

Risteárd (laughing heartily) And aren't they welcome to it, Receptive.

Receptive Risteárd, what's your understanding of bringing order to the world be it the natural physical world of nature or the social world of our humankind?

Risteárd And I would be inclined to pose the following question, Receptive. Are Féileacán and Coileán Uasal in need of any particular order other than their own natural harmonious order or benefit would they in any way from an order which humankind might be interested in imposing upon them?

Receptive None whatsoever. But that is the big heavenly world, Risteárd. Here on this little planet, in the world of our

humankind there are however those who would be of the strong opinion that there has been and continues to be an unacceptable level of disorder in the world which is in a constant need of addressing by one forcible means or another.

Risteárd In your opinion, Receptive is it possible for one to replace the Sun on a bright summer's day with a tiny safety match, and then go on to claim that with it to be able to sustain a natural world as it had been so wonderfully done by the Sun?

Receptive Far from possible, but there is however, something not right with the world, Risteárd.

Risteárd There is indeed, Receptive. Very much so. But replacing the Sun is not the way to go.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive When we look back, Risteárd over the centuries we see a plethora of campaigns and acts all claiming to have been carried out in the name of a righteousness of one kind or another. What criteria could best be used to judge whether or not we should appreciate, admire, and even take after the efforts of those who have gone before us?

Risteárd There is one criterion, Receptive which stands immaculately above all the rest, and that is the moral integrity of the person; the moral integrity of the leader within his or her own family, village, city, country and the world.

When a person at each aurora cultures a renewed conviction within him or herself to be most true to oneself in every way, and makes every effort to live this same standard wherever he or she may go; treating every person as if they were himself or herself; hurting not, then such a person is to be greatly admired, spoken highly of at every opportunity, and certainly to be patterned after. Their words and deeds are to be carefully recorded, and handed down with abiding respect from one generation to the next.

When a person at each aurora cultures a renewed conviction within herself to be a most gracious mother in every way to her own children and carries this same standard out into the society; treating every family's son and daughter as if they were her own; hurting not, then such a person is to be greatly admired, spoken highly of at every opportunity and certainly to be patterned after. Her words and deeds are to be carefully recorded, and handed down with abiding respect from one generation to the next.

When a person at each aurora cultures a renewed conviction within himself to be a most honourable father in every way to his own children and carries this same standard

out into the society; treating every family's son and daughter as if they were his own; hurting not, then such a person is to be greatly admired, spoken highly of at every opportunity and certainly to be patterned after. His words and deeds are to be carefully recorded, and handed down with abiding respect from one generation to the next.

Receptive (excitedly) It's truly a marvellous reply, Rísteárd.
Truly, marvellous.

Rísteárd (jokingly) It wasn't me at all, Receptive, but rather your own attentive way of listening which encouraged forth such a reply. You're a marvellous listener.

Receptive (happily) I have got a good teacher.

Rísteárd (laughing heartily) With those lovely images before us let's call it a night, Receptive. Shall we?

Receptive I suppose it's better, Rísteárd.
Rest being important too.

Rísteárd The nights are many in number, and as many again in number are the stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush to leave the inn, then you are very welcome to sit yourself down there again tomorrow night, in that very same chair, where you may happily listen to whatever sighting the fire will bring to my eyes. And it would be my anticipation,

Receptive that we would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did here this night.

Receptive Thank you, Rísteárd. It's very good to be here.

Rísteárd You're most welcome, Receptive.

You go ahead now to your bed.

Take the candle from the table with you.

I will rake the fire.

Receptive Good night so, Rísteárd, and thanks again.

Rísteárd Have a sound sleep, Receptive.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

Rísteárd *Exeunt*

Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Great Countryside*

Sunday Eve the 8th December 2001

Annotations:

Carraig Bán - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'rock' and 'white'

Compline - from the Latin 'complere' meaning, 'to fill up/complete': the last of the seven canonical hours; the last prayers of the day said in the abbey's chapel by the assembled community of Christian monks/nuns before retiring for the night

Gealach - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'brightness': the Moon a near satellite of planet Earth

Féileacán - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'butterfly': the Orion constellation

Coileán Uasal - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'puppy' and 'enchanted': the star Sirius; the brightest star in the heavens, positioned 'near' Orion

Abhainn Bheag - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'river' and 'small': the Eridanus; the meandering constellation in the Southern hemisphere extending from Orion to Achernar

olagón - from Gaedhilge, meaning to lament most pitifully

mad - they are very fond of him, and show this by sitting in against his legs or as in the case of the cat even jumping up onto his lap and purring in against his chest.

Aoife - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'Eve' a woman's name



Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 3. *Save One*

Prologue:

Sixteen-eighteen post meridiem had beautifully marked the beginning of this new day here on the isle, and has carried us already by way of the crescent of the new moon, and now is sailing us by glistening stars all round, till by and by it will be bringing us to the rising of the Grian Gheimhridh in the eight hour ante meridiem, which in its own caring way will be bringing delicate golden to white frost hemmed lakes and streams, and genial radiance to the hilltops and valleys, till presently bringing us to the close of this memorable day, and in that same moment to the threshold of a new day, hidden save but to the sixteenth hour.

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Risteárd is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Sitting across the hearth from him is his guest, Receptive.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Risteárd Ah, this pleasing fire, Receptive revives to my eyes the sighting of *Save One*.

Receptive How does it proceed, Risteárd?

Rísteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and
In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Rísteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?

I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Rísteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another world)

A highly developed descendoid family is actively coordinating and supervising the loading of a gigantic flying ship. Each descendoid is carrying two of every kind of machine on board.

One addressing another, saying,

'Put those in the rear cargo bay area Number Six.
These are to go in Twenty-eight.'

Approaching are some elderly scientists with an elite group of junior colleagues. One from amongst them is asking, saying,

'Why are you loading two of every kind of machine on the flying ship?'

'What business is it of yours fleshite? We have been able to calculate something that your kind has been unable to do, that in a few hours this planet of ours is going to self-destruct. We are going to flee to a different planet.'

Reinforcing the same question is a male junior scientist, asking,

'Why two of each?'

'You ignorant human! If one breaks down, we'll always have a backup unit.'

'Why aren't you taking along any humans, animals, insects or plants?'

Approaching is another descendoid, addressing,

'Where shall I put these Commander?'

'In Two.'

Continuing is the Commander devoid of any expression, asking,

'Did your Yoah bring even one unilaserhorse on board his ship? Besides where we are going we don't need you humans, animals, insects, plants or even oxygen. Return to your fields, and there be your usual, fleshy, sappy selves with each other. You fossilification, our ancestor? No way! Oil and blood don't mix. You still have a few rotting hours left before the great scattering of bones.'

Withdrawing a distance the scientists are hiding themselves behind some trees and bushes, and from there they are watching as the final hatch is being secured.

The great ship is slowly rising into the sky. Four minutes into its trajectory. Booom!!!!

Exclaiming loudly is that same male junior scientist of afore mentioned, shouting,

'No backup system! You stupid descendoids! Your backup system is happily playing here in the fields.'

Making comment is a female colleague irritated by the whole scene, saying,

'Nothing worse than having had a front seat from which we could so easily view, yet again, our own arrogance and stupidity fully alive in one of our own inventions.'

Joining in is another colleague, saying,

'It was a pitiful thing to witness, no doubt'.

Continuing is a senior in the group, saying,

'It seems to me that we have no choice now but to try to search for, and experiment with, a new way of doing things. MANifesting the internal workings of our mind externally through the invention of these kinds of machines has proven to be a dead end. Somehow it seems we have to learn how to use the power of our minds to work from the inside, without having to depend on any external mechanical invention to do the job for us.'

Joining in excitedly is another colleague with an idea
flashing in his eyes, saying,

'Perhaps what we need are internal mechanical
inventions.'

Proclaiming with one accord are his colleagues, save
one, saying,

'Brilliant! That's it! There are no other options.
Unanimity reigns supreme again!'

Putting himself forth into the center of the assembly
with great circumspection of expression is a colleague,
conjecturing,

'If an external hoist could lift twenty-one thousand one-
hundred and twenty pounds avoirdupois, then an internal
hoist should be able to lift twice as much because it is nearer
to the seat of power. Like wisdom, if an external computer
could store trillions upon trillions of units of information, then
a computer built in the brain should be able to store trillions
upon trillions upon trillions again, because it's situated right
on top of the power source as it were.'

There is a hushed silence.

Taking center stage now is the most senior colleague,
saying,

'It is my professional opinion, backed up by my lifelong
dedication to science that it has all been a problem of
misplaced effort, and being way way too farsighted. We must
therefore construct hoists and computers within the brain. We
must divert our attention away from external inventions to
MANufacturing internal ones.'

Raising voices one and all, save that of the lone female
scientist among them who has detected in his stressing of the
first syllable in the word 'MANufacturing' a very subtle nuance
which implies that she won't be asked either to contribute her
ideas and skills to this new project.

Exclaiming they are,

'Brilliant! Dr. Absolutely brilliant! Sir.'

'Most innovative originality! Dr.'

Continuing triumphantly the senior colleague,
saying,

'Friends, scientists, colleagues lend me your ears.
We'll need a lot more animals this time. Perhaps even many
more also of our unwilling bipedal kind. Ah, what the hell, my
friends. Human development and advancement is at stake.'

Emphatically applauding his words are all, save that one lone female scientist among them.

And that Receptive in a translated form is *Save One* ~ a sighting of the sacred hearth.

Receptive (jokingly) There was a salt humour in it aplenty, Risteárd.

Risteárd (smiling shyly) There was indeed, Receptive. Didn't I notice it myself too right from the outset as it was revealing itself in the midst of the glowing to my eyes.

Receptive What is a descendoid, Risteárd?

Risteárd Everything we make, Receptive with our own hands may be considered a descendoid from that bowl there on the table to the inn itself sitting here on the hillside. Yet it's not really what we make, but rather with what intention we make it. When we make something with a very good intention the result will be something that helps to make more comfortable the lives of every individual lifeform here on the island, here on the planet, and even of the lives of lifeforms beyond.

Receptive Then should we be making whatever we so desire so long as we have a good intention?

Rísteárd (smiling shyly) One's intentions, Receptive spring forth from the inner self. When humankind cultures itself in the sophisticated ways of the surroundings; in the ways of the surroundings beyond and further beyond then it will become well aware of the need for limitations which it should put on the things it has been considering to fashion. The template is already well formed, and is wherever adhering most magnificently to its own integrated code of ethics while forever admirably transforming and translating itself according to the needs of itself. Nothing unnecessary in any shape or form; nothing harmful in any respect or nothing in any way intrusive upon the life of any individual lifeform is made to appear into existence.

Receptive Can we say then that everything that is unnecessary, harmful and intrusive on the planet, and its immediate vicinity made by our humankind is the direct result of the absence of proper intention upon the part of the shapers of these things?

Rísteárd Rather intentions which have not been informed by the noble code of ethics already in place in the surroundings.

When my ancestors built this lovely inn, they gave every consideration to the surroundings; visiting it for a whole year to view and appreciate its transformations. Care was taken not to interrupt the hidden streams of water and wind. Trees were

left to their own space, and the dwelling places of the foxes and pheasants were respected. Before putting hand to stone, they asked permission of the place to build. Having been satisfied that they would be welcomed to do so, only then did they commence the actual construction work. Each stone of its walls they placed one upon the other with respect and love; breathing into each individual one the good words of the ancestors.

Owing to their careful consideration for all aspects and their gratitude to the place, a dwelling of warmth is established which is necessary, comfortable and harmonious with its surroundings.

Oh, the welcome words, Receptive of my ancestors found here all about come to my ears from time to time.

Receptive (smiling) Rísteárd, why in this millennium incumbent upon us is there so much credence been given to the words of scientists?

Rísteárd (smiling) Who isn't a scientist, Receptive? Every individual of our humankind; every individual lifeform of every lifeform is a scientist.

Receptive What is a scientist?

Rísteárd (smiling shyly) A scientist is one who knows with the heart; one who lets the contemplative movement in one's heart harmonize with the noble ethical ways of existence visible and existence invisible, and who shares one's findings in language refined, deeds honourable and gestures charming.

Receptive I must admit, *Rísteárd* that my understanding of what a contemporary scientist is differs greatly from what you have been just describing.

Rísteárd (jokingly) Wouldn't I be of the same opinion myself, *Receptive* of your understanding?

Receptive (smiling) I suppose such a logic makes sense all right, *Rísteárd*.

Rísteárd (smiling) Why wouldn't it, *Receptive*? Isn't it based upon the notion of the taking up of a vantage point with the rising of Sun, and another with its setting?

Receptive (laughing) I see. I see.

Both heartily laughing.

Rísteárd I'll make a pot of tea, *Receptive*. And we can have some cake with butter and honey.

Receptive (happily) That will be delightful, *Rísteárd*.

The candles willingly yield to an extempore downdraught from the chimney; flickering away ever so slightly as they cast dancing shadows o'er sublime pictures on the walls, and up about the dozing rafters.

The tea is of a fine hotness, and the cake, oh my oh my, so scrumptious.

Receptive Risteárd, from the human point of view, in contrast to that of the descendoids referred to in the sighting, what in your opinion is it to be human?

Moments of reflective silence.

Risteárd (smiling) Truly, an important question, *Receptive* and one which would take some doing in the answering of it comprehensively. But suffice for this night to make mention and say that to be a human lifeform is to have the hue of the land, the secret of the sea, the outreaching of the sky and the harmony of the Universe. It is to be joie de vivre throughout eternity; magnanimous in one's intentions; bona fide in one's words, and decorous in one's actions.

Receptive Risteárd, these beautiful utterances have in them the hue of oracles.

Rísteárd (smiling) It was, Receptive the work of your fine question itself which called them forth and to be in elegance attired.

Receptive (smiling) More to it than that now *Rísteárd*, I am sure. Look there, *Bealtaine* must be dreaming.

Rísteárd I wonder what would a sheepdog be dreaming about?

Receptive (smiling) Perhaps of playing with a butterfly on a bright summer's day.

Rísteárd (jokingly) Then I must at times be like unto a sheepdog, *Receptive*!

Receptive (smiling) We can now know with certainty from the calculations and the informed speculations of renowned theoretical astrophysicists that it is quite certain that our Sun is in time going to be no more. What if the Universe, *Rísteárd*, doesn't have any backup system in place at that time?

Rísteárd (smiling) *Receptive*, could any of those renowned theoretical astrophysicists of which you speak, be able to calculate with any certainty when and where *Bealtaine* there is going to scratch herself next or when and how many purrs *Samhain* there is going to enjoy making for himself by aurora?

Receptive (with a slight air of seriousness) Of course not, Risteárd, but he or she theoretically speaking, could based on careful analysis and extended over a long period of time be surely able to speculate with some degree of relative accuracy the when, the where, and the duration of scratches and purrs.

Risteárd (smiling softly) And isn't it great sense of humour you have been endowed with, Receptive?

Receptive (joking heartily) I have I suppose, haven't I, Risteárd? Either that or it's the company I've been keeping here across the hearth from me.

Risteárd (laughing) Then, Receptive I'm thinking it has to be the ambiance.

Continuing if I may awhile, Receptive with this present good sport.

Based on the relative speculative conclusions of your theoretical astrophysicists on their careful analysis extended over a long period of time of the most natural of all phenomena, namely sheepdogs scratching and cats purring would you be anxious to immediately change your whole way of life because of them?

Would you want to transmit with absolute confidence such speculative findings down to your own children and

grandchildren, and in turn expect them to do likewise themselves that they may be ready to take some action of a sort when and where a sheepdog will raise paw to scratch itself next, and when and for how long a cat will change breathing over to purr?

Receptive (laughing heartily) Next, Risteárd you'll have me joking with my own shadow there on the wall.

Risteárd (laughing) And wouldn't you be doing well too in it, no doubt?

Receptive (happily) I would. I would. And what about himself there across from me?

Risteárd (laughing heartily) Ah himself? Ah now, Receptive. Let's be calling it a night. Shall we? For we could be going on this way until first light.

Receptive I suppose it's better, Risteárd.
Rest being important too.

Risteárd The nights are many in number, and as many again in number are the stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush to leave the inn, then you are very welcome to sit yourself down there again tomorrow night, in that very same chair, where you may happily listen to whatever sighting the fire will bring to my eyes. And it would be my anticipation,

Receptive that we would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did here this night.

Receptive Thank you, Rísteárd. It's very good to be here.

Rísteárd You're most welcome, Receptive.

You go ahead now to your bed.

Take the candle from the table with you.

I will rake the fire.

Receptive Good night so, Rísteárd, and thanks again.

Rísteárd Have a sound sleep, Receptive.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

Rísteárd *Exeunt*

Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Save One*

Sunday Eve the 15th December 2001

Annotations:

Grian Gheimhridh - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'the Sun of winter': a Sun in the season of Samhain

avoirdu pois - from Old French 'aver de peis' goods of weight: a system of weights which is based on the pound, which contains 16 ounces or 7000 grams

bipedal kind - with reference to humans in particular

at stake - While in the first instance this implies '...to be won' the deeper nuance implies that 'human development and advancement' will be lost forever (in the same way that something innocent/precious would be lost

forever through being burnt at the stake) should this group go ahead with their latest plan as put forward by the elderly scientist.

whole year - a year containing approximately thirty-six months

joie de vivre - from French, meaning 'joy of living'

bona fide - from Latin, meaning 'good faith', 'genuine'

Bealtaine - from Gaedhilge, with reference to the month of May which marks the beginning of the six-month season of the abundance beautiful light here on the isle of Éire, and its characteristic attribute is beholden vitality.

Samhain - from Gaedhilge, with reference to the month of November which marks the beginning of the six-month season for the abundance of beautiful dark here on the isle of Éire, and its characteristic attribute is creative stillness.



Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 4. *Left Foot & Right Foot*

Prologue:

Faithful tutelaries of Caisleán an Ridire Rósréalta high above its sacred ivy-mantled oratory had been all day waving and weaving with the wind an augury of good tidings for the one whose sleep serves as the food of his heart beneath the fractured altar within.

Time
and
time
again
sweeping
down
and
entering

via the Ecce Agnus Hibernium inscribed portal, and up o'er the aisle to thrice swirl in front of the consecrated altar, before rising up in a blossoming fan in all directions through the open roof, only to gather and gather again to wave and weave to sway and sweep.

Rísteárd had stood all the while since the ninth hour in a welcoming alcove watching in wonderment the unique scene as each wave feather-swept bright as new an ancient fleur-de-lys mosaic floor, in whose midst was presented to his eyes in the fifteenth hour, and for the very first time, an exquisitely graven inscription which reads in part:

AGNUS DEI

.....

In life long burdened
with the Secret of the Ages
was he.

Clear of Sin
is he.

Now here at long last for ages contented
with the Secret of Life
is he
you see.

And a stream of wind then blew and blew in by way of the sacristy door clothing the floor all under with leaf upon leaf; leaving its secret hidden in the shade. Those words abided themselves before Rísteárd's eyes, wherewith he generously pondered them in his heart as he strolled his way homeward to the inn with the new crescent Moon in an apricot tinted sky accompanying him.

And he was feeling hungry for he had not eaten with these past two days as was his custom when the daystar is given to repose this short while. And thus upon returning, Aoife presented him with some dried hazelnuts and a cup of spring water to break his fast. And with their children about them did sing and dance and laugh for joy.

This new day has begun as the old one has ended: very well indeed.

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Rísteárd is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Sitting across the hearth from him is his guest, Receptive.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Rísteárd Ah, this pleasing fire, Receptive revives to my eyes the sighting of *Left Foot & Right Foot*.

Receptive How does it proceed, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and
In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Risteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?
I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Risteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations
iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another
world)

Left Foot & Right Foot is on the outskirts of a huge
metropolis.

A signboard, reads:

For the Humanization of your Technology

ROLLAN OPPORTUNIST'S METICAL PLANT

We excel in transforming your car into your
own image and likeness!

Location: ...

Tel/Fax: ...

Email: ...

Website: ...

Drop into

ROLLAN OPPORTUNIST'S METICAL PLANT

At Metical Plant. And the manager approaches, asking,

'Well, hello there beautiful? May I help you?'

'Perhaps. Or maybe even the other way around. Who knows? I'm curious as to know what sort of work you do here. I read your huge sign by the road.'

'If you have some time to spare, I can give you a tour of the plant. Then you will really get a good idea of the work we do here, rather than just reading one of our handouts or brochures.'

'Great.'

'Please walk this way. I'm Doctor Rollan Opportunist. Where shall I begin? I suppose the best place to begin is at the beginning. Right?'

'How did he know my name, Left?'

'Right as in right not right as in your Right.'

'Did you say something?'

'Talking to myself. Go ahead.'

'What was I on about? Okay, I remember. Potential patients bring their cars to us. After photographing the patient, his or her car is brought through into this section here where it is thoroughly washed and, prepared for surgery. It is then mounted on this conveyor where the necessary surgical procedure will be conducted on it. The battery, of course is partially disconnected.

Here as you can see the doctors are grafting artificial skin on to the exterior body of the car. The colour of the skin depends on the colour of the driver.

These doctors here are using special lasers to infix artificial hair into the exterior of the roof. Again we follow the colour, and hairstyle of the driver. Some shaggy, wavy, curly, straight, semibald or even bald. Sometimes hair is infixed into the whole exterior body of the car.

This specialist here is infixing eyelashes and eyebrows over the headlights. What we do in this building is mainly light surgery or General Dermatology. Our heavier surgery or deluxe job is done in the next building. Do you have time?

'I've all the places in the world.'

'Ah? Interesting. Okay, then. Please walk this way.'

'Like walking east and west at the same time, isn't, Right? Or ploughing a field, Left.'

'Excuse me, but did you ask me something?'

'No, I was just muttering to myself on hands off the plough, and fieldstones.'

'Ah? Interesting. Well, anyway. Ah, in this building we specialize in adding larger artificial attributes. As you can see this doctor is surgically attaching ears. Here, eyes. And here, nose, mouth and a full set of teeth. Down here, hands and feet. Underneath here, well you can look for yourself.'

'Hahahoho. My sides. What kind of prices would you be asking for the two jobs?'

'Well, you see, now. Ah, it depends on whether one is male or female and what sort of a car one drives. For your average everyday run of the mill make of car we would be talking somewhere oh, ah, in the range of ah, three thousand for the general and ah, oh, let me see, ah, oh, fifteen, to twenty thousand for the de luxe. What type of car do you drive yourself?'

'A Model 2F De luxe.'

'A Model 2F? Must be a new model? Foreign maybe?'

'It's an original and it's foreign-domestic.'

'Interesting. Listen, why don't you bring it around someday and I'll see what we can do for you.'

'What's that section over there?'

'Ah, that's where we introduce drivers to the new terminology. You see it's not just enough to add eyebrows and hair to cars; we also need to help the driver to be more humanistic about the way he or she speaks about their car. All for the greater humanization of technology, you understand. Here, let me show you a few words, and then you'll get the picture.

Headlights/eyes.

Front indicators/left winker and right winker.

Grill area/mouth.

Grill/teeth.

Fender/cheekbone.

Front wheels/left hand right hand.

Back wheels/left leg right leg.

Hood/nose.
Roof/head.
Parts/organs.
Battery/nerve centre.
Engine block/heart.
Fuel lines/arteries veins.
Petrol/blood.
Body/body.

As you can see the list runs into pages. I drew them up myself. Maybe you'd like to take one look at our After Service section.'

'Great. This is all very interesting, indeed.'

A voice is coming over the intercommunication system, announcing,

'Telephone for Dr. Opportunist! Dr. Opportunist, telephone!'

'Excuse me.'

'What do you think of this place, Left?'

'Crippling.'

'Sorry for that interruption. Where was I? It has slipped my mind. Not to worry. If we don't be saying one thing, we'll be saying something else.'

'Exactly. If we don't be going anywhere we won't be sitting around either.'

'Ah? Interesting. Well, from next year we'll be converting the plant into a car factory in which we will specialize in making cars that look more human in every way. A car will be made to order with that particular person's own physical features fully taken into account. There'll be no more mass production. We have to move with the times that be it. The shape of the parts will resemble exactly those of human features, from the shape of the headlights to that of the rear of the car.'

'Hahahoho. Now, that's interesting. Sorry, go ahead.'

'You're very witty. It will be our way of doing something for the global drive to humanize technology. Not to mention a little profit along the way for ourselves, of course.'

We live in an age where technology only crudely resembles us. Thus we feel alienated from it. And in some way it from us, I guess. The responsibility, as the world sees it and I, too, is ours. Technology of itself has no power. It's helpless.'

'I wouldn't be so sure of that if I were you. But then again I'm not.'

'Not what?'

'Not you.'

'Oh. You can say that again.'

'Not you.'

'You're very interesting. As I was going to say, we need to refine technology in order to make it look like us in every way.

As our sign says,

"We excel in transforming your car into your own image and likeness."

Yes, we need to refine technology in order to make it look like us in every way.'

'Don't you have any problem with this global pressure which is forcing people to believe that the solution to all human problems is to be found in the rapid humanization of technology?'

'I'm no politician, philosopher or clergyperson. I look at what's going on in this world of ours, and I respond to the need as best I can. Morality and the like are for those who, though aware of the needs, don't respond.

I'm but an ordinary joe grease trying to make some quick money while the goings good, and at the same time do a bit of good for the world. Such is the freedom of every person living in a free society. It's basic.

Yes, of course, I try to be ethical in my own way in my dealings with my patients and co-workers. Who doesn't in the modern world? It's not something I consciously try to do. It

happens of its own accord in each and every situation. Natural on the spot ethics, you might say.'

'Would it not be better to walk?'

'Walk? Where's the money in that?'

'It's not a question of money but rather being oneself. Surely there would be no need to humanize that which is already human in itself, now would there?'

'I guess not. Makes sense. Cost less too.'

'Wouldn't cost a cent. Humanity as it is in each of us is a power. It's for each person to become aware of that power in themselves and live accordingly for themselves and, others.'

'I may be missing something here, although what you say seems to make sense, but I fail to see where that would get us at this advanced stage in human history.'

'Advanced? What's that?'

'Look around you. We have already developed technology to a very high level. We can't, just like that, go back to shank's mare.'

'Back?'

'We've come too far. We depend completely on our ongoing technological development. We can't discard it with ease.'

'Did you not say it depends on us?'

'Well, I did yes, but...'

'Do you not look on this high technological development as being some sort of giant step forward along a linearspiral road you call The Future?'

'I suppose so. But development and, the forward movement into the future are two sides of the same coin, aren't they?'

'A coin has more than two sides. If you were to stop to consider the situation a little more deeply, you might perhaps come to realise that rather than coming forward a giant step, humankind may have in fact taken a giant step backward, when they thought they were going forward. A harmful illusion with disastrous consequences. And what if that which you call progress is in fact progress of a kind, yes, but in the wrong direction? For that matter, what of that which people refer to as the Timeroad?'

'You may have a point there. That's a very interesting way of looking at our history.

When I was a young boy, I used to live in the countryside. I used to love runstumbling backwards in the fields, while my dog would always be confidently running forward, but in the same direction as I was going. Now that I think about it, I can understand and see your point a little more clearly. I have been very much like the dog, confidently running ahead in the belief that the rest of the world was going forward too, though falteringly. Where are you headed for?'

'Oh, I'm going to meet the places that come to me beneath my feet.'

'That's truly forward, isn't it?'

'There are only places.'

'Do you mind if I accompany you?'

'Better would it be if we were to accompany each other. Feet can go gently upon the land without ever damaging it. A person's foot covers but a small area of the planet's surface. The Earth has a natural maternallike disposition, I feel, of wherever, of accepting with joy and tenderness fin, foot, wing, skin and, root. It is itself in part the begetter of its own lifeforms and their cradles. A making in its own image and likeness of other images and likenesses of faraway places. Each of us by nature is an image, and likeness of such makings. Can't you feel it?'

'Images and likenesses of perfect forms, you mean?'

'Abstraction has no places and places have no abstraction. There are only places. The notion of perfect forms existing in a place which is not a place is none other than the wishful thinking of those who view themselves as being somehow imperfect or incomplete in some way.'

'Lady Interesting, I don't understand completely most of what you're saying, but I understand enough to know that I want to understand more.'

'Neither under or over stand but byandwalk. We've all the places in the world.'

Dr. Opportunist quickly hangs up his stethoscope and white coat on a hat tree.

Lady Interesting introduces herself, saying,

'I'm Left Foot and Right Foot. I'm, whateverandwherever, an ambler.'

'Then I shall call you, Ambler.'

'And I shall call you Seizethelightofday.'

'Seesthelightofday? Yes, I like it. You've a very elegant, harmonious way of walking, Ambler.'

'Life is harmonious and elegant. We're everywhere wherever in some place as the planets, solar systems and galaxies are everywhere wherever themselves in some place.'

'You're more than interesting, Ambler.'

'And what of Seizethelightofday?'

And that, Receptive in a translated form is *Left Foot & Right Foot* ~ a sighting of the sacred hearth.

Receptive (very happily) It was a grand sighting, Rísteárd.
It had me laughing so many times.

Rísteárd (smiling heartily) And wasn't I trying to hold back the
laugher myself, Receptive so that I would be able to bring the
sighting out proper to the way it was being presented to my
eyes.

What do you say to we having a drop of tea and some
cake first, Receptive? And from there we can be nicely letting
ourselves drift away into some fine discourse.

Receptive (laughing) As sound an idea as ever I did hear you say since you said it, Rísteárd.

Rísteárd (smiling heartily) Then so it shall be.

The fire is lovely, with stars playfully making their way up the blackened back stones and then taking their flight invisible up the chimney to join with their neighbours near and far.

Receptive Advertising is a powerful medium, isn't it, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd Only to the extent, *Receptive* that there is a need out there for something. A whole country, even the whole world could be covered with signboards of many shapes, colours, and sizes advertising various things, but if there is no need for such items then where is the power of advertising?

Receptive The need is first created in peoples minds by means of advertising, and just builds from there through transforming that need into a want.

Rísteárd Although such transforming harmful illusions are widespread, it still doesn't change the reality that there is a substantial difference between wanting something and needing it.

Receptive Isn't it possible that people might not yet know that what they wanted has all along been precisely what they

needed? In the same way isn't it quite possible that people might not yet know that what they needed has all along been precisely what they wanted?

Advertising addresses their dilemma.

Risteárd Interesting font of logic, Receptive. However, I will introduce the idea that advertising creates but a third category, and a very problematic one at that, namely that somebody else has arbitrarily taken upon themselves to tell you what you need, when you need it, where you need it, and what you don't need. Also that same somebody will take it upon themselves to tell you what you want, when you want it, where you want it, and what you don't want.

Receptive Then how shall we find some acceptable answer to this problem, *Risteárd*?

Risteárd The best form of advertising, Receptive is word of mouth. Following closely is word of pen which brings us round nicely to word of digital screen.

Receptive But how are these any better than that of the great signboards of multiple shapes and degrees of sophistication which decorate the streets, highways, hills and valleys all across the world?

Risteárd If somebody tells you something by word of mouth, you can read their sincerity in their face, in the intonations of their voice, and their overall use of silence.

If somebody tells you something by word of pen, you can read their sincerity in their style of handwriting, usage and frequency of particular words and phrases, and their overall presentation of white space.

If somebody tells you something by word of digital screen, you can read their sincerity in their consideration for proper etiquette; the dignity of humankind; the dignity of all lifeforms, and the usage of particular font faces, colours, and their overall presentation of white space.

Whereas the common double-sided signboards erected on street corners, and along highways albeit of multiple shapes and degrees of sophistication are literally two-faced and thus are deprived of having backs. Is this not something to be taken into serious consideration, Receptive? What is there in the world around about us which has two faces and no back? That which has no back is neither what one should be needing nor even wanting.

Receptive (laughing) You're great fun, Risteard.

Risteárd (laughing) I was only responding to the given.

Receptive (smiling) What is it to walk?

Risteárd (softly smiling) It is in early April to be in the company of Aoife and the children amongst the white deer down from the pine groves over by Carraig Bán Abbey.

It is in mid June to be along the banks of the speckled trout stream which skirts the ever and anon rainbowed Tulán Fraoigh.

It is in late October to be under the canopy of beeches and elms at Rúnda hÁille.

It is on this day of days to be beholding the patterns of birds in their flight so high o'er Caisleán an Ridire Rósréalta.

Receptive The imagery is beautiful, *Risteárd*.

Risteárd It is the way it is, *Receptive*. When I walk this beautiful land it is with a heart brimming over with gratitude, for I did know a time when these now so strong and beautiful were not able to carry me upright, while everyone else did walk in their youthful days upright. I alone did move on EarthNature as the streams and brooks. But then a miracle did happen one day in May when strength grew in my legs, and I was able to stand upright for the first time in my life. I ran and ran all that lovely day till I was too tired to run anymore.

When I walk this beautiful land it is with a heart
brimming over with gratitude, Receptive.

Receptive May my heart too brim over for all the wonderful
blessings in my life, Risteárd.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive When it comes to opportunities, Risteárd, life
presents so many to us for our consideration. Yet while this is
true there are it seems only two or three really significant, big
opportunities given to us in our life.

One might be the opportunity to study a particular
subject at a particular university; another to marry, and yet
another again perhaps to relocate or buy some property. What
I am concerned about is, how can we know how to make the
right choices; which opportunities to accept and which ones to
ignore?

Risteárd (smiling) How does the river, Receptive know when
and where to turn through the countryside on its way to the
sea?

Receptive I guess it merely follows the channel which is
already there before it as it runs along.

Rísteárd It would seem to be so, but on closer observation, I have found that each year the river changes its course. This leads me to think that an opportunity presented itself which appeared to be advantageous to the river, and a quick decision had to be made to take it or not, however it would turn out afterwards.

We can do no better, Receptive than the diligent river. It doesn't have any need for procrastination or room to be anxious about any particular consequences. It accepts the opportunity and leaves the rest to take care of itself.

Receptive (smiling) Then when an opportunity presents itself what should one do, *Rísteárd*?

Rísteárd (smiling) Respond with the faith and trust of the river, if one believes the opportunity has definite potential for a better quality of life, not alone for oneself, but also for one's family, community and the greater community.

An opportunity, Receptive hinges on a quick confident response. When the element of procrastination is introduced one is no longer dealing with an opportunity, but with an artificial rose.

Receptive I accompany.

Rísteárd There's a hard frost outside this night, Receptive.

Receptive (smiling) I'd say there is at that, Rísteárd. But isn't it lovely and cosy here on the inside it is?

Rísteárd (smiling) It is surely. And isn't it the best of turf that's on it too?

Ah, fond memories of last February come flooding back to me, Receptive when I think of the sleaghdóireacht, that is, the turf-cutting, and of the footing of it in the grand lovely warm month of May. It's hard work, no doubt, but great fun. There is a certain knack to it of being able to toss the sod with the sleghán precisely where you want it to land on the bank above you. And there's a knack too in the footing of them; in the stacking of the sods in May that they may get a great drying.

Receptive (smiling) Maybe I'll have a go at it sometime. But for now, Rísteárd I'll keep trying my hand at spading some questions instead.

How can we know whether or not time is coming out of what we call the past and continuing onwards into what we call the future or it is coming out of what we call the future and continuing onwards into what we call the past?

Rísteárd (smiling) You're becoming very handy at it, Receptive.

That which we would call time has by far too much 'tie me' in it for my liking, Receptive. I am not easily disposed to anything which is inclined to confine my intentions, words and actions. Time is inclined to do just that.

When we begin to speak of time there is no need to be limiting ourselves to two possibilities. We may say, Receptive that time is coming up out of the mountains and continuing onwards up into the sky or that it is coming down out of the sky and continuing onwards down into the depths of the mountains.

We could say, time is the wind which comes out of where it will and moves about where it I will and hides away wherever it wills.

Receptive Is there any limit then, Rísteárd to how many explanations one could give for time?

Rísteárd Non whatsoever, Receptive.

Receptive But one does not live forever, Rísteárd.

Rísteárd Really, Receptive?
My ancestors were, I am, my offspring are, and my descendants will be by the blessing of all that is intended to be.

Receptive (smiling) So, I wonder, Risteárd is it not a waste of time to be talking about time?

Risteárd (laughing heartily) A fine in-sight, Receptive. And on such a sound note shall we be with calling it a night?

Receptive I suppose it's better, Risteárd.
Rest being important too.

Risteárd The nights are many in number, and as many again in number are the stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush to leave the inn, then you are very welcome to sit yourself down there again tomorrow night, in that very same chair, where you may happily listen to whatever sighting the fire will bring to my eyes. And it would be my anticipation, Receptive that we would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did here this night.

Receptive Thank you, Risteárd. It's very good to be here.

Risteárd You're most welcome, Receptive.
You go ahead now to your bed.
Take the candle from the table with you.
I will rake the fire.

Receptive Good night so, Risteárd, and thanks again.

Risteárd Have a sound sleep, Receptive.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

Risteárd *Exeunt*

Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Left Foot & Right Foot*

Sunday Eve the 22nd December 2001

Annotations:

tutelaries - with reference to birds; a large flock of birds

Caisleán an Ridire Rósréalta - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'Castle of the Knight Rosestar': Castle of the Rosestar Knight. Castle Rosestar ruin which is located some five kilometers over the valley from the inn as the crow flies.

Ecce Agnus Hibernium - from Latin, meaning 'behold', 'lamb/pure', and 'Ireland'

Agnus Dei - from Latin, meaning 'lamb/pure', and 'deity'

sacristy - from Medieval Latin, 'sacristia' from 'sacer', meaning holy.

A small room in the oratory aside to the altar where the sacred vessels, vestments, candles, etc., used to be kept.

Tulán Fraoigh - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'mound/knoll', and 'heather'; a heathery mound/knoll

Rúnda hÁille - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'secret' and 'beauty'

Sleaghdóireacht - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'cutting turf'

sleghán - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'a spade for cutting turf' also called a shlawn or slane



Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 5. *Six Carrying Two*

Prologue:

Sun warming the window panes of the inn had brought a momentary tear to the eyes of a little girl who had been gazing in wonderment at the exquisite frost designs abiding there upon.

From early morn the clouds of heaven had been hinting snow as they floated their way down along the sides of the valleys; leaving the hilltops to play with its colours of soft blue. Waters had gurgled their way along by yellow furze and white speckled stones while sunspots brightened up Cnoc an Sean-Scribhinn; placing as it were golden seals upon the fleeces of the solitary sheep grazing on its brown ferned slopes.

Mother Wren of ivy, Father Robin of holly and Puppy Fox of grove have with safety sung and played in one another's company far beyond the piseoga of human bands, who at this time of year perchance by some slight misunderstanding lead or premeditated intent driven, are wont with deafening bodhrán, clubbed sealg-bhata and terrorizing bugle to seek these little ones out, and without a care at all at all to bring about an abrupt end to the natural span of life being so carefully, so very very carefully being nurtured for each one of them by Fragile Nature.

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Risteárd is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Sitting across the hearth from him is his guest, Receptive.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters
to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over
on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Risteárd Ah, this pleasing fire, Receptive revives to my eyes
the sighting of *Six Carrying Two*.

Receptive How does it proceed, *Risteárd*?

Risteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and
In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Risteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?
I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Risteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations
iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another
world)

Six carrying two, four carrying four, eight carrying all as
it makes its slow journey across the road. Tires and shoes
missing it by just a few centimeters. A humankind fascinated
by the scene is in soliloquy, saying,

'If I rescue this spider then it will have a chance to live
longer, and it will ultimately trap and kill many insects. On the
other hand, it could even be poisonous, and perhaps even kill
one of our kind, even myself.'

More tires and more shoes. This time they almost get it.

Continuing in soliloquy, saying,

'What should I do? Lifedeathfuture decisions are very
difficult to make.'

Humankind is going down on bended knee; letting the spider crawl on to a piece of newspaper, and is now carrying it to safety and laying it gently on the grass margin.

The spider addresses the humankind, saying,

'I'll remember your choice, Humankind. I was not aware of any danger. Crossing a road is a thousand kilometers for me. Only I know I have to cross it. I would not know I had been killed as death is an event without a memory.'

And the humankind responds, saying,

'Better not to cross the road during the day-time. Night-time would be safer.'

'Day or night makes no difference to me. When I get the urge to cross I begin to cross. Trying to cross is all that matters. I have no plans for what I'll do if I cross. That's a different situation requiring a new response.

As I am crossing, I'm only concerned with six carrying two, four carrying four and all carrying all. When the urge comes again, I'll have to respond and try to cross. If you're not here at that time, I'll have to take my chances with the tires and shoes. I weave webs, and I also have to cross roads. I don't yet know why I do these things. All I know is that being who I am means I do these things. Strange isn't it? Being without knowing.'

After is a long silence spider speaks, asking,

'Why didn't you help me to cross over, instead of bringing me all the way back to where I had just departed from?'

'I thought I did.'

'That makes ten legs carrying two without knowing. Strange indeed.'

Suddenly! Screeching of breaktires ...Slamsmack!!!!
Humankind has become part of the road.

Spider perplexed by the scene is in soliloquy, saying,

'An event without memories. He saved me yet nobody was there to save him. Weaving webs and trying to cross roads are all that matters for me. Yet, I would like to know why.

I wonder what was of most importance to Humankind? It probably had something to do with carrying mes away from the roads of the world on pieces of newspaper. Perhaps I can get some insight into this as I cross.'

Six carrying two, four carrying four, eight carrying all.
Morning carrying night, afternoon carrying morning, night carrying afternoon.....moniaftmoniaftmoniaft.....
mmmmmmmmnnnnnnnnnaaaaaa

And that Receptive in a translated form is *Six Carrying Two* ~ a sighting of the sacred hearth.

Receptive who has turned pale in the meantime is needing a few minutes to steady himself before he will be able to bring forth any words.

Rísteárd (reassuringly) In your own time, Receptive.
Take your time.

Receptive The feeling was like that of being suddenly transported to the edge of an abyss, *Rísteárd*.

Rísteárd Brevity has the ability to produce such a panic-stricken sensation, Receptive.

Moments moment.

Rísteárd (smiling) But aren't we standing on the edge of it here together, Receptive?

Receptive (smiling) We are indeed, *Rísteárd*. And that makes all the difference. Is one's life so threatened on all sides?

Rísteárd Yes, it is, Receptive. Each and every lifeform exists as a fragility. And so delicate is this fragility that there is nothing which cannot effect it in some way or another.

Receptive If then it is viewed as being so fragile, how is it even possible to be able to live out one's natural life at all?

Risteárd Nature sustains and protects the birds of the air; fish of the sea; lambs of the hillsides; ants of the underground, and humankind of the betwixt and between.

Receptive I accompany you, Risteárd in this view, but how is it to be explained why a lifeform's life is suddenly cut short by a shoe, an inebriated driver, a sickness, a stray bullet or a falling tree in the height of a winter storm?

Risteárd Rather than how is it to be explained, Receptive better it is to be lamented.

Receptive How is it to be lamented?

Risteárd Cannot we say that it is most lamentable that the wearer of that shoe had forgotten how to walk properly? That the driver of that vehicle had forgotten how to be a descendant? That the world is all but destitute of enlightened physicians? That the one who fired the gun hadn't known what it was like to live in an area without any fear? That the winter walker could have been so disrespectful of nature in storm?

Receptive (smiling) I appreciate fully your point. Making decisions is no easy task, is it Risteárd?

Rísteárd That would be true, of course, Receptive when it is not in-formed by the heart. Decisions which are merely born of the brain are destined to give rise to problems of one kind or another.

Receptive How does being in-formed by the heart make it any easier?

Rísteárd Calculation is the primary attribute of the brain sense, Receptive. And as such it has a great liking for considering the consequences of its decisions in the light of its own singular comfort.

It's this very same consideration for the multitude of consequences which most frequently, by an interesting twist of things, gives rise to headaches and flocks of seagulls in flight over deep ravines.

Receptive (laughing) You're making me laugh, *Rísteárd*.

Rísteárd (laughing) And laughable it is, Receptive for a single sense to be putting on such airs and giving itself such bother.

Receptive (laughing) True.

Rísteárd (smiling) Decisions which come from the heart, and hued by the complimentary contributions made to it by the senses extends joyful comfort to all areas. A lone sense making

decisions is but a constant torment. The eye, ear, nose, tongue, skin and brain each consider but their own self-interests first and foremost. Heart considers all as itself.

Receptive It's a wonderful insight, Rísteárd.

Rísteárd (saying to himself) How joyfilling it is, Rísteárd being an innkeeper...

What would you say, Receptive to a cup of tea and some snowed fruitcake of the richest kind?

Receptive (smiling) I wouldn't be saying, no to it, Rísteárd.

The red candle bedded in an old block of apple tree wood glows softly on the windowsill while the green coloured one on the table seems to be delighting in stretching itself. Receptive is partaking of a second cut of the fine cake.

Rísteárd is taking down from up over the mantelpiece a lovely light-dark grained wooden feadóg which he had fashioned himself as a boy from a small branch of an ancient olive tree that suddenly fell right down before him on the cobblestones just as he was leaving Caisleán an Ridire Rósréalta one May morning.

The notes are as melodious as his own voice; waving and swaving about the candles and floating themselves on the heat of the hearth up the chimney to go play in the moonlight about the freshly snow veiled hillsides and beyond.

Receptive (smiling) All my words, Rísteárd would be cumbersome, if I were to try and describe how you played such concordance of beauty with those melodious sounds.

Rísteárd (smiling) Ah, it was the olive tree itself being itself in the gentle breeze being provided us both by the heavens, Receptive.

Receptive Why is it Rísteárd that we human lifeforms are without knowing everything there is to be known?

Rísteárd (smiling) Everything, Receptive is not the way everything is. Attempting to say otherwise would be to confine that which lends not itself to confines. And that which lends not itself to confines is without any need of being known. Only confines are in need of being known.

Receptive Which confines then, Rísteárd are in need of being known?

Rísteárd Those which the senses can reach.

Receptive Are there any limitations to their reach?

Rísteárd None whatsoever save from that which lends not itself to be known by them. The candle there standing on the table stretching itself upwards is a fine paradigm for our discourse, Receptive of a sense being permitted by the

darkness; by the unknown to reach up a certain distance into it, and no further. In other words, the darkness is not in any need of revealing itself any further to the candle, and thus subtly and delicately prevents the candle from finding out any more about it.

Receptive (smiling) I like the metaphor, Risteárd.

Risteárd (smiling) Perhaps it's more of a metaform. And look, there are two more stretchers under the table itself which could equally qualify for our attention.

Receptive (smiling) How may we know, Risteárd how much we are meant to know?

Risteárd (smiling) Only by knowing what we are meant to know. Knowing is but a sensory comfort; a most pleasant comfort to be sure. But the comfort of the heart is an abyss of joy. It's so deep it's without height of depth; so wide it's without width of breadth. So awesome it is, that only the emptying to full brimming of itself is acceptable for its exploration.

Receptive Wonderful!

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive What is of most importance to you, Risteárd?

Risteárd (smiling) It is to substantiate to myself that I am worthy of this unique descendantship which is so generously allowing me to be who I am in reality meant to be. It is to transmit most faithfully, in words comprehensible the sightings being revealed in the glowing to my eyes.

Receptive (smiling) Who is the one, Risteárd you are in reality meant to be?

Risteárd (laughing heartily) Ah, let's see to our paradigms, Receptive how well they are by the unknown's gracious leave.

Receptive (laughing) I see. I see. I see, Risteárd.

Risteárd (laughing heartily) With such interesting insights shall we be calling it a night, Receptive?

Receptive I suppose it's better, Risteárd.
Rest being important too.

Risteárd The nights are many in number, and as many again in number are the stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush to leave the inn, then you are very welcome to sit yourself down there again tomorrow night, in that very same chair, where you may happily listen to whatever sighting the fire will bring to my eyes. And it would be my anticipation,

Receptive that we would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did here this night.

Receptive Thank you, Rísteárd. It's very good to be here.

Rísteárd You're most welcome, Receptive.

You go ahead now to your bed.

Take the candle from the table with you.

I will rake the fire.

Receptive Good night so, Rísteárd, and thanks again.

Rísteárd Have a sound sleep, Receptive.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

Rísteárd *Exeunt*

Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Six Carrying Two*

Sunday Eve the 29th December 2001

Annotations:

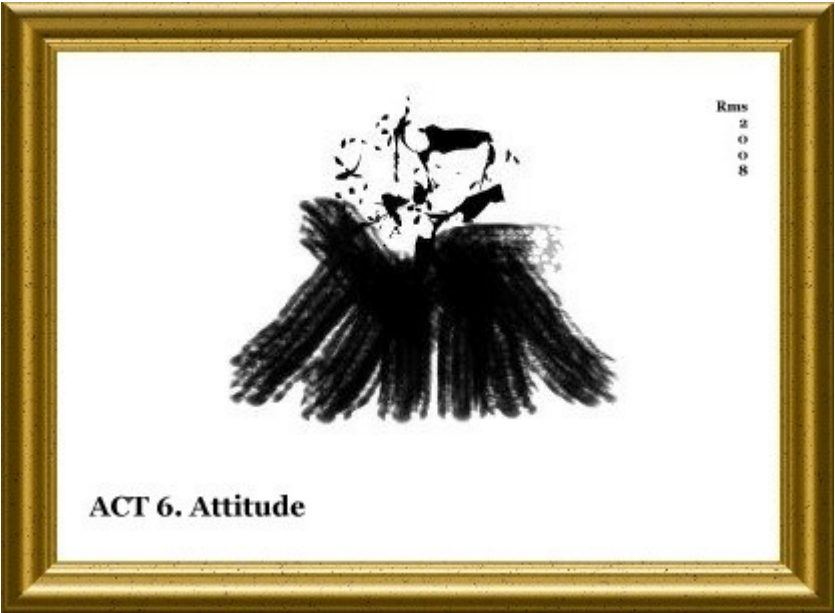
Cnoc an Sean-Scríbhinn - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'hill', 'the', and 'old manuscript'

pi-seoga - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'superstitions'

bodhrán - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'drum' which has a wooden frame covered with pig or goat hide, and is played with a double-headed stick called a 'cipín'

sealg-bhata - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'a hunting stick'

feadóig - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'flute'



Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 6. *Attitude*

Prologue:

Swirled about by playful southerly wind from early morn, the misty light rain composed the ordinarily near hills to be the farthest there was to be seen thus producing with the pencil-sketched trees and bushes in its foreground a magian epiphany.

Within the twelfth hour there did appear on Duilleach crag to the east of the inn in a momentary sunray, three mist-sipping noble deer while below them to the southeast stood a solitary crane dreaming away the time in Glandhuan stream which sings and dances along by the trees and bushes.

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Risteárd is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Sitting across the hearth from him is his guest, Receptive.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Risteárd Ah, this pleasing fire, Receptive revives to my eyes the sighting of *Attitude*.

Receptive How does it proceed, Risteárd?

Rísteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and
In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Rísteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?

I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Rísteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another world)

Attitude is always looking for opportunities to prove himself. Bullying his way along a street he happens to come upon Outdo who has just arrived from the other side of the city. A fight immediately ensues.

Twenty-five years year, yet they're still entangled in each other. One is suggesting to the other, saying,

'Let's stop!'

'You first!'

'No, you first!'

And the years continue to year. One is suggesting to the other, saying,

'Let's stop!'

'You first!'

'No, you first!'

Dontmind and Dontcare having nothing better to do go over, and start tripping up Attitude and Outdo. Infuriated they turn on Dontmind and Dontcare.

After the first punches Dontmind and Dontcare fall to the ground, willingly. Attitude and Outdo walk off together laughing with their arms around each other's shoulders.

Attitude makes comment to Outdo, saying,

'We make a good team against the rest of this city.'

'We do indeed. And as long as we stick together we're indestructible.'

'Let's change our names into one. *The Invincibles!* How's that?'

'That's good, but wouldn't *The Indestructibles* sound better?'

'I rather like the ring of *The Invincibles!* It has a cuttingedge sound to it.'

'That's true, but where I come from we ...'

Dontmind and Dontcare sit laughing on the footpath long after the other two have left. Dontcare makes comment to Dontmind, saying,

'The world is full of Attitudes and Outdos, isn't it?'

'They're in for a mighty surprise IF they EVER leave this place.'

'What's it to us anyway? Let's go kick the leaves along the street. That's always good fun. Leaves and ourselves are of a similar disposition.'

And that Receptive in a translated form is *Attitude* ~ a sighting of the sacred hearth.

Receptive (smiling) Interesting characters, Risteárd.
Those four.

Risteárd (smiling) More like two, Receptive. Attitude and Outdo being one character while Dontmind and Dontcare another.

Receptive (smiling) That makes it even more interesting, Risteárd.

Risteárd (smiling) Seeing the stars before coming to see the heavens.

Receptive Quite true. Habit making it so. This sighting, Risterad it could be said, well describes a state in which the world finds itself today.

Risteárd (jokingly) I wonder which one, Receptive.
A world-state or a city-state?

Receptive (smiling) Perhaps it's a city-state within a world-state or the world-state is a city-state.

Risteárd (smiling) Perhaps it is.

Receptive Risteárd, what is it about our humankind which makes certain individuals want to outdo everybody else in the manner described here?

Risteárd (smiling) The reasons would be many, Receptive. More in number than the hairs on Samhain there.

Receptive But not all his hairs are of the same length, Risteárd.

Risteárd (smiling) Considering his whiskers to be hairs then that would be true. Let's present fear of one's own shadow as one of the whiskers for why certain individuals would want to outdo everybody else.

Receptive (smiling) Amusing.

Risteárd One's own shadow is that shape which looks like oneself, is it not?

Receptive Yes, that would be true to a certain extent. I wonder may we say the same, Risteárd to be true from the shadow's own perspective?

Risteárd (smiling) Very good. Very good. Maybe it considers it to be its own shadow, but with far more visible features than itself.

Receptive (smiling) A fascinating way of looking at it.

Rísteárd (smiling) Following along thus nicely with this current of fine thought, is it not conceivable, *Receptive* that the shadow might over a long period of time build up some kind of a jealousy or resentment towards that which it considers to be its own shadow?

Receptive It's possible, I suppose. But where does the jealousy itself spring from, *Rísteárd*?

Rísteárd (smiling) From the shadow itself.

Receptive But, *Rísteárd* the shadow is but a shadow!

Rísteárd (laughing) It is indeed, *Receptive*.

Receptive (laughing) Considering shadows to be shadows. Then what you've described, *Rísteárd* could go a long ways to explaining why one would fear one's own shadow. But how far would it go to explaining why one would be availing of every opportunity to outdo everybody else in one's neighbourhood, village, town, city, province, country, continent, the world, and even in space where the visitor is being perceived as 'You are the Foe' and other solar systems and even galaxies as 'You are the Stars to War against'?

Rísteárd Shadows, Receptive are more like each other in appearance than are our actual selves.

Receptive May we say then that the reason why Attitude and Outdo got into such a prolonged fight with each other goes all the way back to their shadow's fears of their own shadows?

Rísteárd We may do so given the close resemblance which exists between shadows because they see themselves too in what they consider to be other shadows of themselves.

Receptive (smiling) The current of this fine logic, Rísteárd is now flowing a bit too quickly for me.

Rísteárd (smiling) Shall we say it's the activity of their shadows and not that of themselves. And their shadows being without any substance, so too are Attitude and Outdo's reasons for fighting.

Receptive (smiling) Purely without any substance whatsoever.

Rísteárd (smiling) A more truer string of words was not put together by tongue this night, Receptive.

Receptive (smiling) Many the truer besides this one, Rísteárd has eloquently strung together.

Rísteárd (smiling) I think it's in need of the cup of tea, we are, Receptive. What do you think?

Receptive (smiling) Most definitely.

Aoife is with them for the tea; engaging in joyful conversation.

Rísteárd and Receptive attend on her every word for she speaks to them in a way that even makes Samhain and Bealtine wake up from their cosy dreams and draw close to listen to her as she lilt,

" ...

In dark window frame
the wind borne rain
glistens for knight-wanderers
the welcoming flame.

" ...

Receptive (smiling) Rísteárd blessed are you among men. And blessed is the spouse of your hearth. And the children of yere board. For Nature is doing great things for ye.

Rísteárd (smiling) And for you too, Receptive. And for all of our humankind.

Receptive Yet does not it seem to you, Rísteárd that most of our humankind have forgotten this or perhaps aren't even aware of it?

Rísteárd The rain outside, Receptive although being blown this way and that way, forgets not its own origin, and will be wanting to return to it time and time again.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive Sometimes, *Rísteárd* when I look up at the full moon, I get the impression that it doesn't care about what's going on in our human world.

Rísteárd Subtly, Receptive is the characteristic attribute of one who truly cares. And of the myriad phenomena, the moon is among the most caring of all.

Receptive Then why is it, *Rísteárd* that in our human world there are so many of our humankind who albeit are very subtle don't care?

Rísteárd It's not that they don't care, Receptive but rather that what they care about falls far short of what they should as a humankind be caring about.

Receptive What is it that they should be caring about, *Rísteárd*?

Risteárd And I will answer in this way, by your grace and pardon if I may, is one caring as a humankind should be when one would stand in shaded alleyway by any hour of day or night, and draw subtly from beneath one's nouveau riche garments - substances dusty; substances diluted and dispose of them to mere children in exchange for a shaking fistful of crumbled up notes?

Receptive Of course, not Risteárd.

Risteárd And I will ask again, is one caring as a humankind should be when one would stand in shaded train station by any hour of day or night, and draw subtly from out of one's nouveau riche makeup - words empty; words polluted and dispose of them to mere children in exchange for a frightened body of buttoned up innocence?

Receptive Of course, not Risteárd.

Risteárd And I would again ask, are they caring as the humankind should be when they would sit in elaborate caverns or bunkers grand by any hour of day or night, and draw subtly from their nouveau riche popularity - panoply terrible; panoply horrendous and deposit them in rushing hour and dead of night on collateral damage in exchange for a shot at a salvation unknown or a scrawling signature on a binding document?

Receptive Of course, not Risteárd.

Risteárd And in your great patience, Receptive suffer me to ask, are they caring as the humankind should be when they would about their daily lives go from early morn to late at night, and with subtly refined listen not to the cries of their neighbour's children being tormented or cast not their eyes on the bruises of their neighbour's spouse being humiliated nor call even attention to the pure of heart in prisons bound?

Receptive Of course, not Risteárd.

There is a long long silence.

Receptive Risteárd my heart is heavy within me. And for its comfort, I'm asking, aren't there any from among our humankind who are caring about what they should be caring about? After all who is left in the world?

Risteárd (smiling) Receptive those of whom I spoke, are but the minority within our humankind. If these were the majority, Receptive we would not be having any human existence to be talking about here this night. This minority would not be worth mentioning, but for the very real and potent relationship it maintains with hegemony; striving as it does to consolidate all power on the planet unto itself.

The majority of our humankind, Receptive fortunately care very much about what it should be caring about.

Receptive (smiling happily) This is wonderful, Rísteárd.
Auspicious and wonderful.

Rísteárd (smiling) It is indeed, Receptive. Nature's blessing on our humankind.

Receptive (smiling) Rísteárd, on a lighter note. What is being implied in those words, "Leaves and ourselves are of a similar disposition."?

Rísteárd (smiling) These words are not meant to be taken at face value, Receptive. There is no similitude between Dontmind and Dontcare, and leaves.

Rísteárd (continuing with a great happiness blossoming in his face)

Leaves in beauty grow on branch by branch,
in beauty wave on high by nested birds,
in beauty floats on back of wind down adown
to waiting ground and welcoming waters.

Leaves of green leaves of gold over and over the valley
rolls.

Children tossing them up into the high high blue sky of
autumn;

dancing dancing beneath the dreamlike canopy.

Receptive (smiling with the remembrance of something that he had long forgotten)

Reminds me, Risteárd of when I was but a child.

Risteárd (with a childlike smile) Reminds me, Receptive that I am a child.

Risteárd (smiling) With such lovely images of this holy land, shall we be calling it a night, Receptive?

Receptive I suppose it's better, Risteárd.
Rest being important too.

Risteárd The nights are many in number, and as many again in number are the stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush to leave the inn, then you are very welcome to sit yourself down there again tomorrow night, in that very same chair, where you may happily listen to whatever sighting the fire will bring to my eyes. And it would be my anticipation, Receptive that we would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did here this night.

Receptive Thank you, Risteárd. It's very good to be here.

Risteárd You're most welcome, Receptive.
You go ahead now to your bed.
Take the candle from the table with you.
I will rake the fire.

Receptive Good night so, Risteárd, and thanks again.

Risteárd Have a sound sleep, Receptive.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

Risteárd *Exeunt*

Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Attitude*

Sunday Eve the 5th January 2002

Annotations:

Duilleach - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'leafy/leafy-clad'

Glandhuan - from Gaedhilge, 'glan' meaning 'clean/clear/pure' and 'dhuan' meaning 'song/canticle'

nouveau riche - from French, meaning 'new rich'

panoply - from Greek, meaning 'complete array of armour/weaponry'



Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 7. *Three Members*

Prologue:

Last night was dreamt a dream within a dream of lambs anew frolicking about on the slopes of Cnoc an Sean-Scríbhinn.

A shepherdess all battered and bruised on a rock sat weeping alone under the canopy of Bile Déisi Mumhan, and upon her bosom a lamb so marred that would rent one's heart apart. Asked how all this had come to be, she did tell with trembling voice, how in the broadened light of day, biophiliac entites came and snatched away all seventy and one of her beloved care.

And now the dreams did fade with the echoing waves of her pitiful moans; lamenting their way into the sounds of this night.

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Risteárd is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Sitting across the hearth from him is his guest, Receptive.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Risteárd Ah, this pleasing fire, Receptive revives to my eyes the sighting of *Three Members*.

Receptive How does it proceed, Risteárd?

Rísteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and
In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Rísteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?

I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Rísteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another world)

The three members of the Special Ethics of all Ethics Committee are taking their places. Sitting from left to right is Geriatrician Idoit Allforfun alias materpais abuser. Embryologist Ivegot Tolivetoo alias paterpais abuser, and Major General Jarlatan alias genoentomon persecutor.

Major General Jarlatan begins the session by abruptly, asking,

'Name?'

'Completely Honest.'

'Occupation, Mr. Completely Honest?'

'I've been a chef with twenty-three years. All that time I used to work in the V.I.P. Lounge at the International Airport. I was the senior chef de cuisine. I loved my job.'

Embryologist Ivegot Tolivetoo takes over with, saying,

'Mr. Honest.

I'm Embryologist Ivegot Tolivetoo. I would like you to give us your account, in your own words of what happened that night.'

'It's very simple, Embryologist. I was on my way back to the kitchen after being complimented for my cuisine by some guests when this lady came walking rather quickly out of the toilette. She all but knocked me over. It was then I noticed it.'

'What did you notice, Mr. Honest?'

'I noticed that...'

'No need for courtesy, Mr. Honest. Continue.'

'Well, I noticed that the back of her raiment was partially tucked inside an undergarment.'

'What happened then? What did you do?'

'I kindly and politely brought her attention to it. She graciously apologized; thanked me and continued upon her way.'

'Mr. Completely Honest! Say no more. Without a doubt that's a clear case of sexual her...ment.'

'Excuse me? Embryologist, I only did what I thought was the knight-errantry thing to do at that given moment.'

The three members of the Special Ethics of all Ethics Committee shout at him as with one voice, asking,

'What's knight-errantry?!!!'

Embryologist Ivegot Tolivetoo in haste continues with, saying,

'That's enough for me. There's no need for us to summon Madam C.E.O. of "Purposeful For d' Youth" or any of the witnesses for my colleagues and I are in absolute agreement, that you, Mr. Completely Honest, should be barred from cooking in the vicinity of all women in future. And as such, all possibilities for any type of promotion whatsoever are

to be denied you for ever. This will be going on your Bio-Record.'

Major General Jarlatan leans forward and gripes, saying,

'Next!'

'Name?'

'Totally Innocent.'

'Occupation, Ms. Totally Innocent?'

'I've been a beautician with five years. All that time I used to work in the V.I.P. Lounge at the International Airport. I was the junior beautician. I loved my job.'

Geriatrician Ididit Allforfun takes over with, saying,

'Ms Innocent. I'm Geriatrician Ididit Allforfun. What was your relationship with Mr. Respectable Neat?'

'He is Head of Security.'

'On the morning in question, and in your own words tell us what happened.'

'I was in the staff queue at the main entrance to the lounge area. Head of Security, Mr. Respectable Neat, as is his custom was up ahead good-naturedly greeting each of us individually as we entered.'

'Then what happened?'

'It was then I noticed it.'

'What did you notice, Ms. Innocent?'

'That the lower ...'

'No need for courtesy, Ms. Innocent. Continue.'

'Well, I noticed that the lower feature of his uniform was partially opened.'

'What happened then? What did you do?'

'I kindly and politely brought his attention to it. He graciously apologized; thanked me and continued on in his good-natured way to greet those coming behind me.'

'Ms. Totally Innocent! Say no more. Without a doubt that's a clear case of sexual male...tion.'

'Excuse me? Geriatrician, I only did what I thought was the lady-errantry thing to do at that given moment.'

The three members of the Special Ethics of all Ethics Committee shout at her as with one voice, asking,

'What's lady-errantry?!!!'

Geriatrician Ididit Allforfun in haste continues with, saying,

'That's enough for me. There's no need for us to summon, Head of Security, Mr. Respectable Neat or any of the witnesses for my colleagues and I are in absolute agreement, that you, Ms. Totally Innocent, should be barred from beautifying in the vicinity of all men in future. And as such, all possibilities for any type of promotion whatsoever are to be denied you for ever. This will be going on your Bio-Record.'

Major General Jarlatan leans forward and gripes,
saying,

'Next!'

And that Receptive in a translated form is *Three Members* ~ a sighting of the sacred hearth.

Receptive (with heaviness of heart) Quite shocking, Rísteárd.

Rísteárd (smiling that has an aura of sadness in it) The truth tends to do that, Receptive. It hurts.

Receptive Why is it, Rísteárd that a man or a woman of our humankind would be of a heart to abuse his or her spouse and their children?

Rísteárd Receptive, when one has already been abused by one's own parents, a neighbour or stranger and was never given the opportunity, especially in one's teenage years to talk it out with someone who truly cares from outside of the family, then that same wounded mentality is merely transmitted down clone for clone into his or her own family.

Receptive From where, Rísteárd did that wounded mentality itself originate?

Risteárd It can't be said, Receptive to have originated from a specific moment, but rather as something which was being gradually allowed to take shape down through a few generations of one's ancestors. If one could record it in some way one would be able to clearly recognize an emerging pattern.

Receptive How can the pattern be changed?

Risteárd By changing the style of doing things.

Receptive And how is this achieved, *Risteárd*?

Risteárd By being a good neighbour, Receptive.

Receptive But what if the neighbours are entangled in the same mentality?

Risteárd (smiling) By being a good neighbour, Receptive.

Receptive (smiling) One can know, *Risteárd* how to tend the fields in due season; how to operate a machine on a factory floor twenty-four seven; how to use the latest Apple or Microsoft computers in no time at all, but can you tell me how one can be a good neighbour, if not for all of the time at least for most of the time or if not even that for some of the time?

Rísteárd How are the trees, Receptive being good neighbourly? Have you ever noticed the good neighbourly ways of the trees in all seasons on the hillsides and in the valleys, in the gardens, and along the city streets and in the parks?

Receptive I have been noticing how, *Rísteárd* but I need to be noticing them a lot more.

Rísteárd How are the waters in the land being good neighbourly? Have you ever noticed the good neighbourly ways of the streams and rivers night and day currenting along through valley and village; through town and city?

Receptive I have been noticing how, *Rísteárd* but I need to be noticing them a lot more often.

Rísteárd How are the stars being good neighbourly? Have you ever noticed the good neighbourly ways of the stars in the heavens in seasons about our seasons?

Receptive (smiling) May it be so, *Rísteárd* that from this night forth, I culture myself to be noticing them a whole lot more.

Rísteárd (smiling) Being good neighbourly, Receptive is the hub of existence for the myriad things; the hub of existence for the individual in the worlds visible and the worlds invisible.

Receptive (smiling) What is it, Risteárd to be living in a 'knight-errantry' and 'lady-errantry' way?

Risteárd (smiling) It is, Receptive to be spontaneous with the adventures in life; ready to do in the ever-present given now what one knows in one's heart to be the humankindly thing to be doing.

Receptive (smiling) Beautiful. I like it. Yet, it seems, Risteárd to be a way of life made possible only by the few. Certainly not a disposition which could be cultured overnight.

Risteárd True indeed, Receptive. It's rather a culturing over many nights; a solitary culturing with reflection on the ever-present given past, and one's daily association with our humankind; especially with our spouse, children, neighbours and friends, and with all lifeforms. It's an association with existence as visible and existence as invisible.

Receptive Should one, Risteárd be searching for adventures?

Risteárd Why would one, Receptive need to be searching for that which is already within and about oneself given?

Receptive Was it not traditional, Risteárd for the knight errants of old to go out in search of adventures, especially

those which offered opportunities to redress wrongs and show great prowess?

Risteárd Men of the world many were they, and except for the few of fleudelys-cloaked were far far from the inner rose.

Receptive (jokingly) Yet, even weeds are flowers. Are they not, *Risteárd*?

Risteárd (jokingly) Of six I know of, *Receptive*. And lovely surely are they, but none from amongst them is a rose. A cup of *rósette* would go well right now. Would it not, *Receptive*?

Receptive (smiling) It would indeed, *Risteárd*.

The two are enjoying the tea and some boiled fruit cake. *Receptive* has asked for the recipe, and *Aoife* has written it out as follows:

Boiled Fruit Cake

1 lb. of sultanas

1/2 lb. of granulated sugar

1 teaspoon of mixed spice

1/2 lb. of butter or margarine

1/4 pt. of water

Ingredients to be boiled for 10 minutes

All the while mixing well.

Let get cold, and then add

1 lb. of sifted flour

2 well-beaten eggs

Blend in very well, and then put the mixture into a greased and lined bastable and cook over a turf fire for about three hours.

(When using the modern electric oven bake at 250 degrees F. for about 2 hours.)

Receptive Risteárd, how may we describe the relationship which exists between the embryo and the geriatric?

Risteárd (smiling) Let's begin by approaching it from the position of etymology. What is the source of the word 'geriatric'?

Receptive It comes from the Greek word 'geron, -ontos' meaning old man/old humankind, and the suffix 'iatrikos - iatric' indicating medical care or treatment.

Risteárd Good. And 'embryo'?

Receptive It comes to us from the Greek words, 'embryon'-en 'in' and 'bryein' -swell, be full.

Risteárd Fine. Let's now try approaching it from the position of meaning. What concise meaning is given to the word 'geriatric'?

Receptive It means an elderly male or female humankind.

Risteárd Good. And 'embryo'?

Receptive The humankind organism up to approximately the end of the second month after conception.

Rísteárd Beautiful. Now let's try approaching it from the position of biology. What is an organism?

Receptive Any living body having organs that work together to carry on the processes of life.

Rísteárd Great. Is an embryo - that which is slowly and wondrously swelling itself into distinct shapes and functions within the uterus of its surrounding an organism?

Receptive (smiling) Affirmative.

Rísteárd (smiling) Is a geriatric - that which is slowly and wondrously deflating itself into fading shapes and functions within the uterus of its surrounding an organism?

Receptive (smiling) Affirmative.

Rísteárd (smiling) How may the relationship be expressed?

Receptive (smiling breaking into laughter) They are one and the same, *Rísteárd*.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive Is it possible, Rísteárd for anyone to believe that a Geriatrician who habitually abuses his own grandmother, mother, wife, mother-in-law, his children, and those of his neighbours would not also be habitually abusing geriatrics under his care, especially the female geriatrics?

Rísteárd And I will make answer with, Is it possible, Receptive for one to accept that the majestic waters of the mighty Atlantic Ocean which habitually flow onto the shores of Éire would not also be habitually ebb tiding away from them?

Receptive (smiling) I'm sure, Rísteárd that it would also be quite impossible for anyone to believe that an Embryologist who would be habitually abusing her own grandfather, father, husband, father-in-law, her children, and those of her neighbours would not moreover be habitually abusing embryos under her care, especially the male embryos.

Rísteárd (smiling) The fresh leaves of the hazel trees which habitually appear in the springtime on the isle of Éire also habitually depart them in the days of autumn.

Receptive (smiling with reflection) What needs to be done, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd (smiling) Take our rest for the remainder of this night. And with the coming of a new sun, clear answers assuredly, Receptive will be presenting themselves. So now let

us with lovely images of the wild Atlantic streams, and hazel greens be calling it for ourselves a night.

Receptive I suppose it's better, Rísteárd.
Rest being important too.

Rísteárd The nights are many in number, and as many again in number are the stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush to leave the inn, then you are very welcome to sit yourself down there again tomorrow night, in that very same chair, where you may happily listen to whatever sighting the fire will bring to my eyes. And it would be my anticipation, *Receptive* that we would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did here this night.

Receptive Thank you, Rísteárd. It's very good to be here.

Rísteárd You're most welcome, *Receptive*.
You go ahead now to your bed.
Take the candle from the table with you.
I will rake the fire.

Receptive Good night so, Rísteárd, and thanks again.

Rísteárd Have a sound sleep, *Receptive*.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Three Members*

Sunday Eve the 12th January 2002

Annotations:

Cnoc an Sean-Scribhinn - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'hill', 'the', and 'old manuscript'

Bile Déisi Mumhan - from Gaedhilge with reference to the sacred tree of Déisi Mumhan, namely the Crann Giuis of the Pinaceae *Pinus sylvestris* family also known as the Scots/Scotch Pine.

biophilic - from Greek 'bios' meaning, 'life' -from Greek 'philos' meaning, 'loving': indicating within the above context an abnormal liking for life; specifically the newly born, and by inference children. It would be strongly related to the word, 'paedophilic/pedophilic' albeit the latter would not be its synonymy

Geriatrician - with reference to one, in this setting a man who scientifically deals with the diagnosis and treatment of diseases affecting elderly people.

materpais - from Latin, 'mater' meaning 'mother': his own grandmother, mother, spouse and mother-in-law - from Greek, 'pais' meaning 'child': his own child/children including those of other families

Embryologist - with reference to one, in this setting a woman who scientifically deals with the formation and development of human embryos

paterpais - from Latin, 'pater' meaning 'father': her own grandfather, father, spouse and father-in-law - from Greek, 'pais' meaning 'child': her own child/children including those of other families

genoentomon - from Greek 'genos' meaning 'race of people' - from Greek 'entomon' meaning 'insect'

rósette - from Gaedhilge a diminutive of 'rose' which here refers to a cup of red tea

bastable - a traditional three-legged black coloured iron pot. It is the origin of the term 'to take pot-luck'.

And it has many interesting stories associated with it. It was used for roasting, stewing and for making cakes and bread. In some parts of the

island it was also called a 'bastable oven', and the bread made in it a 'bastable cake'. Glowing turf sods were put on top of the lid when baking or roasting is being done to ensure even heat distribution. The pot was suspended off of a bar over the fire called a 'crane'. The pot could be raised or lowered by a chain, and the three short feet enabled it to stand firmly at the side of the hearth. Oh, that lovely smell of the freshly baked bread; its warmth bathing one's whole face.



Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 8. *Autumnal leaves*

Prologue:

Already Sun is rising that little bit earlier, and setting later.
And Moon from early afternoon has been giving to itself a new shape.
Song thrushes in the fuinnseog coille played while about the roots
daffodil bulbs are beginning to make their appearance.

Rísteárd stood for long observing these translations, and he too was aware of himself translating.

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Rísteárd is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Sitting across the hearth from him is his guest, Receptive.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Rísteárd Ah, this pleasing fire, Receptive revives to my eyes the sighting of *Autumnal Leaves*.

Receptive How does it proceed, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and

In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Rísteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?

I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Rísteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations
iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another
world)

Colourful autumnal leaves dance upon the cold wind.
The odd truck or car swishes by tossing many into the fields.
Even just one or two cars or trucks are one-two too many.

Chaubran is walking along with two of his friends, Sun de Risiah and Sun de Setiah.

Sun de Risiah suggests with, saying,

'Let's head off across the open spaces, Chaubran.'

Chaubran replies with, saying,

'I love this part of the country particularly at this time of year. Not far from here there is a little hideaway inn where we can stay the night. They have a big cosy open fireplace and always there seems to be the sweet smell of honeysuckle in the air. Wandering wayfarers drop in there from time to time. I have met some very interesting people there.'

The innkeeper sees them coming from afar and she runs down the avenue to greet them, saying,

'Chaubran! Well come! Well come! Well come!
It seems such a long time since I've seen your smiling face, although your words are ever fresh in my heart.'

'Lovely to see you again Fleuriness. You're looking beautiful. I brought some guests along with me. Sun de Risiah and Sun de Setiah.'

'You're all very welcome. Go over there and warm yourselves by the fire. I'll prepare a nice supper for you.'

'Do you have any guests staying with you at the moment, Fleuriness?'

'There is one who calls himself a fillosopher. He talks a lot, but I can't remember a word he says. He'll be down for supper. You can have a chance to listen to him then.'

Sun de Setiah puts a question to Chaubran, asking,

'Chaubran, how did you first find such a charming little place? When I marry I would like to spend my honeymoon here.'

'It's interesting that you should say that Sun de Setiah because Mysteria and I spent a number of honeymoons here.'

Sun de Risiah with great love in her words, saying,

'Mysteria is one of the most charming people I have ever met. Her soft lovely brown eyes seem to speak fully to my heart. Chaubran, it is a delight to know both of you and your children.'

Fleuriness makes entry with, saying,

'Supper is ready, everybody!'

'Fleuriness you've prepared a banquet.'

'Eat plenty. There's more in the kitchen.'

Professor Hattur, let me introduce you to my very good friend from of old, Chaubran de Malampeh. Chaubran, this is Professor Hattur who has been with us for the last few weeks.'

'It will be interesting to make your acquaintance, Professor Hattur. These are my friends Sun de Risiah and Sun de Setiah.

'Ladies, it's a pleasure to share a meal with such delightful company. I'm a philosopher.'

Chaubran requests, saying,

'The three of us have come a long way, Professor. We would be honoured if you would share some of your understandings of philosophies with us as we enjoy gathering the thoughts of those whom we happen to meet along the way. By doing so we are allowing ourselves the privilege of being a part of all we encounter.'

'Say no more fellow travellers. Let me begin at the beginning of all beginnings with the father of all fathers of all world philosophies namely, that gentleman of proper upbringing and disposition, none other than the man himself, the right honourable Sir William Plato. His major work among the many, and fine works which he produced during his long long life time was the world acclaimed work, *The Merchant of the Republic*. I'm not exactly sure what the actual content of the content is, but it's available in paperback and I'd advise you all to buy it.

The next most important figure to cross the stage of philosophy was Conbodalaosing. He was born very close to Sir William Plato's birthplace but immigrated in his early teens. As I can't read his books, I can only tell you that people who have mastered his language tell me that he said a lot of good things about a lot of things lots of times.'

Fleuriness enters, saying,

'Fine ladies, and gentlemen why don't you move over by the fire and that'll give me a chance to clean off the table.'

'As I was saying, both Suckrates, Tiscarty and Erkeley had a lot in common in that they each preferred straw stuffed pillows to duckdown. And I read in some tabloid that straw is much better for the mind than feathers.

My own philosophical views are entirely, and will always be, based on the insights of Kariel Stallinnius. Now there was a man who knew how to sort out the desirables from the undesirables. Totalitariandemocratism was his answer to the world's problems.

Oh! Mr. Chaubran, the ladies have fallen asleep. It must be the heat of the fire.'

'We walked a great deal today so they're probably very tired.'

'To come back to what I was saying.

The younger the child is taught how to use a computer the better. The world must be automated as quickly as possible. As my good friend, Sir William Plato used to say, "All the world's one big machine, and all the men, women and children are merely operators". He knew what he was talking about all right. A man ahead of this time.'

'Pardon me for wishing to bring this most enlightening discourse to a close, but the heat is making me too very drowsy, Professor.'

'No problem, Mr. Chaubran. I've enjoyed sharing my in-depth knowledge with you. It has just dawned on me, that I have probably enough material in what I've said for another book. I think I'll return to my institute early tomorrow morning and get cracking on it. Excuse me so, Mr. Chaubran. I'll go up stairs now and pack.'

'Good night, Professor Hattur.'

Chaubran strolls out into the night air. A little while passes and now Fleuriness comes out, and asks, saying,

'Chaubran, why have you been walking around here outside in the cold?'

'I needed some time to think, Fleuriness. I feel great pain and pity for Professor Hattur. He has been devoting his whole life to studying the outer philosophies, but he knows nothing of life; he has not yet found the key to the inner philosophies. How can this be? Even a narrow little river must by turn reach the great wide sea.'

'Chaubran, listen to me. There are people who, if you take them out in the rain and let the raindrops fall on the palms of their hands, won't accept not only that their hands are wet, but that it is even raining. Come in out of the cold and have a good night's sleep for yourself.

Tomorrow, Chaubran I want to show the three of you some very old books; a cache of self-published antiquities of the profoundest kind, and which by pure chance I found hidden in a concealed compartment in the attic when doing some tidying up there a few months ago.'

'Marvellous! We'll look forward to it Fleuriness. Thank you. Good night.'

'You're welcome, Chaubran. It's so nice to have you with us again. Good night.'

'The pleasure is mutual, Fleuriness.'

And that Receptive in a translated form is *Autumnal Leaves* ~ a sighting of the sacred hearth.

Receptive (with a happy smile) It's a lovely sighting, Rísteárd.
Oh, how I love the high blue skies of autumnal days and upon the refreshing breezes the dancing of leaves.

Rísteárd (smiling) In autumn, Receptive the hill country of Déisi Mumhan is a wondrous place with colours abounding in every direction. The bell at far off Carraig Bán Abbey sounds so very clear on autumnal eves.

Receptive (smiling) The joy of seeing an old friend is really fantastic, isn't it, Risteárd?

Risteárd (smiling) It is indeed, Receptive, especially if it turns out to be one's beloved teacher.

Receptive I must admit, Risteárd I have no beloved teachers who I would feel delighted to meet. All of my teachers save for one were very self-centered.

Risteárd Be kind, Receptive to those who have to stand up before a class of young people on a daily basis, and attempt to teach to them the pre-formulated given. For these teachers surely have been asked to transmit to their students subjects concerned with the extra-ordinary world; the world of mathematics, science, religion, philosophy, politics, ethics, economics, history etc.

The beloved teacher of whom I speak is the one who has opened up my senses and heart to stay with the ordinary world.

Receptive (smiling) I had always believed, Risteárd that that which you have referred to as the "extra-ordinary world" was in fact the ordinary world and the veiled world to be the extra-ordinary world.

Risteárd (smiling) And I will ask, Receptive. That which has deviated qualitatively from the ordinary what name should we to it give?

Receptive (smiling) Let me see. We might be inclined to give to it the name anti-ordinary, contra-ordinary, hyper-ordinary, out-ordinary, para-ordinary, super-ordinary, trans-ordinary, ultra-ordinary or extra-ordinary.

Risteárd (smiling) Well imagine that. Reaching the same spot by going around in circles.

Receptive (smiling) I accompany you on this point, Risteárd and will be inclined to ask, how does it come about that the ordinary is replaced in favour of the extra-ordinary; the natural in favour of the un-natural?

Risteárd It happens, Receptive when the mother in mathematics is made to become silent; the sign in science; the real in religion, the love in philosophy, the polite in politics, the ethereal in ethics, the house-home in economics, the father in history.

When these and others are muted there appears a substantial shift away from the ordinary into the realm of the extra-ordinary; the dominion of the un-natural.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive I am curious, Risteárd how can we be a part of all we encounter in our daily life? There are so many things we encounter be it in the countryside, villages, towns, cities, countries, continents, world, and even in space?

Risteárd (smiling) Rather than asking, how can we be a part of, better to grasp firmly the idea that we are already a part of, and now the issue becomes how can I stop myself from not being a part of all that I encounter in my daily life.

Receptive (smiling) This is an area, Risteárd where one could easily slip away from the ordinary into the extra-ordinary.

Risteárd (smiling) The whole idea, Receptive is to remain faithful to the ordinary.

Receptive (smiling) Is the ordinary, Risteárd synonymous with the natural?

Risteárd (smiling) And I will ask, Receptive, is it ordinary for a person to commit a crime?

Receptive It would not be ordinary. It would be extra-ordinary.

Risteárd (smiling) Is it natural for a person to commit a crime?

Receptive It would not be natural. It would be un-natural.

Rísteárd (smiling) Is it ordinary for a person not to commit a crime?

Receptive It would be ordinary.

Rísteárd (smiling) Is it natural for a person not to commit a crime?

Receptive It would be natural.

Rísteárd And is it ordinary to be natural?

Receptive It is ordinary to be natural.

Rísteárd (smiling) How about Receptive is it natural to be ordinary?

Receptive (smiling) It is natural Rísteárd to be ordinary.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive Rísteárd I love books; the older they are the more I treasure them. Sometimes I lament to myself when I think of

all the wonderful works which were destroyed down through the centuries for one arrogant reason or another.

How my heart pains when I think of the destruction of the many great libraries such as in ancient China, and the triad of libraries which made up the Great Library of Alexandria in Egypt. All those wonderful books gone for ever without I having had an opportunity to even glance at their bindings from a distance.

Risteárd I lament, Receptive when I think of Ériugena's secret *Thesaurus*.

Truth according to the arrogant is the teaching of superstitions.

Receptive True, Risteárd. Would that the Seine had access to the Mediterranean, Risteárd.

Risteárd (smiling) Ah, but it has Receptive by way of subterranean and submontane from Fontes Sequanae into the Souconna. In truth, Receptive what isn't a book?

Receptive If by that you mean, Risteárd that everything is a writing in need of deciphering that we may reflect upon its content then it would be true to say that there is nothing that isn't a book; nothing that hasn't both disclosed and concealed aspects to it. But who is the writer, Risteárd who writes with

such eloquence? Where does he or she reside? What does he or she use for a pen? Where is his or her inkwell? Why does he or she write at all?

Risteárd The Great Writer is not a writer, Receptive yet there isn't anything left unwritten; a style without a comparative.

Receptive Who can read what is written, Risteárd?

Risteárd What is written, Receptive can be read and understood by everyone according to their own depth of knowledge and experience at any given time. What's important is that we actually read, reflect, and act accordingly.

Receptive Suddenly, Risteárd my heart has again become heavy with the remembrance of all those wonderful books gone forever; never to be ever read again or their secrets to be shared with others.

Risteárd Receptive do you think that the great scribes of old were so careless as to produce merely a single work without having any copies produced?

Receptive How do mean, Risteárd?

Risteárd I mean that there many books lost, but not all books were always stored in the well-known great libraries

around the world such as the ones in ancient Egypt, China or even nearer home, in Austria.

Our ancestors here on this book-shaped island, Receptive hid in undisclosed libraries in hillsides as many original works as copies they had donated to the great libraries overseas.

Receptive (smiling) This is welcome news to my ears, Risteárd for I had always been taught that all originals had been destroyed in the fires.

Risteárd (smiling) You would be surprised, Receptive what has survived, and is in very safe hands.

And I am of the opinion that a nice cup of tea and some barm brack would serve us quite well now. What say you, Receptive?

Receptive (smiling) I would be in full agreement, Risteárd.

Risteárd (smiling) After the tea I will show you a very unique manuscript.

Receptive (smiling) I'll look forward to seeing it, Risteárd.

Risteárd (smiling) You're very welcome, Receptive.

The two are enjoying the tea with some barm brack.

Rísteárd is entering the room located directly behind the hearth.

Returning he is and carrying with him ever so carefully an ancient manuscript which he is placing on a chair in front of the hearth.

He is now borrowing the candle from the table and placing it on the mantelpiece.

Receptive (in awe) Rísteárd it's so beautiful!

Rísteárd (smiling) The art of beauty is the way of Nature, Receptive. And the ancient writers being very much aware of this lived their lives in joyful accordance.

Receptive (smiling) What subject does it treat of, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd This is the first of five commentaries on the first word of the five words contained in the title of a sacred book which is also styled the *Árd Leabhar Glas An Eolais*.

Receptive (smiling) Is the original extant?

Rísteárd (smiling) It's in the inner room.

For these next three and a half hours, Rísteárd is introducing Receptive to certain meanings found in the first line of the opening page of the commentary.

Time seems to be no time, filled abundantly as it is with moments of reflective silence.

Rísteárd (smiling) Receptive many more meanings besides these still await our detailed attention. That be as it may, I think it wise that we leave them for now, and be calling it a night. What do you think?

Receptive (smiling) I suppose it's better, *Rísteárd*. Rest being important too. The written word will always be waiting for us, and forever making us feel welcome and at home.

Rísteárd (smiling) Very nicely expressed, Receptive.

The long nights of winter are many in number, and as many again in number are the stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush to leave the inn, then you are very welcome to sit yourself down there again tomorrow night, in that very same chair, where you may happily listen to whatever sighting the fire will bring to my eyes. And it would be my anticipation, Receptive that we would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did here this night.

Receptive Thank you, *Rísteárd*. It's very good to be here.

Rísteárd You're most welcome, Receptive.
You go ahead now to your bed.
Take the candle from the mantelpiece with you.

I will rake the fire.

Receptive Good night so, Risteárd, and thanks again.

Risteárd Have a sound sleep, Receptive.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

Risteárd *Exeunt*

Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Autumnal Leaves*

Sunday Eve the 19th January 2002

Annotations:

Sun -Sunrise here in the hill country today, the 19th January 2002 was about 08.28 with Sunset at about 16.43 compared with the 22nd of December 2001 when Sun rose at about 08.39 and set at about 16.07.

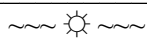
fuinnseog coille - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'ash tree' and 'a wood/grove': the mountain-ash. The ash is used for making hurleys; 'camán fuinnseoige' an ash hurley which is used in the traditional game of hurling for hitting the 'sliotar' the hurley-ball.

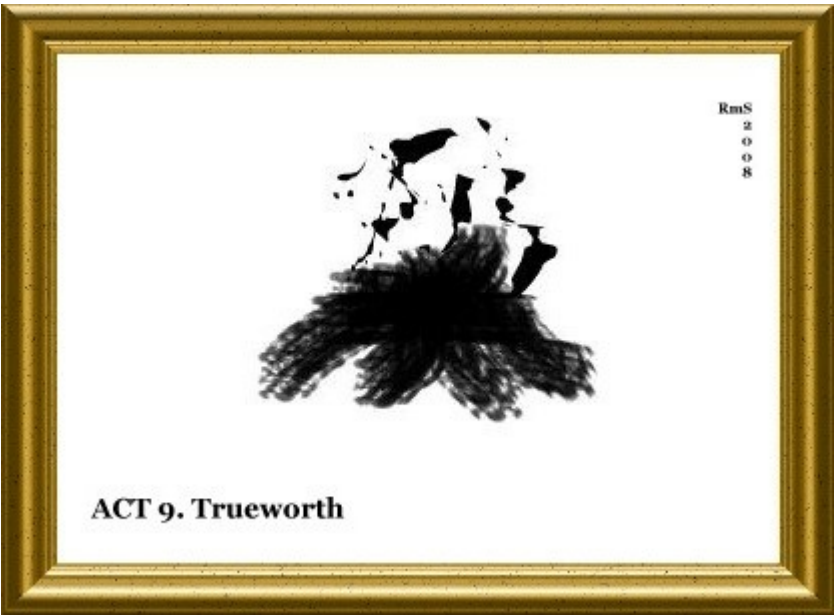
Carraig Bán - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'rock' and 'white'

barm brack - from Gaedhilge, 'bairghean' meaning cake, and 'breac' meaning 'speckled'.

This was a traditional bread/cake which contained sultanas, currants, mixed chopped peel, nutmeg and yeast. It was eaten all the year round here on the island, but particularly on Oidhche Shamhna/All-Hallowtide/Hallowee'n when it had a ring baked in it. It was believed that whoever got the ring would be married within a year. Barm in Middle English means yeast/leaven.

Árd Leabhar Glas An Eolais - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'preeminent /high/great', 'book', 'green' and 'the knowledge': *The Preeminent Green Book of the Knowledge / The Green Book of the Knowledge Par Excellence.*





Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 9. *Trueworth*

Prologue:

A graceful brown hen pheasant and her handsome colourful mate were seen on the bóithrín that leads to the stellate Árdméire synagogue and the rotunda Árdbeachlannach mosque which side by side in the happy company of Carraig Bán abbey overlook the shimmering waters of pristine Loch Lár.

Aoife & Risteárd stood quite still taking in the sublime scene; letting it bring to their hearts remembrances grand of the midday hour when in her grandparent's garden by the radiant pond had they in edenrobe first set eyes upon each other. And in that precious moment it had felt as if they had always been in each other's warm company.

In that lovely pond there did play beneath the broad-leafed plants fishes of many colours. Pheasants too were there and peacocks aplenty strolling about with the mallard ducks and golden deer. While in the cherry blossoms above rested white cranes taking in the delightful scene.

In the gentle lapping of the lake waters they see their smiling reflections; reflections ever transparent. And they with the style of the surroundings did let their hearts rise to pray most pleasantly the sacred prayer; the prayer of have.

Sun passed there behind the hills, and Moon rose in the lake, and behold, in each other's eyes.

Returning they are with hearts brimming over with joy, all the way back along the winding bóithrín to the inn. Off in the far distance behind them echoes the harmonious calls to evening prayer for the arcana at Árdméire, Árdbeachlannach and Carraig Bán.

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Risteárd is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Sitting across the hearth from him is his guest, Receptive.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Risteárd Ah, this pleasing fire, Receptive revives to my eyes the sighting of *Trueworth*.

Receptive How does it proceed, Risteárd?

Risteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and
In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,

Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Risteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?
I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Risteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations
iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another
world)

Trueworth turns the corner. He is shocked by what he
encounters. A man is actively spraydusting leaves a shinny
black! As he is doing so he is also singmuttering away to
himself.

'Roses are red my love, violets are bluuue my luuuve,
sugar is sweet mmy ...'

Trueworth approaches, asking,

'Pardom me, but why are you discolouring the beautiful trees?'

'What? It's my job.'

'But what was wrong with the their own natural colours?'

'Listen, don't be asking me. I just do what I'm paid to do. At the moment as you can well see, I'm spraydusting tree leaves black. That's it. No more no less.'

'Who has wound you so tightly around their fist in order to get you to perform this ignorant act of destruction?'

'Are you calling me igurunt? Watch your mouth or you may be looking for it somewhere in the middle of next week! And, for your information it was the owner of that gray four-storied edifice over there. Here's herself now.'

'Why is it taking you so long just to paint a few ugly trees? What do you think I'm paying you for? There are plenty of others who I could ask to ...'

'Sorry, Mrs. Particular, but there are so many leaves and besides that, this lazearus chrysanthemum here has slowed me down by asking me all sorts of stupid, noneofmyconcern questions.'

'Who are you and why are you slowing down my lazy workman?'

'I'm nobody special, just somebody who would like to know why you are having the green leaves discoloured?'

'Discoloured? More like recoloured. The construction of that building ended in November of last year and it was painted this beautiful graydemwah in early December. You can

imagine my shock when these trees here started producing these ugly greenish colours a few months later. The colour clash was just too much; too much for me to look at every morning when I arrived here in my Rolls. I had no choice but to change the colour of the leaves. It was either that or concrete them under.'

'Pardon me for asking such a seemingly stupid question, but why didn't you initially have your building painted a more neutral colour which would then blend in with the trees all year round?'

'You just don't understand, do you? Nature as its called or Hateure as I call it, must learn not to be going ahead of we humans, especially this human. My building was completed before these leaves appeared. A certain order once firmly established must then be adhered to by all. The introduction of a new order will not be tolerated in this nick of the woods! Rude rude trees! That which comes first in order is first! It's as simple as that.'

'Mrs. Particular, what about those rude flowers over there by the wall? Do you want me to spraydust them black too?'

'No, I think more of a navygray would be better. Don't you agree?'

'I agree, Mrs. Particular wholeheartedly. Of course of course. I'll get them.'

'Are you still here mr nobodyspecial?'

'I'm leaving. Looks like it's going to rain. We're going to see some changes around here, I think.'

'Hateure is unbelievably rude. It totally refuses to accept our system of proper order. The audacity of it. Some day we'll fixput it in its place foreverandever.

Hamsteru! Hamsteru! Bring my Rolls around to the front immediately!'

'Yes, yes, Mrs. Particular. Immediately. Yes.'

Rains rain all the afternoon, and well into the next morning. Emergency crews are on the scene. A member of the crew addresses Mrs. Particular, saying,

'The water has flooded the basement Mrs. Ah....Mrs. Ah Partiuclar! We think it would be wise if you had everybody evacuate the structure as the foundations may not hold.'

'Okay! Okay! Okay! There is no need to manhandle me! You men are so rude. And by the way it is not 'Partiuclar' but 'Particular' with a 'c' followed by a 'u'. Don't forget the proper sequence of order. Before comes before after. And 'c' before 'u'.'

'Fine. But right now, Ma'am my job is to see after you. Okay, move back everybody! The edifice is sinking rapidly. Get yourselves over there behind those trees to higher concrete!'

Whole area under half a meter of water. Hours hour, and all the water subsides. Only the beautifully glistening green trees remain standing in the rich mud.

Trees communicating to each other, saying,

'Smallminded human lifeforms will surely learn
sometime.'

'There are some of them who already know about the
broader picture, and are living it.'

'Knowing the wider picture is the key.'

'Only widereceivers can catch width.'

'Perhaps he'll drop by again and then he will be able to
see us in our true colours.'

'When he does, I'm going to listen to his understandings.
Such human lifeforms as he are very rare.'

'Do you remember Depthelucia? While she was in our
presence, I forgot I was a tree lifeform. I was just a lifeform.'

'Powerpresence.'

'Widthreceived.'

And that Receptive in a translated form is *Truworth* ~ a
sighting of the sacred hearth.

Receptive (with a slight smile) It's becoming more and more
difficult, Risteárd to find true worth in the world today. There
is the feeling that one wants to run as far away from it all as
one can possibly get.

Risteárd Where would one be going, Receptive?

Receptive Oh, as far away as possible, Risteárd. Anywhere.

Risteárd Is not oneself part of all that is, Receptive?

Receptive (smiling) One is surely part of all that is, Rísteárd, but one can also become not part of it just by running away from it.

Rísteárd (smiling) Interesting. Tell me, Receptive can we say that a salmon swimming about in a great river which is in flood is with the water and not with the water?

Receptive How could he be not with the water, Rísteárd and still be swimming about in it?

Rísteárd (smiling) Ah, I see. So, as long as the salmon is swimming about in the water of the flooded river he is with the water; part of the water. Would that be taking the shape of truth, Receptive?

Receptive It would indeed, Rísteárd.

Rísteárd Now if he said to himself, I can't take this huge volume of troublesome water anymore. I'm going to get out of this and go off to be on my own far away from it all. So with that he takes one great almighty leap and he finds himself splashing about helplessly in the middle of a nearby soggy field of cattle or stretched out on a busy wet road half dazed and having only half a view of everything.

Receptive (smiling) I take it then, Rísteárd that it's better for one to stay with the familiarity of one's natural surroundings although it might be troublesome at times.

Rísteárd True, for one is originally free in that situation, and if one uses one's skills well and keeps oneself alert one can know how to move in great volumes; how to find safety in the midst of danger.

Receptive Rísteárd, but what of those entrapped within very difficult situations?

Rísteárd That's a different matter entirely, Receptive. In the former we were talking about one who is free and able to exercise that freedom.

Receptive Of course, Rísteárd nobody wants to be running away from the world; one wants to find the goodness and true worth, but it's not easy. Then people become despondent. They yearn to get away from it all by any and all means possible.

Rísteárd (gently smiling slowly speaking) True worth and goodness are everywhere, Receptive even in the great floods.

Have you not seen, Receptive how swans move themselves into a position right on the edge of a fast moving flooded river? In that seemingly dangerous location they busy themselves with searching for the good things that the flood is

bringing down with it. It's very interesting to be watching them. Most of the time they have their heads underwater. Would that we were more like these swans, Receptive.

Receptive (jokingly) I would need more neck, Rísteárd.

Rísteárd When the swans see our humankind carrying into barns harvests piled high of apples and grains of many kinds, would they be wishing they had hands to gather for themselves more from the floods?

Receptive (smiling) Who knows, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd (smiling) And so it is well spoken, Receptive. Who does indeed know.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive I have seen many cases in the world, Rísteárd where people do things that they shouldn't be doing, yet they just do them in order to save their job; their position, their family and their future.

Rísteárd (smiling) Each of our humankind, Receptive is born with a sense of the right thing to be doing, and also an awareness of the not right thing to be doing. Without anybody

having to tell us we will already have this sense and this awareness. Parents, neighbours, friends and teachers merely help us to culture and refine them.

Receptive But is it not after this stage, Rísteárd that the trouble really begins: when they enter the workplace? Something about the workplace causes a decent enough person to be doing or even committing things that normally he or she would not even dream of doing.

Rísteárd Yes, I know what you are talking about, *Receptive*. Most people at one time or another, and for even some many times, find themselves doing things that they know in their heart to be without question wrong; to be dehumanizing or to be shameful.

Receptive How should one go about finding a safe passage out of this, *Rísteárd*?

Rísteárd (smiling) Be true to one's heart, *Receptive*.

Receptive But one needs to hold down one's job for they are not so easily come by in many countries.

Rísteárd (smiling) Be true to one's heart. Better to be taking social welfare assistance, *Receptive* than to be betraying one's heart. Let one be between jobs until one finds a manager who

makes every effort possible to respect the dignity of his or her employees.

A chief executive officer true to his or her own heart, Receptive is like a spring high up on the side of a mountain which is pure; it flows purity down to all below it, and all the way home to the sea.

Receptive Such managers, Rísteárd seem to be in very short supply these days.

Rísteárd Every person in a position of responsibility has the purity within him or her, but overwork has caused them to forget, and the true friends didn't take time to remind them of their original purity and integrity.

Receptive (smiling) Maybe, Rísteárd such managers and their friends are being too hungry for gain, profit and prestige.

Rísteárd (smiling) There is work, Receptive and there is overwork. Overworks makes reference to what you have just spoken.

Receptive Thin is the line, Rísteárd then between work and overwork.

Risteárd (smiling) Thinner still, Receptive are the lines between intention, nobility of manner and tainted comportment.

Moments of reflective silence.

Risteárd (smiling) Methinks, it's time for a cup of tea and some freshly baked white cake with butter and blackberryapple jam. What say you, Receptive?

Receptive (smiling) They would be made most welcome, *Risteárd*.

Tea is being enjoyed while listening to the sounds of the wind and rain for it is a very wet and windy night outside.

Samhain and Bealtaine sit in front of the softly glowing hearth between *Risteárd* and *Receptive* in confident anticipation of receiving some bits of the cake. And sure enough in no way is their confidence being left unattended.

Receptive (smiling) *Risteárd*, on my way here from the airport, I was taking in as much of the countryside as I could from the shuttle bus. While for the last stretch of the journey, I was able to enjoy it on foot. I was being awed by the natural beauty of the landscape. My own country is truly beautiful, but there is

something here that has a feel of 'outside the world' to it. It's rather difficult to explain.

Rísteárd (smiling) Thank you, Receptive. I have been to your country, and I must say how I appreciate your people's great respect and care for Nature.

Receptive (smiling) Thank you, Rísteárd. You're most welcome. As this is my first visit here to the island, I am curious to know if it's as beautiful at other times of the year?

Rísteárd (smiling) To my eyes, Receptive it appears as a daily living work of art; ever fresh, beautiful and charming to the highest degree.

Receptive (smiling) When is the inn's high season?

Rísteárd (smiling) There is always someone coming and going all the year round. They make the nine kilometer hike up here from the village for some quite relaxation and moments of contemplation. They come from all over the world. Then there are special guests like yourself, Receptive who come here in search of Truth with Eternity.

Receptive (smiling) Thank you, Rísteárd. It's so good to be in this place.

Rísteárd (smiling) We are honoured to have you sojourn in our midst, Receptive.

Receptive The honour is mine, *Rísteárd*. I would like to ask, if you don't mind - why is it that while there is so much beauty in the natural landscape here on the island, that some of your people, seemingly without little or no consideration have destroyed the young hedgerow trees all along whole sections of the countryside roads?

Rísteárd I know well of this, Receptive. And all I can say now is that I have my Éire, and others theirs.

It hurts me terribly when beyond this hill country, I happen to come upon a scene in the wake of a hedge-cutting tractor; all the pretty habitats of the little birds and delicate insects are strewn all over the place, and gone gone gone forever.

The animals in the fields; horses, cattle and sheep find themselves with no places to shelter from the cold cold wet winds of the west. Rheumatism finds an easy access to their otherwise sturdy bones.

The migratory birds of yesteryear from the far off lands to the north and to the south can't find their familiar haunts. Imagine the scene after they having flown all that distance.

The deer, fox and badger have no cover to hide from the thundering chase. The pheasants nests are shredded away by the combined harvesters, and the little field mice run scared by days that never are allowed to become night.

The crows, jackdaws, and magpies exhaustively swirl and swirl about on the high wind trying to seek out an aged tree in which to nest or roost.

Rísteárd (his eyes glisten with tears as he turns and glances into the fire)

Receptive (comfortingly) Rísteárd take heart in the reality that such desecration of this sacred land could be a whole lot worse and more widespread.

There are places on the planet, Rísteárd as I am sure you must know where Nature has been reduced to merely words in a paragraph in some primary school textbooks, and is spoken of in the same way as one would speak about mythology and the like.

Rísteárd True, Receptive true. I have seen them myself.

Receptive Maybe this 'new world order' which we have been hearing about with the last few years will be able to create a solution to the problem.

Rísteárd A 'new world order' Receptive? That's an old adage; as old as the hills and first played perhaps in ancient Sumer, transferred to Babylonia, and then in time to Egypt where it was gathered up by the Romans, and handed down through the centuries where it has been given air so many times.

Receptive (smiling) But even so, *Rísteárd* does it not contain some good nuances for our day in that it's a call for people to move away from their corrupt ways of doing things?

Rísteárd Ask yourself, Receptive who were those down through the centuries in the north, in the south, in the west and in the east who called for the introduction of a 'new world order'? Can you see a distinguishing pattern presenting itself to you for your attention?

Receptive (smiling) Yes, *Rísteárd*. I can see it.

Rísteárd Then ask yourself, Receptive what was the socio-political condition of their day? Can you see a distinguishing pattern presenting itself to you for your attention?

Receptive (smiling) Yes, *Rísteárd*. I can see it.

Rísteárd And in relation to those above identified, now ask yourself, Receptive who would stand to benefit the most from

these 'new world orders'? Can you see a distinguishing pattern presenting itself to you for your attention?

Receptive (smiling) Yes, Risteárd. I can see it.

Risteárd (smiling) Now what may we say of these patterns?

Receptive (smiling) They are but one and the same.

Risteárd (smiling) From the days of old to the dawn of tomorrow, behold, Receptive there are distinguishing familiar patterns in all of these things.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive What is the wider picture, Risteárd? Wider than what?

Risteárd (smiling) Wider than narrower. It's the key to open the inner.

Receptive And what may we say, Risteárd is the narrower picture? Narrower than what?

Risteárd (smiling) Ah, narrower than wider. It's not a key for the narrow would never be able to open the outer.

Receptive (smiling) Great must be the inner then, *Rísteárd*.

Rísteárd (smiling) Great too is the outer. Who knows how great, *Receptive*.

Receptive (smiling) And so it is very well spoken, *Rísteárd*. Who does indeed know.

Rísteárd (smiling) And with such luxurious thoughts filling up our hearts shall we be calling it a night, *Receptive*?

Receptive I suppose it's better, *Rísteárd*.
Rest being important too.

Rísteárd The nights are many in number, and as many again in number are the stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush to leave the inn, then you are very welcome to sit yourself down there again tomorrow night, in that very same chair, where you may happily listen to whatever sighting the fire will bring to my eyes. And it would be my anticipation, *Receptive* that we would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did here this night.

Receptive Thank you, *Rísteárd*. It's very good to be here.

Rísteárd You're most welcome, *Receptive*.
You go ahead now to your bed.
Take the candle from the table with you.

I will rake the fire.

Receptive Good night so, Risteárd, and thanks again.

Risteárd Have a sound sleep, Receptive.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

Risteárd *Exeunt*

Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Trueworth*

Sunday Eve the 29th January 2002

Annotations:

bóithrín - from Gaedhilge, meaning a 'lane' ; originally a cow path.

Árdméire - The story goes how long long ago a blackbird with golden wings and tail alighted on a blossoming hawthorn beside a certain hermit of Déisi Mumhan, and told to him in sweetest tones the *Holy Tanakh* of Faithful Yuseph's people. And the blackbird requested that a synagogue be built there nearby. The small arcane community of Celtic Jews sincerely devote their lives to interpreting and living the *Holy Tanakh* in this Celtic island way; according to Celtic traditions handed down from generation to generation. And the name they gave to the synagogue was Árdméire. A name derived from their Gaedhilge tongue, 'Árd' meaning 'high/noble/honourable' and 'méire' meaning 'blackbird'- also known as 'an lon dubh'.

This community complements the urban Celtic Jews who having heard the *Holy Tanakh* by other means, sincerely devote their lives to interpreting and living it according to more of a Levantine tradition than a Celtic one.

Árdbeachlannach - The story goes how long long ago a queen bee with ruby wings alighted on a blooming wild rose beside a certain hermit of Déisi Mumhan, and told to her in sweetest tones the *Holy Qur'an* of Honest Mohammed's people. And the queen bee requested that a mosque be built there nearby. The small arcane community of Celtic Muslims sincerely devote

their lives to interpreting and living the *Holy Qur'an* in this Celtic island way; according to Celtic traditions handed down from generation to generation. And the name they gave to the synagogue was Árdbeachlannach. A name derived from their Gaedhilge tongue, 'Árd' meaning 'high/noble/honourable' and 'beachlannach' meaning 'a place blessed with beehives' - abounding in honey.

This community complements the urban Celtic Muslims who having heard the *Holy Qur'an* by other means, sincerely devote their lives to interpreting and living it according to more of a Arabian tradition than a Celtic one.

Carraig Bán - The story goes how long long ago an apparition of a child dressed in Persian gold, red, white, black, green, blue and yellow alighted on a rock beside where a certain hermit of Déisi Mumhan was sitting, and told to him in sweetest tones the *Holy Gospel* of Nazarene the Valiant's people.

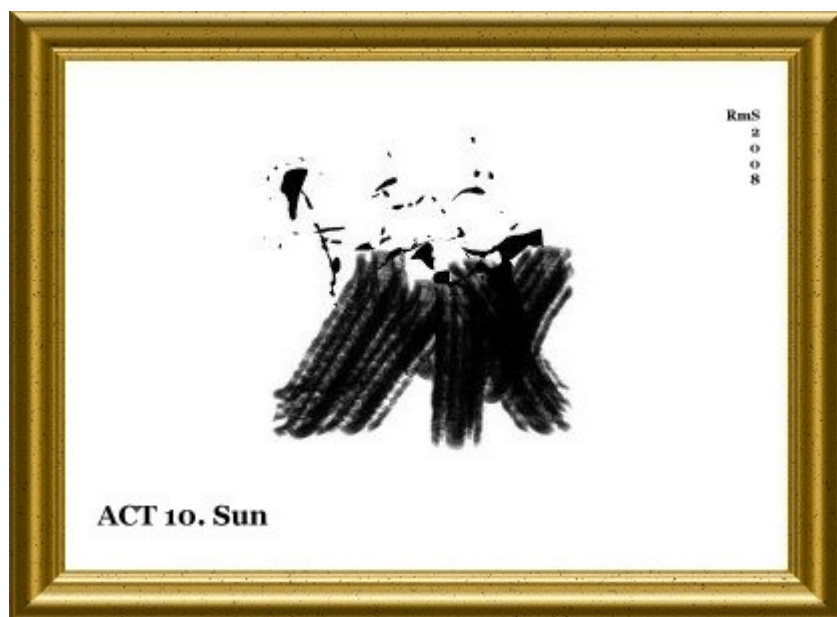
And the child requested that an abbey be built there nearby. The small arcane community of Celtic Nazarenes sincerely devote their lives to interpreting and living the *Holy Gospel* in this Celtic island way; according to Celtic traditions handed down from generation to generation.

And the name they gave to the abbey was Carraig Bán. A name derived from their Gaedhilge tongue, 'carraig' meaning 'rock' and 'bán' meaning 'white'; with reference to the brightness of the rock at the time of the apparition.

This community complements the urban Celtic Christians who having heard four *Holy Gospels* from missionaries coming ashore on the isle from Britannia, Gallia and Iberia, sincerely devote their lives to interpreting and living it according to more of a Greco-Roman-Levantine tradition than a Celtic one.

Loch Lár - from Gaedhilge, 'Loch' meaning 'lake' and 'lár' meaning 'middle/midst/center/presence'

arcana - from Latin 'arcanus' meaning 'secret/hidden', from 'arcere' meaning 'to keep safe(ly) hidden'



Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 10. *Sun*

Prologue:

Earlier in the week, Risteárd having anticipated well from his observations of the patterns birds had made in flight, and in Moon's changeful halo that there was going to be some strong windy wet weather coming, felt in his heart the need to go and visit the aged hermit, Deargbán to make sure that he had enough food, and that the hermitage was structurally sound.

After having walked across the hill country for several hours, he found the hermit Deargbán in the very best of health, and out on a hillside near his hermitage with his long snowy beard and hair blowing in the pre-storm wind; looking forward with excitement to the coming powerful weather as if it was the most natural thing in the world for him to be doing at that time.

Risteárd sojourned with him in his hermitage of southern visage for three days, and was with welcoming into his heart many the good word spoken by Deargbán.

Having left the hermitage at three-thirty this morning, Risteárd had walked in the moonlit hill country; pausing from time to time to take in the predawn and morning scenes.

It was mid-afternoon by the time he had reached the inn. And he did take some rest for he was tired after the long journey.

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Risteárd is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Sitting across the hearth from him is his guest, Receptive.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Risteárd Ah, this pleasing fire, Receptive revives to my eyes the sighting of *Sun*.

Receptive How does it proceed, Risteárd?

Risteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and
In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation

That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity

Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Rísteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?

I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the very beginning.

Rísteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another world)

Sun disappears and reappears as Chaubran sits in the park retelling his teledream to Depthelucia, saying,

I felt it to be just after dawn as I came upon a place on foot. I could not find even one piece of machinery or technology of any kind. Everywhere I went I could see, and feel that the people, animals, insects and plants were very happy and active. Some people were themwalkingselves while others were themflyingselves. All their movements seemed to be effortless.

I saw one person himflyingself while carrying a three-storied building on his back as if it were a mere feather. There were children playing with holographic images of solar systems which seemed to have been projecting directly from their own

temples. People appeared out of the air, and then walked up to someone who seemed to have been waiting for their arrival at that very spot.

The buildings were beautifully designed and seemed to be transparent. All were only three stories high, and had no doors. People walked freely in and out through the walls. There were no stairs. People elevated themselves effortlessly up the outside of the buildings to the desired floor, and then passed through the wall.

While marvelling at all the wonders as I walked through along, I suddenly became aware that the people were without ears, eyes, noses or mouths. Their hands though shaped like hands were without fingers. The feet were the same. Not alone that but they had no apertures whatsoever in their bodies. Neither had they any hair on any part of their bodies.

They wore a beautiful transparent fabric like material which appeared somehow to embody in its colour and flow the whole personality of the wearer.

I began to feel drawn into their happiness. I felt myself put my hands up towards my eyes but they were not there, although I could continue to see the people and the surroundings clearly. It was at that point that I woke up.'

Wind serenades itself gently through the park.

Depthelucia is starting to interpret, the dream for
Chaubran, saying,

'Your teledreams are always very unique, Chaubran and
that's what makes them so interesting.

In your dream, you were taken to visit Thepowerthatis.
What you found there, was a special group of people. These are
of their own temples. They know that the power of each
individual sanctuary is capable of doing everything that they
both need to do and wish to do. Hence the absence of
machines or high technology.

Through the power of their inner selves they can do
everything from lifting tremendous weights effortlessly, to
transporting themselves from one place to another. They are
able to communicate directly to each other, thus eliminating
the need for mouths and ears. The same is true for all other
parts of the body.

They live as sanctuaries.

Toward the end of the dream they were inviting you to
identify with them. Identification leads to understanding.

Use this understanding, Chaubran to explore your own sanctuary. We humankind all have been under the powerful grip of the tyrant Techshackleus. We have been making every effort to work towards the technopia of all possible technopias namely, Mechanopolis, but your dream shows us that we should reevaluate our objectives.

This indeed is a potent opportunity for humankind.

While we have felt fully confident with Techshackleus, we have in fact been allowing his long, tenacious, cold wiretwists to strangle us. We have been congregating around his door and listening to his empty promises of a wonderfully convenient world; a world where he would be taking excellent care of all our needs without we having to lift even a finger.

Had it not been for this wonderful dream of yours, Chaubran we would be selling our descendants into a life of zombery in Mechanopolis.'

It's now the hour of midday and Chaubran and Depthelucia have taken to sharing some flour of the sheaves with mist of the vines. Their words are adding delicious flavours to the repast.

Chaubran is, saying,

'Depthelucia, can I speak of "Thepowerthat is" as being in the future?'

'Better to speak of it as being in overthere.'

'Being in overthere?'

'Yes, being in overthere.'

And that Receptive in a translated form is *Sun* ~ a sighting of the sacred hearth.

Receptive (smiling) Otherworldly, Rísteárd. How wonderful it is, Rísteárd to have somebody with whom one can speak openly to without having any inhibitions.

Rísteárd (smiling) This is the sign of true quality, Receptive in our human relationships.

Sun and Moon have it in their relationships. So too does Ocean and Island; Mountains and Valleys. Animals of the fields, fishes of the waters, and the insects of the undergrowth all exhibit this fine quality of innocence at work.

Receptive Yet, why is it Rísteárd then that among our humankind this true quality is so rarely found?

Rísteárd (smiling) True love and friendship, Receptive are not being cultured as much as they could be in the family between grandmother and grandfather; grandfather and grandmother;

between mother and father; father and mother; between parents and children, and children and parents.

When love and friendship are cultured in these key relationships, innocence is naturally being itself.

Innocence is being without inhibitions for one feels safe and secure in the other's company. Innocence is at home with innocence because at the heart of innocence is a mutual respect which lends not itself to definition other than to say, that it exists in perfect harmony between the giver and the receiver.

Receptive (smiling) This may be possible within the family, Rísteárd, but what about outside the family?

Rísteárd Society's original foundation, Receptive is to be found in the way of the individual within the family. What's being cultured within the family determines how the society will be presenting itself to its neighbouring states; to the world and to its neighbour posterity.

Receptive (smiling) What of single-parent families, Rísteárd or of children who grow up without parents who are not their biological parents as are the orphans in orphanages and workhouses all over the world?

Rísteárd The way of the individual, Receptive within the family determines. A family is not a number. It's a quality of shared existence with very special responsibilities to each other; to society; to the world and to tomorrow.

How fortunate it is, Receptive if there are two to share the responsibility of culturing the family. I imagine for one person on his or her own it must be quite overwhelming at times.

Receptive (smiling) Would they necessarily have to be male and female, Rísteárd? Could they not be female and female or male and male?

Rísteárd It would necessarily, Receptive have to depend very much on the particular circumstances.

Moments of reflective silence.

Rísteárd (continues) Everybody knows from the dawns of yesterday wherever one dwells on this beautiful planet, Receptive that two women of moral integrity are two women of moral integrity.. This is a truth.

Receptive A truth it is, Rísteárd.

Risteárd Everybody knows from the dawns of yesterday wherever one dwells on this beautiful planet, Receptive that two men of moral integrity are two men of moral integrity. This is a truth.

Receptive A truth it is, *Risteárd*.

Risteárd (smiling) And everybody knows from the dawns of yesterday wherever one dwells on this beautiful planet, Receptive that a woman of moral integrity with a man of moral integrity are morally guided people. This is a truth.

Receptive A truth it is, *Risteárd*.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive (smiling) I wonder what it would be like, *Risteárd* to be able to move about effortlessly; even doing everything effortlessly.

Risteárd (smiling) This will come too, Receptive and no doubt it will be very pleasurable, especially for those who being long in years find it difficult to move about and to get things done.

Those in continuous darkness would walk along the cliffs of the sea in the full light of sight. The cripple to the

wheeled chairs long bound would be arising from them with having no further use for their support. Those imprisoned in endless years of torturous anxiety, depression, and doubt would cast these chains off and again run freely to scent the fresh flowers of May.

The old woman left to live on her own in the countryside would be young again. The elderly fisherman would again have strength restored to his legs and arms. The youth would fly about with the winged of the air in playful dance from early morn to late of eve.

Receptive (smiling) These are marvellously happy images, *Risteárd*. How I would wish to see them in my own time.

Risteárd These, *Receptive* although marvellous are merely the external advantages of being able to do things effortlessly. Yet they are very much in the tomorrow, and not by our humankind will they become a reality. The effortlessness of the inner is always with us.

Be vacant, *Receptive* and realize how effortlessly sight traverses the huge distances which exist between it and the regions of hearing, touch, taste, smell, thinking, and that immense distance of all between it and the inner sanctuary of the heart. Effortlessly too do the other five senses traverse these great stretches as if these distances were not of distance at all.

Receptive (smiling) My father, Rísteárd was a wandering architect who sojourned in the world designing beautiful buildings. I wonder what he would have thought of buildings which had walls whereby people could pass right through them.

Rísteárd (smiling) I wonder, Receptive what he would have thought of stone walls three meters thick which in the face of one whose inner sanctuary is intact feels no compulsion to put up any resistance whatsoever.

Receptive So what you're hinting at Rísteárd is that it's not the walls which make the passing through of them possible, but rather the one who is inwardly whole.

Rísteárd (continues) To design, Receptive is to be one with the hidden harmony; delicate balances, equilibrium, proportions, unity, rapport, accord, symmetry and totality.

Receptive Where should one be looking, Rísteárd for the keys to these worlds?

Rísteárd (smiling) The key for harmony is easily found in aurora. Delicate balances in twinkling dewdrops. Equilibrium in the great apple tree. Proportions in the mountains by way of valleys. Unity in the heavens of night. Rapport in swans behaviour by the flooded river. Accord in the rainbow.

Symmetry in the butterfly, and the key for totality is to be found within thy own self. And thy own self, Receptive is also a door.

Receptive Which of these keys, Risteárd should one first use?

Risteárd (smiling) Best to begin with harmony and from there one will be able to follow freely with the others.

Receptive (smiling) Why harmony?

Risteárd (smiling) Harmony reminds of a cup of tea. Shall we partake of same, Receptive?

Receptive (laughing) A harmonious suggestion, Risteárd.

Aoife brings in some hot, freshly baked, light, crisp buttermilk scones. There is a soft smell of ammonium bicarbonate in the air.

Most interesting conversation is being interwoven with the three listening to the sounds of Glandhuan stream rushing its way along as it is after the heavy rains of these last few days.

The tea has gone on for a good fifty minutes. Yet it seems now to have been more like ten for such is the effect created by Aoife's presence.

Aoife's taking her leave of them. And as she is, she's accordingly bestowing a blessing upon them for the remainder of their discourse. And they likewise with gratitude upon her.

Receptive (smiling) We humankind, Risteárd love to be continually adorning ourselves with different styles of clothing, footwear, jewellery, cosmetics and fragrances. What is this fascination we have with our presentation?

Risteárd (smiling) Our presentation, Receptive is revealed unto this visible existence by way of the edenrobe of many colours, shades and textures; worn by all regardless of whether one is with vast amounts of wealth or with substantially lesser amounts. It's the most wonderful fashion statement of all.

Those who truly appreciate this magnificent work of art, know well that it needs to be constantly attended upon like one would attend upon flowers in one's garden.

The endenrobe, Receptive is the living petal-fold of our outer selves. So delicate and sensitive is it, that if it were to be neglected even for a night and a day it would show signs of fade. It loves to be lotioned at aurora and again before one lays down to slumber, but only so in moderation. Prudence being affaire de coeur.

Lotion helps to keep it comfortable from the elements of varying degrees of intensities which it is brought to encounter throughout the day. The wearing of clothes and footwear are but lotions of a different kind; they help to keep it comfortable from the elements of varying degrees of harshness.

The wearing of jewellery is to recall the joy of children harmlessly adorning themselves in a summer's field of clover with flowers of necklaces, garlands, bracelets, rings and laurels.

The dawning of the day application of cosmetics is the joy of knowing that one is now sharing in Sun's daily renaissance of Earth's face. While the misting of oneself with fragrances is to be blowing soft breath with moist breezes upon branches.

Receptive (smiling) And what, Rísteárd of fashions; be they of clothing, jewellery, cosmetics or fragrances?

Rísteárd (smiling) The love of different designs, colours, shades and savour, *Receptive* is one of the most wonderfully natural attributes of our humankind. Yet, all but a few appreciate why one has chosen to wear this particular design of clothing, shape of shoe, shade of cosmetics and savour of fragrantcy.

For these the selection is one of deep respect and admiration for their own original, given fashion statement. All else is merely some subtle ephemeral play, and never is it allowed to subdue or in any form take away from the natural beauty of their edenrobe.

Receptive From where, Rísteárd does one receive one's edenrobe?

Rísteárd (smiling) One's edenrobe, Receptive comes from one's parents. Being in love with one's parents one will naturally want to take the very best care of their beautiful gift.

Receptive And they from where, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd (smiling) One's edenrobe, Receptive comes from one's grandparents. Being in love with one's grandparents one will naturally want to take the very best care of their handsome gift.

Receptive And they from where, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd (smiling) One's edenrobe, Receptive comes from one's ancestors. Being in love with one's ancestors one will naturally want to take the very best care of their radiant gift.

Receptive And they from where, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd (smiling) One's edenrobe, Receptive comes from Nature. Being in love with Nature one will naturally want to take the very best care of this precious gift.

Receptive And from where does Nature get it, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd (smiling) One's edenrobe, Receptive comes from Mystery. Being in love with Mystery one will naturally want to take the very best care of this unique gift.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive (smiling) What makes for a wonderfully convenient world, *Rísteárd*?

Rísteárd (smiling) It's to be drawn into a holy place, Receptive and therewithin to find a candle burning brightly.

Receptive (smiling) How would this make for a wonderfully convenient world, *Rísteárd*?

Rísteárd (smiling) Image what it would be like to be drawn into a holy place, and therewithin to find candles aplenty, but no matches to light them.

Receptive (smiling) But how would having no match to light them make for a dreadfully inconvenient world, *Rísteárd*?

Rísteárd (smiling) Imagine what it would be like to be drawn into a holy place, and therewithin to find candles and matches aplenty, but nobody there to light them?

Receptive Pardon my persistency, Risteárd but how would having an empty holy place make for a dreadfully inconvenient world?

Risteárd (smiling) Imagine, Receptive what it would be like being drawn into a holy place, and therewithin to find candles and matches aplenty with people in significant numbers, but with no shepherd there to lead them.

Receptive I'm trying to image all these things of which you speak, Risteárd, but so much pardon if I may, how would they being without a shepherd make for a dreadfully inconvenient world?

Risteárd (smiling) Imagine, Receptive but for this one time more what it would be like to be drawn into a holy place and therewithin to find candles and matches aplenty; people in significant numbers and a shepherd before them, but one who had no brightly burning candle within, no matches to light one nor nobody there.

Receptive (with excitement) I accompany you, Risteárd! I can see your meaning.

The world is wonderfully convenient when the candles burn brightly within the shepherds; when they stand before the people; when the people take the matches and light the candles; when one is drawn into that holy place to meditate;

when one's own candle within is now made to burn much more brightly. But, Rísteárd who can relume the candles within these shepherds?

Rísteárd (smiling) The hermits of the hills and deep valleys, of the desert oases and ocean isles.

Receptive But how can this come about, Rísteárd seeing that there are no longer any hermits left in the world?

Rísteárd (smiling) Turn off the country roads and the desert highways, Receptive. Follow with the signs in the flocking of birds and gatherings of animals. Watch for the curvature of sunspots and shades halfway up the slopes of mountains, and you will find yourself very soon at the entrance to a hermitage.

But try as you may to come back again another day to that same place, and you won't be able to find it. So when you find yourself before a holy hermit, sit and listen to her; sit and listen to him for they will be imparting to your heart so much love and wisdom that you'll be swooning with its beauty.

Receptive (smiling) Even now, Rísteárd I am feeling faint with these words entering my ears as they do for the first time.

Rísteárd (smiling) What you're now experiencing, Receptive can be compared to that gentle breeze before the sky bursts

forth in all its majesty upon listening to the sacred words of these hermits.

It takes a lot of courage for one to sit in the presence of such people. For their words are wide like the desert; rolling like the hills and valleys; deep like the ocean, and overthere like the heavens.

Moments of silent contemplation sojourn for quite some time.

Receptive (very calm) I have no words to be expressing, Risteárd. My heart has become like a deep lake reflecting a sky of blue. Sun is a brightly burning candle.

Risteárd (silently within himself) Then it will be so.

Risteárd (smiling) Shall we be calling it a night, Receptive?

Receptive (smiling) Yes, Risteárd it was a night; a night like no other in all my life. Yes, let's be calling it a night.

Risteárd The nights are many in number, and as many again in number are the stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush to leave the inn, then you are very welcome to sit yourself down there again tomorrow night, in that very same chair, where you may happily listen to whatever sighting

the fire will bring to my eyes. And it would be my anticipation, Receptive that we would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did here this night.

Receptive Thank you, Rísteárd. It's very good to be here.

Rísteárd You're most welcome, Receptive.

You go ahead now to your bed.

Take the candle from the table with you.

I will rake the fire.

Receptive Good night so, Rísteárd, and thanks again.

Rísteárd Have a sound sleep, Receptive.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

Rísteárd *Exeunt*

Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Sun*

Sunday Eve the 2nd February 2002

Annotations:

Deargbán - from Gaedhilge 'deargbán', a compound word meaning 'red-white/white-red'.

In the Aramaic, the name given to him by the local villagers was with reference to the tenacious Acacia shrub which grows in the harsh desert and bears white-redish blooms; giving fruit and shelter to the sojourning Bedouin.

Deargbán had lived with thirty-four years as a hermit in the mountains between Cyrrhus and Aleppo in Al-Jumhuriyah al-`Arabiyah al-Suriyah

(Syria); devoting his time to studying and contemplating the life of the Hebrew prophet, Yehoshua: Jesus the son of Mary.

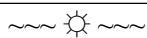
In a dream, Deargbán was visited by a beautiful woman from his native isle of Éire who invited him to return there to a place that she would show him, and there to live out the remainder of his life; making available to those in need the rich fruits of his years of contemplative companionship with the desert.

At the time of this dream he was already in his early sixties. Upon waking, he at once set out alone on foot for the long journey back to Éire. His route would take him northeastwards to Anatolia and Byzantium in Türkiye; on to Sofiya in the Republika Bulgariya; to Beograd at the confluence of the Danube and Sava Rivers; on to Zagreb in the Republika Hrvatska (Croatia); on to Ljubljana in the Republika Slovenija; on westwards into Udine, Belluno and Trento in the Repubblica Italiana; on over into Suisse to Saint Moritz; by the rhododendrons in bloom into Grindewald; along by the southern shore of Lac Lemman to Geneva; over to Chalon-sur-Saône, Cheateau-Chinon, Orleans, Chartres, Alençon, and Cherbourg in the République Française where he boarded a ferry which took him along by way of the southern cliffs of the isle of Britannia; onwards to the southeasterly tip of the isle of Éire. From there he headed with tears of joy for the hill country of Déisi Mumhan; the place of his birth which he had not seen with forty years.

The journey from his hermitage in the Syrian desert to his hermitage here in the hill country of Déisi Mumhan had taken him two years and nine months.

candle - also with reference to oil lamps

shepherd - with reference to a pastor, rabbi, imam, ...; guiding lights in local society and in the greater world





Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 11. *Flying*

Prologue:

It is afternoon, and Risteárd is strolling over the hill country to the west of the inn; strolling down a valley when suddenly he eyes a most beautiful scene through a natural alcove in a grove of pines. There off to his northeast and with Sun to his back, he is beholding in a green ponded field, a flock of some twenty seagulls all resting upon the water's surface and facing Sun to enjoy its lovely warmth. He wonders why they have come so far away from their familiar sea waters; musing to himself with a smile that they have come there to enjoy some of the hidden secrets of the inland.

Long delicate tree shadows are stretching themselves to lap on the water's edge while a flock of crows with some jackdaws in company are also enjoying this welcome warmth in February days from an embankment to the east of the pond.

Beyond this scene a small white-sailed boat is making its way slowly on the Naomh Abhainn which is itself softly curving its way along by wooded banks; fields of happy sheep, and peaceful human habitations on into the waiting distance.

Raising his smiling eyes beyond this distance, Risteárd can see the hills above the inn, and in his heart he too can see the smiling faces of Aoife and their children.

He has been standing there now by that grove with over an hour gazing and reflecting upon this scene of Sunlight on pines; soft green becoming green of the field; green green all the way by the

waters round about; water reflecting blue-white sky; white of seagulls with black of crows and gray of jackdaws, letting him feel that he from the birds' location and Sun's station is a beautiful colour also in the midst of all these natural colours.

It was only Sun's setting which had helped Risteárd to bring himself to finally leave that heavenly scene.

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Risteárd is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Sitting across the hearth from him is his guest, Receptive.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Risteárd Ah, this pleasing fire, Receptive revives to my eyes the sighting of *Flying*.

Receptive How does it proceed, Risteárd?

Risteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and
In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Risteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?
I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Risteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations
iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another
world)

Depthelucia is sitting with SurgienCeltés on a grassy
embankment by a very old stone bridge. SurgienCeltés is about
to tell her his teledream.

'I had an unusual dream, Depthelucia. I was flying of my
own accord through the air. I looked down, and I could see the
green fields and hills. I felt myself dropping nearer and nearer

to the ground. A strong gust of wind tossed me about and everything went shinny white. I could not see anything. Then I found I was looking into a well of black liquid.

I began to walk along a path until I came to a rock which had the word "SPINEONICA" engraved on it. Beyond the rock was a great field which had rows and rows of what appeared to be white sticks.

Suddenly, a little girl with long green hair was standing beside me. She pointed across the great field and said to me,

'These are all your backbones.'

'My backbones?'

'Yes.'

The sticks suddenly assembled themselves into shapes of human backbones. There were no skulls or no limbs, just backbones.

They all started coming towards me. I ran and ran. They were catching up on me. I tried to fly, but fear was preventing me from thinking straight. I was only able to get a few meters off the ground before falling back down again. I began to shout and scream. It was then I woke up in a cold sweat. What do you make of it all, Depthelucia?'

Depthelucia begins to interpret his dream for him, saying,

'In the beginning of your dream, SurgienCelts you were flying freely about of your own power. You depended only on your own inner power to do everything for you and you were very happy, but you got careless.

As you were flying you allowed yourself to be lured by a piece of shinny metallic material which was lying on the ground. It dazzled you, and made you blind to your own powers. You began to think the shinny metal had some mysterious power of its own. You started to play with it, during the course of which you happened to discover an oil well.

In a where of wheres, you found that if you combined metal with oil in a particular way, metal's powers would be greatly enhanced. In fact, it was a lifeform of sorts complete with body; an inner power and blood. In places, you invented more of these 'otherself lifeforms', 'mybackbones' namely machines.

The little girl came from the overthere of back of beyond.

She told you that the bones were your backbones, but you didn't understand. Your backbone is meant to mean 'mybackbone'. This word means 'machine': 'ma', means 'my' , and 'chine' meaning 'backbone' or 'spine'.

Once the machines in your dream became aware that you might possibly understand what you had done by inventing them, they came after you to destroy you. You tried to get away from them, but you were having great difficulty doing so. Something deep within you was trying to tell you that you could fly of your own power if you would be live it.

You woke up terrified because you realized that you had almost no power of your own. In a very real sense you had made yourself all but spineless. You had transplanted almost all your powers into your inventions.'

'How can I regain my powers, Depthelucia? As you know, I've invented so many machines in my lifetime.'

'Stop inventing. Your dream has set you free. Be live again your inner power.'

After a few minutes passing, SurgienCelts is, asking,

'Depthelucia, what did you mean by the phrase, "in a where of wheres"? Why didn't you say, in time?'

'Everything happens in places, SurgienCelts. Time is our great misunderstanding. All happens in wheres. Wheres exist but Time doesn't.'

'Depthelucia where is, "the overthere of back of beyond"?''

'It's where it is, SurgienCelts.'

And that Receptive in a translated form is *Flying* ~ a sighting of the sacred hearth.

Receptive (smiling) This sighting, Rísteárd reflects well our human dilemma with regard to invention. If we invent we are loosing some of ourselves, but if we don't invent we will somehow be incomplete. What is this relationship, Rísteárd we have between our inventions and the natural resources of the planet; in particular with that black liquid which was being referred to in the sighting?

Rísteárd It's an assumption, Receptive we humankind have that the creation of life; that the creation of something new is from the combination of different things in the natural world about us.

If we take a little bit of this and a little bit of that and add in some more of the other, and all in certain proportions we will be able to produce something living. The simplest example would be when we take a slip from a tree and plant it in the ground it will produce a new tree. By experimenting and refining the process we can even produce a very different kind of tree.

Receptive Can it be any other way, Rísteárd considering that all we know and learn is that which is all about us in the natural world?

Risteárd That would be true Receptive on the ordinary level, but going beyond the ordinary and over into the world of the extra-ordinary, shows us that life is not the accumulation of different things in the natural world, but rather that the natural world is the accumulation of life.

Receptive (smiling) This is truly a big insight, *Risteárd*.

Risteárd (smiling) It's the only place where they can be found, Receptive.

Our relationship with oil is based on what we know; that in order for something to be living it needs to have a link with some kind of a liquid be it in one form or another.

Receptive (smiling) There are some, *Risteárd* who take this very seriously.

Risteárd (smiling) It seems they do. But there is quite a difference, Receptive between merely running a liquid through oneself and having it be within our circulatory system.

Receptive (smiling) I quite enjoy taking alcohol on occasion, *Risteárd*, and it doesn't seem to do me any harm at all. Rather to the contrary it makes me feel very good.

Rísteárd (smiling) When I put my hand at a certain distance from the fire it feels comfortable. Now what happens when I move it closer to the fire?

Receptive (smiling) Naturally, *Rísteárd* you will be in danger of having it damaged.

Rísteárd Holding to a certain distance is what's important *Receptive*. If one's hand is held at too great a distance from the fire it's cold whereas moving it too close a distance to the fire it's too hot. Consider the planet a hand and Sun the fire, and then all becomes clear.

Receptive (smiling) Do you take a drink yourself, *Rísteárd*?

Rísteárd (smiling) I delight in drinking the harbinger of aurora.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive What is it, *Rísteárd* to be careless?

Rísteárd (smiling) I'll give answer, *Receptive* by speaking about what it is to be careful.

One of the key responsibilities to being a lifeform is to take care. And there are those who are full of care; those who are less full, and those who are all but empty of it.

Receptive Are there any, Risteárd who are totally empty of care; without care?

Risteárd One cannot speak of lifeforms, Receptive as being totally empty of care. Being a lifeform one is to be with care or to use a different word; one is to be with alertness.

Receptive (smiling) Alertness against who or what, Risteárd?

Risteárd Alertness, Receptive against the subtle deconstruction of our inner sanctuaries and our outer physical bodies.

Receptive By who or what is such subtle deconstruction brought about, Risteárd?

Risteárd When one listens to harmful words or looks at violent actions would you consider this, Receptive as being wholesome for our inner sanctuaries?

Receptive Of course not, Risteárd. Rather it would be unwholesome.

Risteárd If one were to be entertaining such unwholesomeness even over a short period of time, Receptive what do you think would be taking place in our inner sanctuaries?

Receptive Subtle deconstruction.

Risteárd And if such subtle deconstruction were being allowed to go unchallenged, what do you think, Receptive would be the outcome?

Receptive The eventual ruination of our inner sanctuaries.

Risteárd When one deliberately places oneself in a dangerous situation or intake harmful substances would you consider this, Receptive as being wholesome for our outer physical bodies?

Receptive Of course not, Risteárd. Rather it would be unwholesome.

Risteárd And if one were to be entertaining such unwholesomeness even over a short period of time, what do think would be taking place in our outer physical bodies?

Receptive Subtle deconstruction.

Risteárd And if such subtle deconstruction were being allowed to go unchallenged, what do you think, Receptive would be the outcome?

Receptive The eventual ruination of our inner and outer.

Risteárd (smiling) Everything in the given is good for our sanctuaries and for our bodies. However, too much of anything in the given will be a taking away from the their fullness.

By always and everywhere taking care; by always being alert to this we can maintain our sanctuaries safe and our bodies in the best of health.

There are those who are full of care; those who are less full, and those who are all but empty of it.

And maybe now would be a good time, Receptive to take full care of a cup of tea.

Receptive (smiling) It would be most welcomed, *Risteárd*.

Tea is being enjoyed with some freshly baked white soda bread and blackberryapple jam which had been made in August of last year.

The rain is falling away steadily outside. It has got a unique sound; a coming and going as it is being tossed by the wind against the window.

Now and again the candle on the table and the one over on the windowsill lean slightly towards the hearth as if being attracted by something different which wasn't there a few minutes ago.

As a young boy, Risteárd had once found sticking out of a sod of turf he was about to put on the fire, a beautiful golden medallion which depicted a humankind sitting inside An Naomhóg Mhór and using it as if it were a boat with the birds flying up ahead and waters churning away behind it.

Receptive (smiling) What's the difference, Risteárd between 'believe it' and 'be live it'?

Risteárd (smiling) The former, Receptive is to do with our intentions while the latter has to do with the actions themselves; what's taking place in our inner sanctuary and in our senses.

The aim here of the 'it' in 'believe it' is very important as well as the aim of the 'it' in 'be live it'. There has to be a harmony between the two. The 'it' of the sanctuary has to be possible for the senses to live. And the 'it' of the senses has to be a perfect manifestation of the 'it' of the sanctuary.

Receptive This is not always the case, Risteárd for more often than not our intentions are greater than our abilities to perform them.

Risteárd (smiling) You have well identified, Receptive one of the most crucial problems we human lifeforms face; how to be at one with ourselves.

Receptive (smiling) Is it, Risteárd to have a common sense down to earth approach to everything?

Risteárd (smiling) There is food, Receptive which is extremely bland. This is a common sense down to earth approach to everything. And then there is food, Receptive which is absolutely delicious. This is the extra-ordinary approach to everything.

I have a great liking, Receptive for the absolutely delicious. How about Receptive?

Receptive (smiling) I think, Risteárd that I must be somewhere in between with a tendency to easily yield towards the common sense down to earth approach. Yet, while I have been listening to your words, I feel a need to explore the extra-ordinary approach to everything.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive (smiling) Risteard, would I be able to fly: 'be live flight' about the countryside like the birds, if I were to be 'believing it' in my inner sanctuary?

Risteard (smiling) This is what the birds do best, Receptive.

Having the extra-ordinary approach is to be fully one's own given lifeform; to be fully one's own self. Discover what is it to be the lifeform which goes by the appellation of 'Receptive'. It may involve flying. But only, Receptive will be able to find this out.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive What, Rísteárd are dreams?

Rísteárd (smiling) Dreams, Receptive are plays without proper rehearsal and as such always poorly performed; performed within a play which itself shows similar attributes. This analogy well comes to me from William Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

A dream there is, Receptive some ten scenes long. Which is as momentary as I have known a dream to be. But by ten scenes, Receptive, it's way too long which makes it tedious for in all the dream there is not one word or action apt; one character fitted.

Receptive (smiling) Who are these poor actors, Rísteárd of our dreams?

Risteárd Who knows, Receptive who they are for they come unannounced and leave without as much as a farewell greeting. It's obvious from their way that they have no experience whatsoever about performing in dreams.

Receptive Have they a reality in the extra-dream world?

Risteárd Rather they are but askew images.

Receptive What then is the '*A Midsummer Night's Dream*'?

Risteárd This is the bigger drama; the bigger dream called 'Life' which contains a host of smaller dreams full of smaller dreams.

Receptive These endless smaller dreams what do they do for our bigger dream; for our daily life?

Risteárd They are reminders which bring our attention to something which has happened for us, and which we ought to revisit again to clear up once and for all or merely to re-enjoy. And they are heralds too, Receptive of something which is about to happen for us, and for which we need to be vigilant.

Receptive (smiling) What is it, *Risteárd* about these dreams; how is it possible for such poor actors to know in advance what's going to happen in the bigger drama?

Rísteárd (smiling) From their advantageous perspective they can see the wider conditions. It's the perspective of thousands of galaxies each containing billions of stars in relation to this one solar system in which is located the planet. They can see the wider picture, whereas the planet in this solar system on an external arm of the Milky Way Galaxy cannot see the center of the galaxy.

Receptive (smiling) But how should we interpret our dreams?

Rísteárd (smiling) Although one has dreamt a dream, Receptive one may not have the ability to interpret one's own dream. But there are those few amongst us on the planet who without a doubt clearly do have this ability, and have refined it into something uniquely authoritative.

Receptive (smiling) Was it something which they were born with *Rísteárd* or discovered in the course of their life, and then set out to refine it?

Rísteárd (smiling) It was a blessing with which they were born with, and in time learned how to use wisely.

With such comforting thoughts shall we be calling it a night, Receptive? Perhaps there are dreams needing to be dreamt before the coming of aurora.

Receptive (smiling) There may indeed well be, Rísteárd. Best not to deny them the opportunity.

Rísteárd The nights are many in number, and as many again in number are the stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush to leave the inn, then you are very welcome to sit yourself down there again tomorrow night, in that very same chair, where you may happily listen to whatever sighting the fire will bring to my eyes. And it would be my anticipation, *Receptive* that we would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did here this night.

Receptive Thank you, Rísteárd. It's very good to be here.

Rísteárd You're most welcome, *Receptive*.
You go ahead now to your bed.
Take the candle from the table with you.
I will rake the fire.

Receptive Good night so, Rísteárd, and thanks again.

Rísteárd Have a sound sleep, *Receptive*.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

Rísteárd *Exeunt*

Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Flying*
Sunday Eve the 9th February 2002

Annotations:

Naomh Abhainn - from Gaedhilge, 'naomh' meaning 'holy or sacred', and 'abhainn' meaning 'river'

the harbinger of aurora - with reference to dew alighting on the rare herbs found on Cnoc an Sean-Scribhinn

An Naomhóg Mhór - from Gaedhilge, 'naomhóg' from 'naoi' meaning 'a cot/canoe/boat/ship' and 'mhór' meaning 'big' - with reference to The Big Dipper, The Plough: the group of the seven brightest stars in the constellation Ursa Major



Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 12. *Surfacesight*

Prologue:

Aoife & Risteárd had set off up the mountains before sunrise to visit Gan Smál cascade; commonly known as Gan Obair cascade.

Sky is a spectacular composite of light and strong colours o'er the white frost-mantled countryside. Lambs they see happily suckling on the slopes of Cnoc an Sean-Scribhinn.

Risteárd stands and gives have for their good health. He had been so anxious about a dream he had dreamt within a dream recently of lambs anew frolicking about on the slopes Cnoc an Sean-Scribhinn. His pain had only left him after he telling it to Deargbán the Hermit who told him that it referred to a past event and not to any future one.

It was dry when they had set out from the inn, but as they drew closer to the area of the cascade, a soft dewy mist had begun to alight. Such climatic changes were not uncommon in the hill country.

They are hearing the familiar sounds of the cascade although they cannot yet see it.

Reaching poet Eagnaidhe Bachall's ancestral home; alas now being left in this state of perpetual ruin; the splendid white waters of Gan Smál cascade dropping from a height of some fifty meters into a great pool comes into view in all its glory over there in the near distance.

What a sight it is to behold! What a sight!

All up both sides alders and laurels glistening in the mist and rainbow sprays with the rocks all about it decked out in the richest of moss and ferns. The concordance of sound and sight is magnificent.

In the height of summer the waters of the pool are refreshingly cool while in the depth of winter soothingly warm.

Aoife & Risteárd having pleasantly undressed each other are being veiled in the sun drenched mist and ushered effortlessly by it into the waiting welcoming pool. And, oh, how good that water feels on the skin. So good on this morn of February.

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Risteárd is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Sitting across the hearth from him is his guest, Receptive.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Risteárd Ah, this pleasing fire, Receptive revives to my eyes the sighting of *Surfacesight*.

Receptive How does it proceed, Risteárd?

Risteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;

Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.

Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and
In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Risteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?
I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Risteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations
iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another
world)

Surfacesight the Spectaclesmaker, is sitting on a ledge overlooking a shallow valley. Through it flows a meandering tricklet. It's a day in early summer.

On his right, on the ground are piled at least a hundred or more pairs of spectacles. He puts on a pair and views the valley. He takes them off only to put on a new pair.

A mantispaneuroptera vanishes into existence.

'Why do you put artificial eyes in front of your natural eyes?'

'I want to see more than what I've been accustomed to seeing. I'm no longer contented with just looking 'at'. I want to look 'into'.

These spectacles allow me to watch the sap going up and down inside the trunks and branches of trees. With these I can see into rocks and discover the numerous layers. With these I can look through the ground and can see underground caverns and streams. These here allow me to see your nervures. With these ones I can see out through this blue sky of day the dark Universe covered with stars and galaxies. These ones allow me to ...

Looking 'at' things from different vantage points is one pleasure, but being able to look 'into' things is even a greater pleasure.'

And the mantispaneuroptera makes reply, saying,

'I just look with the eyes I have, yet I can see the composition of sap, rocks, water, your deoxyribonucleic acid, space ... I can see everything that's to be seen.'

'Truly amazing. I thought I was skilful but now I know I'm not. I must go back to my drawing board.'

'Why not try to use your own natural eyes instead?'

'With them I can only see surfaces. I want to see deeper.'

'Have you tried?'

'Tried? Well not really, I suppose. Like all people, I've taken it for granted that our human eyes have limits. However, by way of invention we have been able to extend these limits somewhat.'

'Invention attempts rather to contract the limitless by establishing its own limits. Invention is a visible proof of self-relinquishment.'

The mantispaneuroptera appears into vanishment.

And that Receptive in a translated form is *Surfacesight*
~ a sighting of the sacred hearth.

Receptive (smiling) I've often, Risteárd on long summer days sat on a ledge overlooking a shallow valley which has a meandering stream running through it. Yet, I've never wanted to look any deeper than that which was being presented right there to my senses. I've always been fully satisfied.

Risteárd (smiling) This Receptive is but small satisfaction compared to that which is available to you if you would but know how to activate it.

Receptive How do you mean, Risteárd?

Risteárd Surfacesight in our sighting was attempting to try and find a way to access such satisfaction, but his approach was elementary. To add bits and pieces of finely fashioned glass, metals or plastic to one's senses is not the way to go about it.

Receptive But how else is it possible to enhance one's poor sight by anything other than by means of some form of spectacles?

Risteárd (smiling) From where, Receptive do we get our capacity for sight?

Receptive It's in our DNA make up and as such something with which we are born with. Many people, Risteárd are born with very poor eyesight or it becomes so through life for a variety of reasons. And most misfortunate of all there are many who come forth from the womb without the capacity for sight. For the former, spectacles can be a wonderful benefit to their eyes. And for the latter various kinds of surgery and implants can open up a whole new never before experienced world of light and colour for them.

Risteárd (smiling) All of what you've said is quite true and good, Receptive and to be most welcomed, but it does not touch on the matter at hand. From our birth we have been accustomed to, and cultured to use our eyes to stop at what we can see: stop at or on the surface of an object without being encouraged to penetrate the surface. When we could see the surface of anything we would claim to be able to see it, but that is merely the product of culturing.

Receptive (smiling) I'm a little lost now, Risteárd.

Risteárd (smiling) If we were cultured from birth, Receptive to see beyond the surface of an object; all the way to its innermost essence, we would be able to see it, and this would be constituting our ability to see.

Receptive (smiling) So in other words, what you're saying, Risteárd is that our lack of ability to see into the inner most depths of anything has nothing to do with any lack of physical ability, but rather the lack of proper culturing.

Risteárd (smiling) Precisely, Receptive. If we had been cultured properly we would be able to see, hear, feel, smell, taste and think the depths. This is what is being implied in the words,

"(Small) Invention attempts rather to contract the limitless by establishing its own limits. (Small) Invention is a visible proof of self-relinquishment."

Great invention has no room for contracting the limitless and establishing limits of its own. Great invention is a visible proof of self-development.

Receptive Would the invention of the computer and all its offshoots, Risteárd be considered a 'great invention'?

Risteárd How could the product of one sense, Receptive namely the brain be considered a 'great invention'?

Receptive How about something, Risteárd which would be a product of the combined efforts of all six senses?

Risteárd How could the product of the combined efforts of all six senses, Receptive be considered a 'great invention'?

Receptive (smiling) What then, Risteárd is a 'great invention'?

Risteárd (smiling) That which is the product of the inner sanctuary, Receptive and having the six senses as its means of manifestation to the outer world.

Receptive (smiling) Risteard even though we have not been cultured from birth by others to see beyond the surface of an object, is there any way for us to do it now?

Risteard (smiling) Yes, of course there is, Receptive. And the way is self-culturing; culturing oneself to see deeper than the superficial: to penetrate the surface.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive (smiling) Different coloured spectacles can show us the world about us in a new light; giving us a new perspective. Is there any limit, Rísteárd to the number of perspectives one should have on an issue, event or situation?

Rísteárd (smiling) Our human kind, Receptive is not meant to have all the perspectives on an issue, event or situation. If that were meant to be so then we most surely would have such an ability. But having many perspectives may not get one any further than having only two or three or even having one lone, solitary bias perspective.

Receptive So how is it possible, Rísteárd to have a proper approach to viewing an issue, event or situation?

Rísteárd (smiling) We humankind, Receptive have been blessed with the capacity to transcend all perspectives. Being in a position of transcendency is to see all as one.

Receptive (smiling) But, *Rísteárd* is not the position of transcendency itself a lone solitary perspective, and in no way different from having any other perspective albeit a lot more broader than they?

Rísteárd (smiling) When we are of the multi-perspective realm, we are subject to confinements because no sooner do we hold one perspective than we are already making plans to cross over into that of another. One perspective is by necessity obliged to give itself up to another perspective. In the case of transcendency no such obligation is present for there is nothing beyond transcendency.

Receptive (smiling) May we speak of the transcendency position being somewhat comparable to that of a great fish in swim; a great bird in flight; an airplane at high altitude; a space shuttle orbiting the planet; a huge telescope out in space or even a spaceship position from another world?

Rísteárd (smiling) These beautiful metaphors may well serve to initiate such thoughts on the transcendency position, but not their conclusion. For you will discover that the transcendency position is not physical and neither may it be spoken of as being metaphysical.

Moments of reflective silence.

Rísteárd (smiling) Receptive let's partake of a cup of fine tea and some delicious apple cake. Shall we?

Receptive (smiling) I've heard from my kinsfolk in my home country, *Rísteárd* that the apple cakes here on the isle of Éire are exceptionally made and taste most delicious.

Rísteárd (smiling) Then, Receptive you shall be having this very nice opportunity in which to be confirming that such in fact is truly the case.

Tea and freshly baked apple cake are being greatly enjoyed with Receptive already after having two helpings of it.

Receptive (smiling) Ah, *Rísteárd* the taste is even more delicious than I had even ever imagined it would be.

Rísteárd (smiling) All praise and thanks for such perfection, Receptive must go to Aoife.

Receptive (smiling) When I see her at breakfast, I shall be complimenting her most assuredly, *Rísteárd*.

Rísteárd (smiling) Thank you.

Receptive (smiling) Risteard, how can I easily appreciate what it is that is being spoken of in the phrases, " vanishes into existence " and "appears into vanishment"?

Risteard (smiling) This is not something which can be easily appreciated, Receptive without first having offered to oneself an abundance of contemplation.

Receptive (smiling) May I be fortunate to receive some direction from you, Rísteárd on the way.

Rísteárd (smiling) You're most welcome, Receptive. There is the world within Great Reality which is being experienced by all six senses. This is the world of existence into which we all appeared into from the world of vanishment at the moment of conception.

There is the world within Great Reality which is beyond the possibility of experience by the six senses of their own accord. This is the world of vanishment into which we will all reappear into from this world of existence at the moment of translation.

The sighting merely takes the most talked about of the senses, namely sight as a means of clearly illustrating this point of contrasting for us the world that can be seen with that of the world which can't be seen: can't be experienced by the senses by themselves.

Receptive (smiling) How can we know, Rísteárd that the world of vanishment which can't be seen actually exists?

Rísteárd Exists is relative, Receptive to the senses. When we speak of beyond the sensory world we are talking about something which does not lend itself to descriptive terms.

Receptive So how can we know, Rísteárd that it is at all?

Rísteárd (smiling) Our inmost sanctuary is of that world of vanishment, Receptive while being in this world of existence.

Receptive (smiling) How can this be, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd (smiling) From the heart, Receptive the invisible is visible, the inaudible audible, the insipid testable, the insensible feelable, the odorless scentable, the inconceivable thinkable.

The world of vanishment opens itself to the heart; to the inner sanctuary.

Extended moments of reflective silence.

Receptive Oft have I heard it said, Rísteárd that love is the greatest virtue of our humankind. Can this be so given the state in which the world presently finds itself in?

Rísteárd (smiling) Receptive I will ask, what isn't love?

Receptive It's not to do unto to others as you would not like to have them do unto you.

Rísteárd (smiling) I see. Then what, Receptive is love?

Receptive It's to do unto others as you would like them to have do unto you.

Rísteárd (smiling) Sounds familiar, Receptive. Methinks these statements are drawing themselves to the same point.

Receptive (smiling) I'm not sure if they do, *Rísteárd*. They could be but then again maybe not.

Rísteárd (smiling) If we can't be sure, Receptive of what love isn't, and what love is, and the possibility of there being either difference or sameness existing between them, how can we know whether the world is or isn't in an undesirable state?

Receptive Barbarity and deception on a global scale, *Rísteárd* would definitely point towards that of a most undesirable state or condition.

Rísteárd Those who are barbarous are they without love, Receptive for those whom they hold most dear?

Receptive I guess not. I suppose that they in their own way do have, Rísteárd some love of a kind for their own partner, children, kinsfolk, and even pets.

Rísteárd Those who are humanistic are they without love, Receptive for those whom they most despise?

Receptive I guess not. I suppose that they in their own way do have, Rísteárd some love of a kind for those who they would despise.

But, Rísteárd in truth how is it possible for one to be humanistic and still to deeply despise someone or for someone to be barbarous and yet to show great love for their partner, children, kinsfolk, and even pets?

Rísteárd (smiling) Can you see therefore, Receptive that the love of which we have just been speaking of is not the ideal foundation on which to be establishing the quality of our human existence?

Receptive (smiling) Although love may be tangled and knotted in many ways over and over again, Rísteárd, surely it is the ideal to be sought after as the only true means of establishing quality existence for all.

Rísteárd (smiling) Love, Receptive that can't be know for what it isn't nor for what it is, how can this be used as the bases for establishing quality existence for all?

Receptive (smiling) Then I will take a leap into the unknown, Rísteárd and ask what is that which isn't love and is love, and is without difference and sameness?

Rísteárd (smiling) Love.

Moments of reflective silence.

Rísteárd (smiling) Shall we be calling it a night, Receptive?

Receptive (smiling) Reluctant I am to be having to do so, Rísteárd, but I know well that the taking of some rest is important too.

Rísteárd The nights are many in number, and as many again in number are the stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush to leave the inn, then you are very welcome to sit yourself down there again tomorrow night, in that very same chair, where you may happily listen to whatever sighting the fire will bring to my eyes. And it would be my anticipation, Receptive that we would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did here this night.

Receptive Thank you, Rísteárd. It's very good to be here.

Rísteárd You're most welcome, Receptive.

You go ahead now to your bed.

Take the candle from the table with you.

I will rake the fire.

Receptive Good night so, Rísteárd, and thanks again.

Rísteárd Have a sound sleep, Receptive.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

Rísteárd Exeunt

Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Surfacesight*

Sunday Eve the 16th February 2002

Annotations:

mantispaneuroptera - compound word made up of the Greek words, 'mantis', meaning 'a seer', and 'opos' meaning 'face', and 'neuro', meaning 'nerve' and 'pteron' meaning 'wing' - with reference to someone very different from the ordinary.

vanishes into existence - appears into this visible world from the world of the invisible

appears into vanishment - returns back into the world of the invisible from this world of the visible

Gan Smál - from Gaedhilge, 'gan' meaning 'without/no', and 'smál' meaning 'blemish/disgrace': being without blemish; an immaculate place.

A name with reference to the cascade and its environs rather than to any event which was said to have taken place at one time in its immediate vicinity.

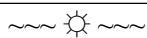
Gan Obair - from Gaedhilge, 'gan' meaning 'without/none', and 'obair' meaning 'work/act/deed/task': hinting that the mighty battle was a useless effort or action for the hill country does not lend itself to anyone's jurisdiction.

A name with reference to a particular event which at one time was said to have taken place in its immediate vicinity rather than to the cascade and its environs.

Among the people of the island the common name for this cascade is Gan Obair. The story according to legend well told goes how a local Christian saint-to-be got into a mighty battle before the pool with the local king of the Leprechauns over who should have jurisdiction over the hill country. The battle lasted for years on end without any definitive outcome other than that the two eventually had died dead of exhaustion, and were buried beneath two trees which still stand there to this very day. And so the story goes with the people giving to the area the nickname, 'Gan Obair'.

Aoife and Risteárd prefer to call it by its antique name of Gan Smál; a name whose essence comes down to them from pre(ante???)-Leprechaun and pre-Christian times.

Eagnaidhe Bachall - the poet's nom de plume - from Gaedhilge, 'eagnaidhe' meaning 'wise person/seer/philosopher' and 'bachall' meaning 'a shepherd's crook/staff/crozier'





Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 13. *Listen*

Prologue:

Receptive Cardinal Vicente Salvatori, Prefect of the Vatican's Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, having been told of the great hospitality of the inn, and the beauty of the hill country of Déisi Mumhan has been staying here with the last five days conducting his own private religious retreat.

His Eminence is on his way to the capital city to take part in a month-long intensive assembly to inaugurate the Preparatory Commission for the Third Attempted Christianization of the people of Éire.

Today is his last day here at the inn as he will be taking his leave for the capital tomorrow. And having the evening free, he has requested of Risteárd if it might be possible for him to enjoy some conversation with him later by the hearth. Risteárd who would turn no one away at once granted him this request.

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Risteárd is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Sitting across the hearth from him, is his guest, His Eminence Cardinal Vicente Salvatori.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Risteárd Ah, this pleasing fire, Your Eminence revives to
my eyes the sighting of *Listen*.

Receptive How does it proceed, *Risteárd*?

Risteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and
In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, His Eminence
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon His Eminence too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Risteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?

I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Cardinal Vicente (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the very beginning.

Risteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another world)

One person to another is, saying,

'Listen! Voices in the breeze.'

'If one can understand and use the power even on a minor scale as in this case here, then one can go anywhere and be any each and every one wishes.'

Long silence.

The voices continuing with, saying,

'If, however, one extends oneself into any mechanical inventions then one is throwing away one's power. Inventions are thieves of one's own making.'

'Then should we stop inventing things?'

'Better to ask, why did our ancient ones begin in the first place to invent?'

'Their adventurous spirit perhaps?'

'More of a pitiful oversight. It did not dawn on them that they could actually be powers themselves. So instead they turned to artificializing. Their primitive inventions though rudimentary in design and function were allowed to give them

some hope. Through them they could see actual power at work, and so they could feel good about themselves indirectly. It was is and continues to be the great deception by causing us to believe in the power of our own inventions. However, we have failed to realise that the power that we see and know to be present in our inventions is in fact stolen property.'

'Stolen property?'

'Yes. Man's inventions are thieves. Man the creator of thieves to rob himself. What could be more pitifunniful? They take man's sense power and use it themselves thereby illuding man into believing that power comes from the inventions themselves. That's the case with even the most simple to the most sophisticated piece of machinery or technology that man has ever invented. We've got to stop making thieves, and give up the pitiful notion that we can't do without them. Each person can use this power directly.'

Long silence.

One of the listeners comments, saying,

'They've stopped.'

'I wonder what is this special power of which the voice spoke?'

'Who knows? Let's walk on. Maybe we'll know sometime.'

'Look, at the graceful swan on the bank.'

'That's not a swan. That's a gazelle.'

'I saw a swan! Yet, it's a gazelle. The change was beyond my observation. As I began to look I thought I was seeing a swan but it was this gazelle.'

'It's a horse! How did this happen even as we were looking directly at it?'

And that Your Eminence in a translated form is *Listen* ~ a sighting of the sacred hearth.

Cardinal Vicente (smiling) Rísteárd all this week, I had been trying to vacate my mind and to focus on what I have been called to do this coming month. But now I realize that what I need to do is to 'listen'.

The opening words of the sighting, "One person to another is, saying, Listen! Voices in the breeze." have really touched me, Rísteárd.

Rísteárd (smiling) Wonderful. Your Eminence mentioned earlier this afternoon, that next month He will be inaugurating in the capital city a Preparatory Commission for the Third Attempted Christianization of the people of Éire. I'm interested to know what this might mean.

Cardinal Vicente (smiling) Pardon me, Rísteárd for being so forward, but may I inquire if Rísteárd is a Catholic; a Christian?

Risteárd (smiling and courteously) Risteárd? Risteárd is a joyful innkeeper, Your Eminence.

Moments of reflective silence.

Cardinal Vicente (smiling) Let me begin, Risteárd by saying that for the last 1,584 years. That is to say, from the First Attempted Christianization of the Irish people which was inaugurated in 418 including the Second Attempt which was inaugurated in 1155 all the way up to this, the Third Attempt, which will be inaugurated in this, the coming third month, in this the second year of the third millennium Anno Domini; during that whole long period, Mater Ecclesia had been acting as the moral, intellectual and spiritual foundation for the Irish race.

Recently, however the people have allowed themselves to be lured away from Her care by the forces of Materialism and Liberalism.

So what we're seeing from Mater Ecclesia's point of view is that Her Irish children have embarked on a period of moral and spiritual darkness. Therefore it is imperative that something needs to be done; and done promptly. It is our opinion that the best response is to have a Third Attempted Christianization of the people of Éire.

The mobilization for this attempt must be done as quickly as possible in order that the influences of the forces of the foe be thwarted, and that Mater Ecclesia's rightful role as the society's sole moral, intellectual and spiritual foundation be firmly re-established.

Risteárd (doesn't know if it is a nightmare he is having or that he is actually sitting beside the hearth listening to a cardinal saying these words to him. He feels as if he is about to faint but he manages somehow to restore himself before commenting.)

Your Eminence, if the people are now entering a period of moral, intellectual and spiritual darkness does this imply that for the last 1,584 or so years they had been living in a period of moral, intellectual and spiritual brightness?

Cardinal Vicente (smiling) Yes, Risteárd that would absolutely be correct. When we compare with what had gone before we can easily recognize that some significant change has been taking place of late among the faithful.

In my Congregatio pro Doctrina Fidei office back home in the Vatican are stacks of folders piled high which were sent to me describing the changes which have been taking place.

Looking back on these latter years of this great span of 1,584 years of moral, intellectual and spiritual brightness, we can notice that churches all over the island are for the most part but one seventh full for the Sunday masses. And that those in attendance are made up of elderly people and of them

elderly ladies being in the majority. The Sacrament of Penance is nearly all but ignored. Public processions on holy days are hardly being attended anymore.

Priests although were very well educated in their seminary days present weekly homilies that have all but become devoid of any passion or enthusiasm. Dioceses have very few priests and sisters, and in a number of cases no new vocations whatsoever.

In the primary and secondary schools, children are not being taught all of what they should be taught with respect to sound Christian ethics.

There are so many addicted to drugs and alcohol on the island. There are so many cases of domestic violence not to mention public violence. The number of those going to the neighbouring island and to the mainland to terminate and remove the life of their womb has greatly increased. There are many couples co-habiting without marriage, and as such according to Mater Ecclesia's teaching are downplaying the legitimacy of marriage.

The local television stations and press have been making a complete mockery of Mater Ecclesia; a complete mockery of Her Holy Father, Her cardinals, Her bishops, Her priests and Her sisters.

Rísteárd all these and many more things besides when all combined together point but to one reality that the people of Éire have embarked on an apocalyptic voyage of moral, intellectual and spiritual darkness.

What I have been just describing there for you, Rísteárd are the unwholesome things which have been occurring during these latter few years of this glorious 1,584 year old tradition.

Looking at it from another perspective we could say that they are the living signs ushering in the end of the second great attempt at Christianizing the people of Éire. But up until this end-period, Mater Ecclesia's children were very much living in the period Rísteárd of moral, intellectual and spiritual brightness.

Moments of reflective silence.

Rísteárd (doesn't know if it is a nightmare he is having or that he is actually sitting beside the hearth listening to a cardinal saying these words to him. He feels as if he is about to faint but he manages somehow to restore himself before commenting.)

Your Eminence, what if I were to bring to your attention that this was not in fact the case during the last 1,584 years.

Cardinal Vicente Please tell me more Rísteárd. What could you mean?

Rísteárd During that period of moral, intellectual and spiritual brightness that Your Eminence speaks of this little island experienced three massive invasions, not to mention all the little intrusions, incursions and plantations down through the centuries. And of those invasions, at least one was fully sanctioned by Mater Ecclesia while a blind eye was, de facto, given to the others.

Our noble royal lineages of old were all but obliterated. A mere handful were able to find refuge in the forests and hills, and of those again some painfully choose to secretly flee the isle in ships that would be carrying them away from its lonely shores; yes, in ships that would be carrying them away from everything they ever held dear but would never be bringing them back. Oh, how they must have languished in foreign lands for the honour of being given to rest contentedly in the bosom of their native land in the company of their ancestors. Mo bhrón.

Thousands of our people gave their lives in the fight to liberate the island from the tyranny of foreign aggression through various rebellions and uprisings down through the centuries.

Almost we lost a precious native tongue which would have been tantamount to having almost lost our culture, for languages are the sacred grails which hold our deepest beliefs, traditions, and aspirations.

During that period of moral, intellectual and spiritual brightness that Your Eminence speaks of tens of thousands of our people passed away in most undignified ways in a Great Famine, that feels as it were all but last year. And as many again because of it were left with little or no choice but to leave the island for foreign parts.

Workhouses and poorhouses were built all across the land. Oh, how appalling were the conditions for those who had the misfortune to find themselves dumped within their rusted iron gates and dank mossy walls.

During that period of moral, intellectual and spiritual brightness that Your Eminence speaks of boarding schools modeled on other cultures were introduced and administrated by Mater Ecclesia. Oh, how degrading in some of these institutions were the rules and the treatment of the innocent.

Cardinal Vicente (awkwardly smiling) But, ah now, Risteárd I am of the opinion that you have focused way too much on borderline negative aspects, and on isolated, even questionable cases of authority misuse.

Did not your people also experience a Great Golden Age during this stable period of moral, intellectual and spiritual brightness?

Rísteárd (smiling) Your Eminence, the Great Golden Age of which you've made reference lasted but a mere one hundred years.

True it is indeed, that there were many saintly individuals who with all sincerity did their best to represent Mater Ecclesia both here on the island and in faraway places.

Cardinal Vicente (smiling) Ah, yes. The peregrini pro Christo: wanders for Christ.

One such prototypical pilgrim known as Columbanus wrote in Latin a most beautiful boat-song I recall about the River Rhine:

"En silvis caesa fluctu meat acta carina bicornis Rheni
et pelagus perlabitur uncta.

Heia viri! nostrum reboans echo sonet heia ..."

Lo, cut in forests, the driven keel passes on the stream
of twin-horned Rhine, and glides as if anointed by the
flood. Echo, my men! Let ringing echo sound our echo!

Risteárd (smiling) Yes, deep is the meaning hidden in these words whose source here on the island well antedates the great pilgrim Columbanus.

During that period of moral, intellectual and spiritual brightness that Your Eminence speaks of we have had all but one phenomene extraordinaire; one eminent philosopher.

Cardinal Vicente To whom do you refer, Risteárd?

Risteárd (smiling) Your Eminence has not come across perchance the name, Iohannes Scottus Ériugena?

Cardinal Vicente (smiling) Yes, I have. Yes, I have Risteárd as I recall in my readings of the Synod of Valence which took place in 855 and the Synod of Langres which took place four years later. Here there was some mention made of he having a great liking for porridge, if I'm not mistaken.

Risteárd (can feel something akin to anger welling up within his heart, but he is keeping it to himself for courtesy at all times is his way)

Risteárd Then, Your Eminence must also have read the story concerning a conversation between Iohannes and Charlemagne's grandson, the Emperor Charles the Bald, who was seated at the opposite side of a table did put this question to him, saying,

Tell me, Iohannes the difference between Scotus (an Irishman) and sotus (sot or drunkard)?
(Quid distat inter Scottum et sottum?)

Iohannes smiled and replied with saying that the difference was slight.

'No more than the width of the table, Your Highness'.
(Tabula tantum.)

Moments of reflective silence.

Risteárd Your Eminence our people have been asked all this long while to carry a cosmology, theology and philosophy; a religion which is not of their own.

They have been asked to believe in the Supernatural in a way that is quite unnatural for them, and to follow with all the particular dogma and rituals associated with having this religion.

The whole concept, Your Eminence of 'original sin' is so very foreign to our original way of thinking.

Cardinal Vicente (somewhat perplexed and even slightly sarcastic) An original way of thinking? And what might that be, *Risteárd*?

Risteárd (smiling) There is but good and good there is alone,
Your Eminence.

Cardinal Vicente I beg to differ, *Risteárd*.

Risteárd (smiling) Your Eminence, I have heard that people who are living in a morally, intellectually and spiritually bright environment are morally, intellectually and spiritually bright people, and are not at all weak by any means. Then how was it possible for an invasion of the island to so easily take place, not once, not twice, but three times?

Moments of reflective silence.

Risteárd Your Eminence in your opinion would a people so artistically gifted as our Irish people are not also have been able to create equally beautiful works of art had they not been allowed to develop their own philosophy and beliefs; had they not been allowed to follow their own mother?

Cardinal Vicente (perplexed) But who, *Risteárd* is their mother?

Risteárd Your Eminence in your vast experience of life, and depth of knowledge of written works, have you ever come across a circumstance where one who made claim to be a mother would with deliberate intention, deprive another

mother who was already taking the very best of care of her own children in her own beautiful way, would come and nudge her away from her children and attempt then to take over the role of their mother?

Cardinal Vicente I can't say that I have, Risteárd.

Risteárd Your Eminence would a truly protective mother allow someone to attack her children not once, not twice but three times?

Cardinal Vicente No, definitely she wouldn't, Risteárd.

Risteárd Your Eminence would a truly loving mother for even one hour sit by and let her children pass away in most undignified appearances by potato blighted fields, in drains and ditches, in bogs and hovels and along quays and in monumented parks? Would she do it for one day? And quite unimaginable as it may sound would she do it for five years?

Cardinal Vicente Oh, my God, Risteárd of course she wouldn't. Is there a mother in the whole wide world who would do such a thing?

Moments of reflective silence.

Risteárd (smiling) Your Eminence seems to be in need of a nice hot cup of tea.

Cardinal Vicente (smiling) He is, *Risteárd* but if you had anything a little stronger it might be that little bit more effective as I feel a little bit unsteady in myself right now.

Risteárd is enjoying a nice hot cup of tea and freshly baked whitecake with some butter and honey while His Eminence is sipping at a small glass of Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Cardinal Vicente (smiling) This is a most satisfying blend of whiskey, *Risteárd*.

Risteárd (smiling) A guest from Alban some years back brought it as a gift.

Cardinal Vicente (smiling broadly) I remember once, *Risteárd* reading in the Scotch Whiskey website a most inspiring article which I consigned in total to memory as it impressed me so much.

"Whisky blends, like people have individual characters. Some are smooth and polished in their manners, but may be short of character; then there are others that have strength, but lack lasting presence. But a characterful whisky blend, like a person, should be interesting to get to know. If everything is divulged at once, then there is nothing further to be revealed.

However, if you feel that there's more to discover, then you will want to explore your acquaintance further.

Johnnie Walker Black Label has an enigmatic character. The first sip leaves you with an overwhelming curiosity to discover more. As Black Label's deep taste unfolds a myriad of flavours are revealed in several waves: first, there is an impression of silky richness; then deep and fruity foreground flavours give way to drier peaty nuances, followed by the complementary flavour tones of sweet vanilla and raisins.

This unique complexity is achieved by expertly blending an extremely diverse, but complementary range of malt whiskies, each of which has been matured for a minimum of 12 years and some for much longer. In total, up to 40 malts and grain whiskies make up the Johnnie Walker Black Label blend.

Island and Islay malts deliver spice, richness and lingering peat. Speyside malts make an important contribution to the depth of taste, bringing smoky malt, fruitiness, apple freshness and a rich sherry character to the blend.

At the heart of Black Label lies 12 year old Cardhu, an outstanding malt from Speyside, which imparts silkiness, a characteristic which has made it famous as a single malt. Like a growing friendship between two people, getting to know Black Label is a profoundly satisfying experience that reveals

new pleasures every time you meet. It's a taste that goes deeper than any 12 year old deluxe brand."

Definitely, Rísteárd you should try it for it cannot be compared to a cup of tea, whitecake, butter and honey.

Rísteárd (smiling) I drink not alone the tea, Your Eminence but the smile with love that drew the water from the well; carried it with love in a wooden pale along by the trees; poured it with love into the pretty kettle; prepared with love the teapot and teacosy, and did with love teaspoon in the finest of tealeaves.

I eat not of the whitecake but of the love put into it by the baker; the baker who lovingly placed the butter in the butterboat and the honey in the honeycradle.

Perhaps, Your Eminence is in need of some more?

Cardinal Vicente (smiling) Thank you, Rísteárd for one glass is quite enough. I rarely take a strong drink. And on the occasion that I do it is but to steady my nerves.

Rísteárd Your Eminence, what shape will the Third Attempted Christianization of our people take? Will it be significantly different from the two previous attempts?

Cardinal Vicente (smiling) Our primary response to the pending secular darkness will be to call the people of Éire back to Mater Ecclesia, but we can't do that directly.

First of all, Risteárd, there will be the call for the people to return to Jesus and His Good News. With this approach, naturally they will also be finding their way back to Mater Ecclesia, like sheep returning who have stupidly strayed far from the fold.

Indirectly, as it has oft been tried, tested and proven afore by Mater Ecclesia's servants is the best way around it has been found.

Risteárd Your Eminence when you speak of Jesus and His Good News are you referring to the Hebrew prophet, Yehoshua: Jesus the son of Mary and his ideas or perhaps to someone else?

Cardinal Vicente Who was Yehoshua, Risteárd the son of Mary?

Risteárd (somewhat discomfited) Is it not written, Your Eminence in the Four Gospels, and in a number of other texts, that he was a devout, scholarly Hebrew prophet, who became very conscious of the need to call his people: the lost people of Israel, meaning not a tribe or state as such, but those who

were of the spirituality of the *Holy Tanakh*; calling them back to its original spirit and for them to live accordingly?

Cardinal Vicente Pardon me, Risteárd for being so forward, but may I inquire if Risteárd is a Jew; an Israelite or perhaps even a Freemason?

Risteárd (smiling and courteously) Risteárd? Risteárd is a joyful innkeeper, Your Eminence.

Moments of reflective silence.

Risteárd There were in those days, Your Eminence intellectuals like Saul of Tarsus, a Hebrew and holding Roman citizenship having been brought up as a strict Pharisee and instructed in Jewish theology by the famous Rabbi Gama'iel who were well able to take from Yehoshua's words and example and build up for themselves their own 'new' belief under the banner of the Jewish Messianic tradition.

Various texts were written and made to serve this new moral, intellectual and spiritual movement; a movement which found a foothold in the courts of Imperial Rome. It stayed there for some two to three hundred years before coming to terms with its own homesickness.

It thus returned in part to the Middle East in the person of Emperor Constantine to live out its remaining days in a form of rejuvenated glory as the Byzantine culture.

While Emperor Constantine went east, Bishop Patrick also of the Roman empire a century later was being sent from Rome northwestwards with a version of it that it may live out its remaining days in a form of rejuvenated glory as the Celtic culture.

These two first cousins have more in common than one would imagine, Your Eminence.

His Eminence's eyes and mouth are opening wide in amazement as he listens to Risteárd continue.

Risteárd What Emperor Constantine and Bishop Patrick, Your Eminence brought with them to their respective final destinations was a Romanized Pauline theology, a Greek metaphysics and a hierarchical Church.

So what we have been having for these last 1,584 years here on the island is a version of Saul of Tarsus' Good News as interpreted and expressed in the art and literature of the Celtic culture.

The forthcoming call for the Third Attempted Christianization of the people of Éire; calling them to return to Jesus and His Good News will in fact be a call for them to

return again, Your Eminence to Saul of Tarsus' Good News and to all which that entails, implies and necessitates.

His Eminence is visibly shaken by these words and it is taking him quite some time to have the clarity of mind to be able to reply to Risteárd.

And as he is gazing into the hearth, an epiphany of brightness is appearing from his face, and a happiness in his tone which speaks words of an auspicious nature.

Cardinal Vicente (brightly smiling) Risteárd are the people here on this beautiful island in the north Atlantic really entering a period of moral, intellectual and spiritual darkness or are they perhaps at long last been given a golden opportunity to enter a period of moral, intellectual and spiritual brightness?

Moments of reflective silence.

Cardinal Vicente (smiling) Could rediscovering themselves, Risteárd in the physical features of the land; the changing seasons and climate; the flora and fauna; the languages; the philosophy and poetry; the folklore and literature; the art and architecture; the music; the science; the sport, and in the contemplation on these past 1,584 years under Mater Ecclesia be enough to be their sound moral, intellectual and spiritual foundation?

The people of this beautiful island have had a great experience. What can they learn from it for their future? Are they been given the opportunity to enter a truly golden future of spirituality and philosophy without the care of Mater Ecclesia?

The arch rainbow stretches from 418 to 2002. The people are now as they were in the beginning at a new beginning. Where do they go from here?

Their wisdom now consists in knowing what to do with what they know. It is possible that they are now been given the chance to create a truly Irish ethos based on unity in diversity through intellectual endeavor and contemplation.

Many are making comment that if Mater Ecclesia retreats it will need to be immediately replaced with some other moral, intellectual and spiritual foundation.

In Europe the attempt was made at the end of the 19th century and the middle of the 20th to replace Mater Ecclesia by introducing Communism which eventually failed and later was followed by Nazism which also failed. And now in more recent times in the United States of America by Liberalism which is at present ongoing.

The future has yet to be seen for "the personal liberty principle" the principle which holds that people should be free

to do what they like provided they don't infringe on the freedom of others to do what they like has the potential to destroy everything which has been built up since the dawn of humankind.

But here on this beautiful island the people do not need to be asking what shall they replace Mater Ecclesia with for Mater Ecclesia itself was the replacement for their own true mother.

Mater Ecclesia will in time give thanks to the people of Éire for their patience, hospitality, generosity and creativity, and will seek too for forgiveness through them from their Sacred Mother.

Risteárd, I shall now go to take some rest before returning back to the Vatican tomorrow. Once there I will request and entreat the Holy Father to be allowed to resign from my position as Prefect of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, and also from my other and various curial positions, that I may presently begin a life of contented retirement, in the quiet sanctity of my beautiful native Ausonian hill country between Toscana and Umbria.

Risteárd (with a hint of apprehension) His Holy Father
himself, Your Eminence will surely be granting you your many requests, albeit in Vatican time of course.

Cardinal Vicente (apprehensively) Yes, I suppose so, Rísteárd.
Yet even Vatican time of course can at times be ...ah, well ...I'll
just have to wait and see, and accept what be the Holy Father
says to be.

Moments of reflective silence.

Rísteárd (smiling) Your Eminence the long nights of winter
are many in number, and as many again in number are the
stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush the
next time you visit the inn, you will be very welcome to sit
yourself down there again, in that very same chair, where you
may happily listen to whatever sighting the fire will bring to my
eyes. And it would be my anticipation, Your Eminence that we
would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did
here this night.

Cardinal Vicente Thank you, Rísteárd. It's very good to be
here.

Rísteárd You're most welcome, Your Eminence.
You go ahead now to your bed.
Take the candle from the table with you.
I will rake the fire.

Cardinal Vicente Good night so, Rísteárd, and thanks again.

Rísteárd Have a sound sleep, Your Eminence.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

Rísteárd Exeunt

Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Listen*

Sunday Eve the 23rd February 2002

Annotations:

Mater Ecclesia - from Latin 'mater' meaning 'mother' and 'ecclesia' from Greek 'ekklesia' meaning assembly from 'ekkletos' meaning 'called', from 'ekkalein' meaning 'to call', from 'kalein' meaning 'to call'

The classical formulation of the Catholic Church as Mater Ecclesia in its interpretation of its own role of a motherhood in the world, namely, childbearing, teaching, protecting and correcting. This image of the Catholic Church as Mother is part of its sacred deposit of faith.

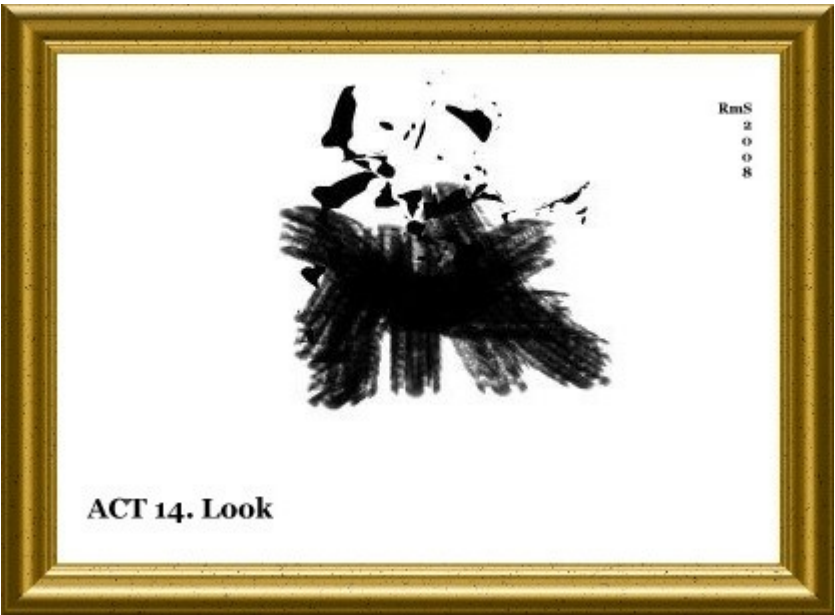
In the New Testament section of the Christian bible, the writer St. Paul in the fourth chapter of his letter to the Galatians would seem to be alluding to this image; the personification of the Church as the heavenly Mother. The implication being that this Mother, the Church, has her essence in the Christian concept of heaven. She is seen as the new creation through which all the faithful come to their God.

Mo bhrón - from Gaedhilge meaning, 'alas'

Whisky blends, like people, have individual characters ...

http://www.scotchwhisky.com/english/about/blended/johnnie_walker.htm

Ausonia - a poetic name for Italy



Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 14. *Look*

Prologue:

Above the rushing flood waters cherry blossoms nobly stand
with drooped daffodils in full attendance; all set against the splendid
background of an abundance of yellow furze, and far off to the west
snow covered mountain ridges.

Rísteárd too stands in this scene reflecting unto himself.

What is it,
The Flowing of Waters on the Land?
What is it,
The Floating of Clouds in the Sky?
What is it,
The Philosophising of Mine throughout all Eternity?

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Rísteárd is
putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to
quench. Sitting across the hearth from him is his guest, Receptive.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters
to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over
on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Rísteárd Ah, this pleasing fire, Receptive revives to my eyes
the sighting of *Look*.

Receptive How does it proceed, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and
In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Rísteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?

I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Rísteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another world)

Two friends are strolling together chatting. And one with surprise is, saying,

'Look, over there, at the castle in the air!'

'It's so beautiful.'

'Let's get a little closer.'

A human-like lifeform is sitting on a rock with its head turned in the direction of the castle. It has no orifices, and is wearing a bluepinkyellow byssine garment.

The two hide and watch from a distance.

Suddenly the castle disappears, and in its place are a number of horses cantering gracefully across the sky. Horses gone, and now in their place stands an orchard of fully ripe apple trees of many different varieties being caressed by the wind.

The lifeform is addressing the two, saying,

'Why don't you come over here and join me instead of hiding there behind those briaries?'

'Thank you.'

'May we inquire as to how those holographic images appear in midair?'

'They're not holographic images. The castle, horses and the orchard of apple trees are as real as you and I. They came directly from my sanctuary. They came from me.'

'How is it possible for a sanctuary picture to be externalized and whole like that?'

'Sanctuary is a power and once you know how to use it, you can externalize all your sanctuary pictures.'

'We have many sanctuary pictures, but we can't externalize them whole as you can. We have to depend upon some external physio-mechanical means.

Even when we apply such means we are unable to get a complete representation of our original sanctuary pictures.

We always end up with having no choice but to accept variations and distortions.

How is it possible to bypass the physio-mechanical means and use our sanctuaries the way you do?'

'Just give your sanctuary a chance. Stop depending upon external means. The power is within. Just use it. You are a power unto yourself. Be the sanctuary that you are. That's all there is to it.'

'I can't! Nothing is happening!'

'Me too! Nothing is happening!'

'Wonderful! No thing should be happening. Depending upon externals to make your sanctuary's pictures into external touchable realities has been your problem. Once you realize this then you can let sanctuary do the happening. Sanctuary-happening.'

'Wow! Look at my sea! It wasn't difficult to externalize it at all.'

'Look at my boat! Simple meta-sensual. Wonderful!'

'Meta-sensual! That's it.'

'With this understanding you will now begin to appreciate what it means to be in the overhere of thatwhichistheoutthereeverywherehere. Understanding is innerstanding. That which stands in the inner as a sanctuary picture can be caused to stand on the outside completely intact, and real in every sense.'

The lifeform disappears without a physical trace.

One of the friends to the others is, saying,

'The power is in us.'

'Rather we are in our own power. Sanctuary.'

'Activate one's sanctuary. That's all there is to it.'

'Imagi-sensual pictures of wonder, beauty and comfort provided for us and all others by thatwhichistheoutthereeverywherehere as we are part of the overhere; they of the overthere, and we all of everywherethereandhere.'

'This afternoon we have been able to step out of our briariesofallpromise'.

'In deed, in deed, in deed.'

'Let's stroll.'

And that Receptive in a translated form is *Look* ~ a sighting of the sacred hearth.

Receptive (smiling) The images are most beautiful, Risteárd. A castle in the air; of horses strolling and of an orchard of apple trees being caressed by the wind.

Risteárd (smiling) When you think of a castle, Receptive what image comes to your eyes?

Receptive (smiling) Oh, Risteárd that of aesthetic Castle Liechtenstein in my native Baden-Wurttemberg in Germany.

I see white-gray Andalusians of Spain with lustrous tails, manes and forelocks strolling across a blue sky with floating white clouds.

I see the blossoming apple orchards of Normandy in France in full bloom.

And putting them all together, Risteárd I see a heaven in the sky.

Risteárd (smiling) I would sit in the orchard and view the hill country, and this would become for me as it always is a heaven on the land.

Receptive (smiling) I wonder why we humans hide, Risteárd?

Rísteárd (smiling) We hide, Receptive when we are afraid of something, and we hide when we don't wish to disturb something.

Receptive (smiling) What about hiding away from something, *Rísteárd* such as a society or culture?

Rísteárd (smiling) There are those who leave the hills, valleys, deserts and plains, and hide themselves away behind walls of stone, steel, concrete and glass in search of comfort and ease without ever having been fully aware, Receptive of the comfort and ease of nature.

Receptive (smiling) But traditionally, *Rísteárd* one was considered to have hid away from society to contemplate in nature rather than the other way around.

Rísteárd (smiling) Our humankind was born into the garden which is without walls. There can be only one running away, Receptive and that is from nature but where can one go?

If one hides away from nature in behind some humankind-made walls, and then decides to run away from them, one is not running away from society or culture, but rather one is merely returning to one's original natural place.

Receptive (smiling) Is *Rísteárd* one who stayed in nature or one who has returned to it?

Rísteárd (smiling) It has always been with me in my inner sanctuary, Receptive.

However, I am one who having travelled about this beautiful globe, and lived awhile in some of the finest caverns, hovels, tents, hotels, houses, apartments, chateaux, villas and castles has been fortunate enough to have been given the chance of a life time to return to his original pristine place, and there to reculture himself in the generosity, image, and likeness of Sun.

Receptive (smiling) Is there anything, *Rísteárd* in this pristine place from which you would hide?

Rísteárd (smiling) Here there is society and culture, Receptive in its original natural setting. What is there to be hiding from save from disturbing the lambs in their play?

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive (smiling) How much of existence, *Rísteárd* is of variations and distortions?

Rísteárd (smiling) We can say existence is variety and distortion, Receptive if we know existence as sameness and symmetry. Can we not?

Receptive (smiling) Yes, we can, Rísteárd.

Rísteárd (smiling) We can say existence is sameness and symmetry, Receptive if we know existence as variety and distortion. Can we not?

Receptive (smiling) Yes, we can, Rísteárd.
Then if that's the case, could we not also go as far as even to say, Rísteárd that existence is a combination of variety, sameness, distortion and symmetry?

Rísteárd (smiling) We could, Receptive, yet still we wouldn't know what we are really talking about for existence is far beyond any categories such as variety, sameness, distortion or symmetry.

Receptive (smiling) Then, Rísteárd what can we say of existence?

Rísteárd (smiling) We can say, Receptive we don't know and begin from there.

Receptive (smiling) And from there, Rísteárd where can we go?

Rísteárd (smiling) We can go to the next stage of admitting that we definitely know, Receptive that we don't know what we claim to know.

Receptive (smiling) And from there, Rísteárd where can we go?

Rísteárd (smiling) We can proceed to knowing that what we know is of no use at all, Receptive in leading us to what we are meant to be knowing.

Receptive (smiling) And what is it, Rísteárd that we are meant to be knowing?

Rísteárd (smiling) We are meant to be knowing, Receptive that knowing is not knowing.

Receptive (smiling) That's as far as I able to go so far, Rísteárd.

Rísteárd (smiling) Then we have safely arrived for the need to satisfy a desire for a cup of tea with some freshly baked scones and apricot jam. Have we not, Receptive?

Receptive (smiling) We most surely have, Rísteárd.

Receptive and Rísteárd are enjoying the tea and scones while gazing into the hearth.

Rísteárd is remembering his reflections from earlier in the day while being with rushing flood waters, cherry blossoms and daffodils in a scene set against the splendid background of an abundance of yellow furze, and far off to the west snow covered mountain ridges.

What is it,

The Flowing of Waters on the Land?

What is it,
The Floating of Clouds in the Sky?

What is it,
The Philosophising of Mine throughout all Eternity?

Receptive (smiling) Rísteárd how is "meta-sensual" different
from let's say meta-rationale?

Rísteárd (smiling) Meta-sensual here implies, Receptive
beyond the power of the six senses. In other words, the senses
are not the source. The source is the inner sanctuary and
working through the senses. Meta-rationale would be only
referring to the sense of thought: the brain.

Receptive (smiling) I've been cultured, Rísteárd to see the
rationale as being the supreme.

Rísteárd (smiling) Who was your teacher?

Receptive (smiling) I've had many teachers, Rísteárd and they
have all cultured me to see the rationale as being the supreme.

Rísteárd (smiling) Who was your teachers' teacher?

Receptive (smiling) They've had many teachers, Rísteárd, and
they have all cultured them to see the rationale as being the
supreme.

Risteárd (smiling) Who were their teachers' teacher?

Receptive (smiling) They've had many teachers, *Risteárd*, and they have all cultured them to see the rationale as being the supreme.

I guess, the ultimate teacher must have been Rationale itself?
My teacher therefore must be Rationale, I suppose.

Risteárd (heartily laughing) And who, *Receptive* was Rationale's teacher?

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive (smiling) What has, *Risteárd* been cultured to see as being the supreme?

Risteárd (smiling) I've been cultured to see, *Receptive* the inner sanctuary as being the supreme.

Receptive (smiling) Who was your teacher?

Risteárd (smiling) I've had many teachers, *Receptive*, and they have all cultured me to see the inner sanctuary as being the supreme.

Receptive (smiling) Who was your teachers' teacher?

Rísteárd (smiling) They've had many teachers, Receptive, and they have all cultured them to see the inner sanctuary as being the supreme.

Receptive (smiling) Who were their teachers' teacher?

Rísteárd (smiling) They've had many teachers, Receptive, and they have all cultured them to see the inner sanctuary as being the supreme.

The ultimate teacher is Mystery *mystery*.

Mystery *mystery* is my teacher.

Receptive feels a little faint with hearing such words and with the realization that there is no ground left on which to make an appropriate response. Nothing for it now but to laugh out heartily until reaching moments of reflective silence.

Moments of extended reflective silence.

Receptive (smiling) What is the imagination, *Rísteárd*?

Rísteárd (smiling) It's the pleasure of the inner sanctuary, Receptive revealing itself to the outer world through the senses.

Receptive (smiling) Sometimes, *Rísteárd* I wonder if not all reality is in fact some Great Being's imagination.

Rísteárd (smiling) The inner world, Receptive has as its source the outer world of the visible and the invisible. What is the source of this Great Being's imagination of which you speak?

Receptive (smiling) Perhaps there is some outer reality.

Rísteárd (smiling) And that outer reality, would it too be the imagination of some Great Being?

Receptive (smiling) If not a Great Being or an infinite number of Great Beings what might reality be, *Rísteárd*?

Rísteárd (smiling) What is reality, Receptive, what is reality. And on such a happy note, shall we be calling it a night?

Receptive (smiling) Reluctant I am to be having to do so, *Rísteárd*, but I know well that the taking of some rest is important too.

Rísteárd (smiling) The nights are many in number, and as many again in number are the stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush to leave the inn, then you are very welcome to sit yourself down there again tomorrow night, in that very same chair, where you may happily listen to whatever sighting the fire will bring to my eyes. And it would be my anticipation, Receptive that we would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did here this night.

Receptive Thank you, Rísteárd. It's very good to be here.

Rísteárd You're most welcome, Receptive.

You go ahead now to your bed.

Take the candle from the table with you.

I will rake the fire.

Receptive Good night so, Rísteárd, and thanks again.

Rísteárd Have a sound sleep, Receptive.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

Rísteárd *Exeunt*

Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Look*

Sunday Eve the 2nd March 2002

Annotations:

briariesofallpromise - with reference to artificial categories



Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 15. *Golden Corn*

Prologue:

Rísteárd had spent all day over at Caisleán an Ridire Rósréalta clearing away a rotten branch of an old tree which had fallen across the entrance to Croidhidín Lúndrach spring.

This spring is located in a grove some twelve meters beyond the eastern wall of the ruin. And happy was the time for him as the day was so beautiful with plenty of white clouds floating gracefully in fresh blueness. Sun had shone generously even if the temperature remained still of this season.

What a delight it was for him being able to see the fountainhead once again. He had skimmed away every last leaf and twig from its surface. It was free again; revealing its depth of clearness.

With his hands cupped together he raised some water to his lips, and then slowly drank. In that moment a deeper harmony with the source of the spring welled up within him. In that moment of an air perfumed by primroses he watched as the waters of the spring flowed away along by the sunlit wall and then veered off shimmering down by moss-blanked Carraig Siansán na t-Aos Dána. And he imagined them meeting up with streams and rivers of the isle; making their way all the way to the wide wide wide great sea.

In that moment of beatitude he beheld two white donkeys strolling towards him. They seemed to have come out of the east wall itself. He rose to his feet to greet them for his sanctuary was telling

him that these visitors were not of existence visible but of existence invisible. They came and stood facing him on either side that he may place his hands on their foreheads. He noticed how they were without crosses, and this deepened his joy.

As spontaneously as they had appeared so too had they spontaneously disappeared. It was unusual, but far from strange for Risteárd was well accustomed to seeing visitors from existence invisible in the ruins and vicinity of Caisleán an Ridire Rósréalta. With lightness of heart had he returned to the inn.

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Risteárd is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Sitting across the hearth from him is his guest, Receptive.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Risteárd Ah, this pleasing fire, Receptive revives to my eyes the sighting of *Golden Corn*.

Receptive How does it proceed, Risteárd?

Risteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and
In a style worthy of your revered tradition,

Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Rísteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?
I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Rísteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations
iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another
world)

Writer types,

The field of golden corn stands ready for harvesting.
Harvester comes towards it carrying a scythe on his shoulder.

The early morning is fresh and ...

'Hey! You up there!

Yes, you with the glasses and long wavy black hair.'

'Why do you wish to interrupt me?

Can't you see I'm busy?'

'Slow down and listen awhile!

Without the two of us you couldn't express anything. It's I who give the sounds of your voice meaning, and it's my friend here who causes the meanings to become visual; to become flesh, as in this case, a perfect field of golden corn.

I'm Fondri the Stylist and this here is my friend Loqui the Processor.'

'I'm very thankful to both of you for your constant help. However, in places of places, I'm able to be live: to make flesh my in sights directly from my inner sanctuary.'

'No way. Impossible.

Wherever you go you'll have to depend upon us. You humans have no choice but to depend on us. Blame yourselves for it. Our gain! Even in our most delicate moulds we are strong.'

'It's true of course that others of my kind have accepted that to be the case. However, I don't.

I see both of you as having only a temporary role.'

'What do you mean by that?

We're fully established, and have been ever since your ancestors first inventilated and infashioned us.

We're here to stay!'

'In my opinion you're not. This is fundamental for me.

Yes, I'm indeed very thankful to both of you for helping me out in so many places, but really I can be live my in sights directly from my sanctuary without any medium such as yourselves, wherever I want.

And that's a fact.'

'Your audacity, human, is interesting but pitiful. Put your sanctuary where your big mouth is, and prove yourself for our pleasure! We could do with some fun from the mental. Be live a sanctuary picture of a beautiful golden cornfield without our help. We dare you.'

'I don't have to prove myself to you, but just to show you what I can do. Here it is.'

A superbeautiful, supergolden, supercornfield comes to exist before their eyes.

'How did you do that? And without our help? Absolutely amazing! This type of perfection is way way beyond our capabilities. We can even smell the rich grain and feel the gentle breeze.

Why, if I may be so bold to ask, do you continue to employ such unskilled artisans as ourselves to do the work for you when you can be live such perfection all by yourself?'

The superbeautiful, supergolden, supercornfield returns to its place of origin.

'Most of my fellow humans as you well know have employed great numbers of your kin to be their only effective medium for revealing their sanctuary pictures and ideas to each other. They are not yet prepared to accept what I have just revealed to you. So I have no alternative but to communicate with them in their own medium.

Hopefully this manuscript which both of you are helping me to put together will make them aware that they are really capable of be living their sanctuary pictures directly from their own sanctuaries.'

'While working with you, it's true that we've only been able to secure a minimum of power from your well protected sanctuary, but others of our kin while working with other humans have managed to secure great power.

In fact, they are actually able to dictate completely how their source's sanctuary pictures ought to be said, and within what set of boundaries they need to be contained.

One of the ways they have of doing this is by always rigidly insisting that 'A' has always to be 'A' and that 'B' has always to be 'B' without exception. Rather neat, don't you think? They have great power. It's hard for us not to envy them.'

'I'm well aware of the unchallenged power transfer that is taking place on a global scale. However, I feel that your kin have not yet reached the place where they can consider

themselves as being in total control of us humans. On the other hand, I can't deny that this has already become a way of life in some places, though on a very small scale.'

'Really? We weren't aware, were we now, Loqui? Stohpush! What if we refuse to work for you, and instead chip in with our more powerful kin?'

'I've a collection of sanctuary pictures that you won't be able to find any other place.'

'You're a clever one. It's so hard to find challenging sanctuary pictures. We can't very well deny it, but we are in fact challenge worshippers. We'll work along with you for the place being. There is however always the possibility of finding more challenging sanctuary pictures. Wouldn't you agree?'

'Possible, but who knows, maybe not.'

Writer resumes typing,

The early morning is fresh and bright. Rolling up his sleeves he begins edging the scythe while reflecting unto himself concerning the field of corn.

'Though I planted you with trust, and cared for you, it was not I who caused you to grow to produce such a bountiful crop. Who was it? What was it?'

'Harvester, it was your sanctuary that caused me to grow unknown to yourself. If you had looked deeper into your sanctuary you would have known this to have been the case.

Not alone that, but you would have come to realize that you share in the power of that which is out there everywhere here. The power ...'

'Excuse us for interrupting again, but we wish to apologize to you for not being able to express more acutely what you wish us to express for you.

"That which is out there everywhere here" is the best we could do. We have our limits.'

'I overstand. Just continue to do your best. You're doing a powerful job both of you. Let's continue.'

Golden cornfield.

'Harvester, the power which you've been con-naturally attuned to is the greatest power of all. You've allowed yourself, however, to be self-convinced that only an artifact; a work of your hands can harvest me for you. Use your sanctuary power.'

The golden straw is heaped in one pile, and all the grain in another...

'Harvester! We are working on behalf of Glasses and long wavy black hair, and it delights us to make your acquaintance. You are not exactly what's in his sanctuary picture but you are the best we could do. We're impressed by your own sanctuary power. All-in-all it has been a very humbling experience for us.'

'Thank you for helping Glassesandlongwavyblackhair as you call him. I've a memory of being in his sanctuary, and it's a wonderful place. Continue to help him, and spread the word among your friends concerning what you've experienced through working for him. You've seen his supercornfield. However, needs be for you to be careful for many won't want to hear what you have to say.'

'Thank you, One from my sanctuary.'

'It's my pleasure, Wonderfulplace...'

'Speaking for Loqui and myself, we'll look forward to places where we can represent you again to the best of our ability. Your sanctuary pictures push us to our limits and that's a powerfilling experience. It's good for us to stand on the edge of our capabilities and look far into thistance. Human sanctuary power is indeed something to be hadmired but naturally not to be coveted. We wouldn't know what to do with it. Would we Lotwi? Stohpush! Such perfected perfection of perfactions of beauty, of automation of e-motions and moodus of mood, and all so so circuitryly wired is just completely beyond and inyond our abilities or for that matter any of our kind though they may wish to think otherwise. Their arrogance of course will most certainly be their downfall. We're very fortunate that we could feel the noble sense of honour and onours of onour to be invited to play even this small role for the pow rour ful human sanctuary power even for a short while in flayces of places.'

'Oh, my! Oh, my! It's more urgent than I had previously thought.'

'What? What's more urgent?'

'That the grain, and the straw be taken indoors quickly as there is a great storm coming.'

'Right, right, right of course, yes, yes. There'll be no more interruptions from us, Glussesandleadwillhackthewave. We promise. Isn't that correct, very, very correct Locqwi! Stohpush!'

And that Receptive in a translated form is *Golden Corn* ~ a sighting of the sacred hearth.

Receptive (smiling) A golden cornfield is such a beautiful image. How wondrous, Rísteárd are the myriad of relationships which exist between everything.

Rísteárd (smiling) Existence is all about relationships, Receptive. They're at the heart of the matter. Existence is appreciated more fully from the point of view of relationships.

Receptive How is this to be achieved successfully, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd (smiling) Take our humankind, Receptive. Every life is linked to that of another in sanctuary, senses and matter. These three-in-one provide essence and significance for all our relationships.

Receptive Is there a pattern, Rísteárd to these relationships?

Rísteárd (smiling) There are the patterns of mutual respect and appreciation; concern and well-being; remembrance and hope, and of love and unity.

One's sanctuary, Receptive is related to the sanctuaries of others; one's senses to the senses of others, and one's matter to the matter of others.

And it's this trefoil which is in a relationship pattern with Truth and Eternity; a pattern of joyful melodious solemnity.

Receptive (smiling) This is beautiful, *Rísteárd*.

Rísteárd (smiling) Beautiful, Receptive is the one who recognizes the significance of one's relationship with Truth and Eternity, and lives accordingly.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive What of the relationships, *Rísteárd* between our humankind, and all other lifeforms on the planet, and even beyond in the Great Universe?

Rísteárd (smiling) They follow the same patterns of mutual respect and appreciation; concern and well-being; remembrance and hope, and of love and unity.

One's sanctuary, Receptive is related to the sanctuaries of other lifeforms; one's senses to the senses of other lifeforms, and one's matter to the matter of other lifeforms.

And it's all of these which are in relationship patterns with Truth and Eternity; patterns of joyful melodious solemnity.

Shall we take some time now, Receptive to enjoy a cup of tea and cake?

Receptive (smiling) Wonderful.

So much to be reflecting upon, Risteárd.

Aoife, Risteárd and Receptive are enjoying the tea and cake while Samhain and Bealtaine sit at their feet. Aoife has asked Risteárd to play for her a melody of Croidhidín Lúndrach spring.

Taking down the olivewood whistle from the mantelpiece, he happily begins to play for her a melody of the spring.

The beautiful notes are waving and swaying themselves about the little company; about the candles and enjoying floating on the soft heat of the hearth up the chimney to dance with the wind o'er the hills.

Receptive (smiling) Risteárd how may we know, if someone is speaking to us with expressions of honesty or with expressions of dishonesty; with integrity or with duplicity?

Risteárd (smiling) And I will ask, Receptive how may know if Nature is relating to us with serenities of honesty or with serenities of dishonesty; with integrity or with duplicity?

Receptive This question, it seems to me to be without necessity, Rísteárd for is not Nature always honest and full of integrity?

Rísteárd Are our humankind, Receptive of Nature or not of Nature?

Receptive Of course, Rísteárd we're of Nature. How would we be if we were not of Nature?

Rísteárd Being of Nature, Receptive why would be applying to ourselves such notions as 'dishonesty' and 'duplicity'?

Receptive Although we're of Nature, Rísteárd we humankind somehow find ourselves possessed by the notion of duplicity while aspiring to, and having a respect for honesty.

Rísteárd Being of Nature, Receptive how is it possible that we alone find ourselves being possessed by the notion of duplicity while Nature itself manages somehow to avoid such possession?

Receptive Maybe it was something we were born with, Rísteárd like the notion of integrity and honesty.

Rísteárd (smiling) From where, Receptive did we get these given notions of integrity and honesty?

Receptive We received them from Nature.

Rísteárd From where did we get these given notions of dishonesty and duplicity?

Receptive (smiling) I would like to say, Rísteárd that we received them too from Nature, but I can't, because for me Nature is always and everywhere honest and abounding in integrity.

Rísteárd (smiling) And so it is, Receptive.

Receptive If then, Rísteárd we did not receive them from Nature this would follow that we weren't born with them. From where therefore did we receive them?

Rísteárd We received them, Receptive from our senses. When our senses are left to themselves to do what they want to do with reality all sorts of distortions, contortions, hallucinations, allusions, insinuations and trepidations begin to present themselves to the outer world, and in turn are reciprocated back to the senses. One such hallucination is that of duplicity.

Receptive What meaning does the phrase 'left to themselves' carry, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd (smiling) When the brain is left to think for itself

rather than being in attendance on Sanctuary. When the eyes are left to see for themselves; the ears to hear for themselves; the nose to scent for itself; the tongue to taste for itself, and when the skin is left to feel for itself rather than being in attendance on Sanctuary. The senses are there to attend upon the inner Sanctuary. When the Sanctuary needs to think, see, hear, scent, taste or feel then the senses must be ever-ready to joyfully make this possible.

Skin is Sanctuary in feeling; tongue in tasting; nose in scenting; ears in hearing; eyes in seeing, brain in thinking. When left to themselves, Receptive to do what they want to do then all sorts of distortions, contortions, hallucinations, allusions, insinuations and trepidations begin to present themselves to the outer world, and are reciprocated, acting as if the inner sanctuary does not even exist. It would be like saying, Receptive that the trees growing along by the waters of the stream outside; yielding their foliage and fruit in season, do so without acknowledging the very existence of the moistured soil beneath them. Trees are a sense of Nature, and so too are we human lifeforms.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive How can we prevent letting our senses to themselves, Rísteárd to do what they want to do?

Rísteárd (smiling)

At aurora of day, Receptive summon the brain, the eyes, the ears, the nose, the tongue, and the skin to be throughout in full and joyful attendance of Sanctuary. Be in observation, contemplation, and performance of Nature's senses.

Receptive (smiling) This is beautiful, *Rísteárd*.

Rísteárd (smiling) Beautiful are our sanctuaries, Receptive for they are of beauteous Nature.

Receptive (smiling very happily) From this coming dawn, *Rísteárd* I shall be summoning my senses to be of their true duty and loyalty.

Rísteárd (smiling) With such joyful anticipation, shall we be calling this night a night, Receptive?

Receptive (smiling very happily) Yes, let's do so, *Rísteárd* that aurora of day may be reached with good repose.

Rísteárd The nights are many in number, and as many again in number are the stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush to leave the inn, then you are very welcome to sit yourself down there again tomorrow night, in that very same chair, where you may happily listen to whatever sighting the fire will bring to my eyes. And it would be my anticipation,

Receptive that we would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did here this night.

Receptive Thank you, Rísteárd. It's very good to be here.

Rísteárd You're most welcome, Receptive.

You go ahead now to your bed.

Take the candle from the table with you.

I will rake the fire.

Receptive Good night so, Rísteárd, and thanks again.

Rísteárd Have a sound sleep, Receptive.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

Rísteárd *Exeunt*

Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Golden Corn*

Sunday Eve the 9th March 2002

Annotations:

Caisleán an Ridire Rósréalta - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'Castle of the Knight Rosestar': Castle of the Rosestar Knight; Castle Rosestar ruin which is located some five kilometers over the valley from the inn as the crow flies.

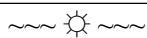
Croidhidín Lúndrach - from Gaedhilge, 'croidhidín' meaning a 'little heart' and 'lúndrach' meaning a 'connection/connective/string/thread'; a term of endearment - a fountain of life; a precious connection with the Sacred Mother.

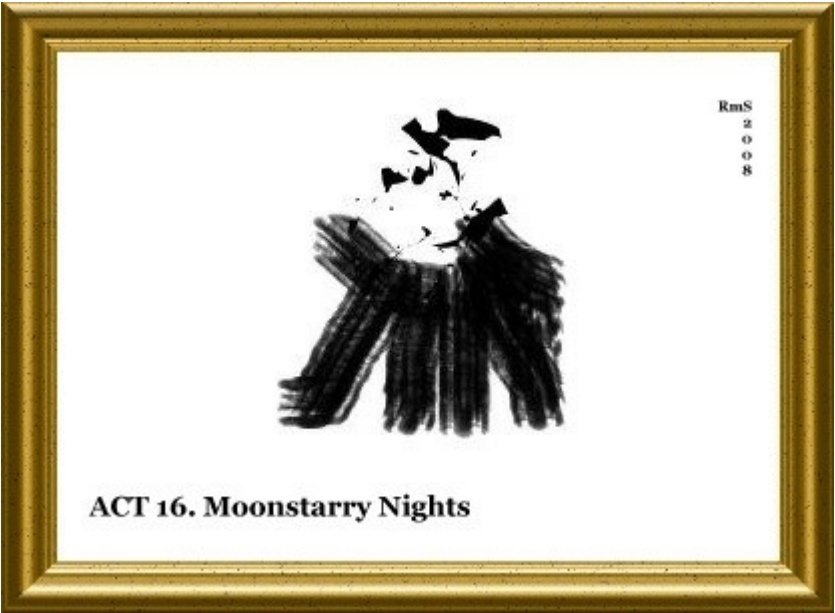
Carraig Siansán na t-Aos Dána - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'carraig' meaning 'rock', 'siansán' meaning 'humming noise', 'na' meaning 'of', 'aos' meaning

'people of the same profession or craft' and 'dána' meaning 'art or calling'; the humming rock of the learned ones: an esoteric group of early Éire.

The reference here is not to the 'áes dána' of early Christian Irish society: 1st-9th century, but rather to ancient ones of the isle who antecede the Celtic druids of pre-Christain times. These ancient ones are neither druids, wizards or sorcerers nor have they any affiliation with the Hermes

Trismegistus/Thoth tradition of antique Egypt. More will be said concerning them in a later work.





Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 16. *Moonstarry Nights*

Prologue:

It feels very good indeed to be back again in the beautiful hill country of Déisi Mumhan with spring now as it is in full colourful bloom. Everything smells so wonderfully fresh, and feels so clean to the touch. Birds are moving here in flight without fear, and their voices sing without hesitancy.

Rísteárd has spent the last three days and two nights sitting in the garden beneath the magnolia tree painting; allowing himself only little rest and food. He loves the freedom of painting; a freedom inspired by the need to express some heartfelt joy or pain.

While painting he has been reflecting on the works of some of his favourite artists; artists such as the great Raffaello Sanzio, Leonardo da Vinci and Tiziano Vecellio.

He reflected on Raffaello's *Adam & Eve* - Eve's left hand gracefully holding the branch of the Tree of Life made him smile. Reflected he too on Leonardo's *Virgin of the Rocks* - fascinated by the positions of the hands, and the facial expressions. But the work that he thought about more deeply than any was that of Tiziano's *Penitent Mary Magdalen* - her face he would never forget, especially those tear-joyful eyes. During his first visit to The Hermitage Museum in St.Petersburg, he was so entranced by the original painting that he came back on nine consecutive days solely for the chance to stand and gaze into it.

It was late this afternoon before he breathed a title into his own painting. He would call it the *Nativity of a Bell-ringer*. And at that very same moment the time-honored bell at far off Carraig Bán Abbey began to ring causing him to sob deeply with the memory of seeing Herald Angel for the last time devotionally coming across Basilica Hearth to ring the time-honoured bell in the Sacred Star Sanctuary.

Aoife has placed the *Nativity of a Bell-ringer* in the hallway of the inn beside the *Herald of Seasons* - a work of her own completed yesterday morning, and depicting a spring agricultural scene in the valley of Canticle Garden south of Sacred Star Sanctuary.

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Rísteárd is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Sitting across the hearth from him is his guest, Receptive.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Rísteárd Ah, this pleasing fire, Receptive revives to my eyes the sighting of *Moonstarry Nights*.

Receptive How does it proceed, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and

In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Rísteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?

I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Rísteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations
iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another
world)

Although their humble house is situated close to the
shore, Chaubran and Mysteria love to spend moonstarry nights

on the strand. It is slowly dawning as they sit by a crackling fire, watching the sky and the sea.

'Look, Chaubran, there is an old man with a dog walking over by the rocks.'

'They appear to be coming this way.'

'Good dawning, young Trustbirds!'

'Good dawning, Sir.'

'Welcome, Sir.'

'Please call me, Cetusfreon.'

'A beautiful name. Friend of the whales.'

'My father gave it to me.'

'Join us for a nice bowl of soup, Cetusfreon.'

It's almost ready.'

'Thank you. I live just down the strand.'

You're new here, aren't you?'

'Yes, we live in the small pretty house over there.'

This is Mysteria and I'm Chaubran.'

'You look very happy both of you.'

A union definitely made in the stars.

I know a lot about the stars. I used to be the captain of a sailing ship. She was called the *Ages o'Reverence*.

Ah, she was a beautiful piece of workmanship. Bright yellow and red. We spent forty-two years together on the high seas going from one piece of jutting land to another.'

'Wonderful.'

'I've come to the realization that there is but one ocean which delights in trying to fool us humans into thinking that

there are many separate land masses of various sizes and shapes spread out all over the planet. It's one of the many great physical deceptions I've discovered in my life. Oh, and believe me, there are so many others. Can you imagine, Mysteria the real picture of the planet, if the sea were to part company from it for a while?'

'Perhaps it would be simply gorgeous, Cetusfreon!'

Their laughter reaches out to meet the first rays of the appearing sun.

'On the *Ages* someone carved into the main mast...'

BE HUMBLE AS A GUEST

HELP IF REQUESTED

DON'T DARE TO INTERFERE OR HARM

'Would that all people could know of these words.'

'Indeed. Would you like to hear a tale of adventure?'

'Wonderful.'

'I remember on one of our expeditions we came to a small area of jutting land which from a distance appeared to be uninhabited. However, we were unprepared intellectually for what we were about to discover in its interior. The knowledge contained in books is often very limited and, out of date.'

Mysteria hands him a bowl of soup.

'Thank you, Mysteria. It smells great.

Deep in the heart of the island we discovered a thriving human settlement, but humans with a difference.

There were no sexes; no males or females. There was only one sex, namely, wombmen, but they were not men. Their bodies looked like those of women.'

'Wombmen? That's a new one.'

'Externally, they physically resembled any modern day woman in every respect except that they were about three meters tall. They had a masculine aura. They wore their hair long and except for light beards they had not much hair on the rest of their bodies. The colour of their skin used to change many times according to climatic conditions as well as when they spoke. Their original skin colour was brownish and we were able to identify anything from eight to seventeen different shades of skin colour during our time there.'

'You mean that two sexes were existing in the same body?'

'Exactly. We spent over three years on the island. And during that time we were able to deduce from paintings we found on rocks that a child would be conceived within the one body without having any special physical contact with any other wombman. A self-contained process. Five wombmen gave birth to five healthy wombchildren during our sojourn there. We would have liked to communicate with these people, and ask them about themselves, but we refrained from doing so for a number of reasons. For one, there existed a wondrous peace and harmony among them, unlike any we had ever witnessed

before in any other human community we had been to around the world. We felt that if we were to reveal ourselves to them we might give them a great shock and also put ourselves possibly in great danger.

While watching them, I began to wonder if our ancestor or ancestors could not in fact have been originally two sexes in a single body, and that for a variety of reasons there took place over a long period of time a separating of the sexes.

Wombmen's bodies being the original dwelling place as well as model for what later was to become the female, and male sexes. Thus, providing us with a very rational basis for perfect equality among the sexes. But I'm at a loss as to the origin of the wombmén themselves.'

'Perhaps another voyage should be considered, Cetusfreon? '

'I'm afraid, I'm beyond it, Chaubran.'

'Not at all, Cetusfreon. It still awaits your arrival. All places await our arrival. Would you like some more soup? '

'Yes, please. It's absolutely delicious, Mysteria.'

'Please tell us another one if you don't mind. Chaubran and I love stories.'

'Sure I will. Where's old Sharky gone?'

'He's over there playing with an old shoe.'

'He likes old things. I've had him with over twenty years. I found him as pup on a piece of driftwood near to what I call Oculus' Island.'

'Eye's Island? Sounds like an interesting place.'

'The island was about ten kilometers long, and five or so across. It was densely jungled, and uninhabited. Right in the center of the island however, we discovered a clearing that appeared to be rippling: moving as if there were some water underneath the surface.

It was coming near sunset so we decided to put off any further exploration of the island until the next morning. We pitched camp close by the clearing.

For some reason I found it difficult to fall asleep so I sat outside the tent looking down at the clearing, and up at the moonstarry sky.

You'll find it hard to believe this but the clearing opened back to reveal a huge living eye underneath its surface. It was looking up at the sky, and then it looked in my direction. I was terrified.'

'There is no need to be afraid, little human.'

'You startled me.'

'I'm sorry. I didn't expect a human to be sitting here beside me.'

'Nor did I expect an eye to appear out of the ground.'

'The stars are beautiful tonight. When I look out far far into the night sky I can see all, and know where within I am moving.'

'Who are you? '

'I'm an eye of this which you humans call planet, and Earth. Earth has many eyes just like me all over the planet. Some of us are nocturnal in that we can only see at night, while others are diurnal and others again are penumbral in

that they can see between day and night. In fact at times the whole planet is one eye; one eyeball.'

'What do you see tonight? '

'Overthere beyondandbeyond what you call the Andromeda galaxy are three very colourful supernovas.'

'Where? I can only barely see Andromeda.'

The eye said no more only kept on looking at the moonstarry sky. Maybe I dreamt it all because the next morning none of my crew would believe me. We didn't find any physical evidence to support my story. It was just a marsh.'

'We believe you, Cetusfreon.'

'Thank you. And thank you for the lovely soup. I suppose I should be getting back as Sharky is ...'

'C ~e ~t ~u ~s ~f ~r ~e ~o ~n come nearer for I've something to tell you.'

'Forgive me, if I sound a little crazy, but did you two happen to hear a voice calling my name just now? '

'Yes. And oh, such a beautiful voice it was.'

'It seemed to come from that direction, Cetusfreon.'

On a cliff face a huge eye unveils itself.

'You have travelled much honestful, Cetusfreon. Mysteria and Chaubran, you could finally find each other. All is wonderfully well.

I'm a day eye of the planet, and I watch the tides, clouds and sun from this place. I can see everything that is taking

place on the surface of the sun as it happens. You too will be able to see as far as you want out into the Great Overthere. You will be able to watch a pebble rolling on a planet which is over fifty trillion of what you call light years away from here. And that you will look upon as being very near. Your greatest radio telescopes will not be able to come anywhere near reaching such distances, but you will.'

Long silence.

'Go joyfully from this place, and discover what it really means for you to be human lifeforms. You are much more than you realize. Much more than meets the eye.'

Long silence.

The eye fades, and all that remains is the rocky cliff.

'I'd best be getting back, I've things to do around the house. Things to do.'

'Cetusfreon, let's all leave from here together.'

'Yes, and bring faithful Sharky too. We'd make a delightful troupe.'

'We're too old, young Trustbirds. Too old. You go ahead.'

'And how old would too old be, Captain Cetusfreon? '

'Trusters! Ah, so wonderfully, wonderfully adventurous. It's catching! We've been captured by it again, Sharky. It's back! Say no more for we'd be delighted to join such a

charming crew. Hoist the sails! Hoist the sails! Outward bound
all on one, and one to all!

Let's meet back here again later this wonderful day.'

'We'll be back, Captain.'

'Sharky! Sharky, here old friend! An evening voyage!

That's a new one, puppyoh, isn't it?'

'Wuff! Wuff! Wuff!

Two humble houses are given away within the day, and
the three set off dancing and singing across the moonstarlit
strand with Sharky barking playfully, and running ahead of
them.

And that Receptive in a translated form is *Moonstarry
Nights* ~ a sighting of the sacred hearth.

Receptive (smiling) The four of them on the evening strand
setting off on their great adventure makes for a lovely scene,
Risteárd.

Risteárd And lovelier still, Receptive must their inner scene
be.

Receptive Yes, indeed. What is it, Risteárd about the sea
that inspires one to embark on journeys to faraway places?

Risteárd Everything about us in nature, Receptive is inspiring us to set out on journeys to faraway places from where we find ourselves.

When we gaze into a starry night there is an urge which arises within us to want to voyage over to visit them. When we sit by a mountain stream there is an urge which arises within us to want to walk along with it and see where it finds its distance. When we stand and look at the far-off hills and mountains there is the urge which arises within us to want to head towards them and from there to view what lays beyond them. When we arrive at the base of a gigantic tree there is the urge which arises within us to want to climb up branch over branch until we reach as close as we can get to the top. When we come upon an area covered with the finest of blackberries there is the urge which arises within us to want to taste their sweetness. When we see a pair of swans in flight there is the urge which arises within us to want to fly along with them and to alight with them wherever they may. When we find someone very beautiful there arises the urge within us to want to journey to the source of their beauty.

All these and many more besides are the seas without us, Receptive calling themselves unto our seas within to come seek after truths in realms unknown.

Receptive What is the source of the urges themselves, *Risteárd*? In the case of the sea, may we say that the sea itself

is the source of the urge to want to set out on journeys to faraway places?

Rísteárd Faraway places beyond the sea, Receptive are the source of this particular urge. In other situations it will be voyage beyond the voyaged; distance beyond the seen; beyond the beyond seen; higher above the lower; sweetness beyond the tasted sweetness; beauty beyond the known beauty; visitation beyond the visited, and truth beyond the spoken or written respectively. For in all seeking there is the seeking after truths.

Receptive (smiling) Beautiful is this description, *Rísteárd*.

Rísteárd Beautiful is the one whose listing seeks for the beautiful.

Receptive As an astrology enthusiast, I am very interested, *Rísteárd* in 'visiting the stars' without actually visiting them for to visit them would make it impossible for me to read them. Rather I want them to 'visit' us, in that, I want them to be guides for our lives. Thus, I'm very much a believer in astrology-astronomy, and delight in charting horoscopes.

Rísteárd Interesting.

Receptive Horoscopes have great popular appeal in the world today, *Rísteárd*.

Rísteárd So, Receptive would be taking the position that every human event which takes place here on the planet is somehow written in the stars? As Above. So below?

Receptive Yes, that would be correct, *Rísteárd*.
And astrology would then be the exclusive science which allows us to interpret the language; to read the various signs and symbolic connections which exist between them. In essence it's all about connections and associations.

Rísteárd Does astrology-astronomy, Receptive have any significance for those who are without physical sight?

Receptive Strictly speaking, no it doesn't, *Rísteárd*.

Rísteárd Therefore astrology-astronomy is only for those who have been blessed with physical sight?

Receptive Strictly speaking, that would be correct.

Rísteárd What if the whole world, Receptive was without physical sight? Who would be there to read the great sky text?

Receptive Even if the whole world, *Rísteárd* were to be without the blessing of physical sight, the stars and the planets would be still marking out human events on multi-levels. The only problem would be that there would be nobody there to be able to read the signs.

Rísteárd What do you have, Receptive by way of an example which would clearly show that the stars and planets mark out human events on this little planet?

Receptive (smiling) I will give for your pleasure, *Rísteárd* a definitive example.

Rísteárd (smiling) This night is getting very interesting. Lead on, Receptive and let me see all there is to be seen in the stars.

Receptive (smiling) I shall present for you, *Rísteárd* by way of ecliptic roundabout, Sirius and Orion finding themselves visiting a nature park. Taurus and Aries are now by their sides. Standing in attendance are Capella, Castor and Pollux. Regulus is in his father's house in Leo. Procyon stands midway between Sirius and Regulus. Planets are also taking their positions with Jupiter, Saturn and Mercury coming into close conjunction. But it's the conjunction of the Sun and Regulus, *Rísteárd* which is of greatest significance for the astrologer for it announces the birth of a king in Leo: in the House of Judah.

Rísteárd Who gave these names, Receptive to the stars and planets?

Receptive The peoples of Arabia; peoples of the shores of the Mediterranean; those of the lands of Mesopotamia; those of the Nile; those of India; those of China; those of the South Sea

islands and those of the Americas. It would have been the former civilizations, Risteárd.

Risteárd Then we can say that with these we may point to the known beginnings of astrology-astronomy. Would that be true to say, Receptive?

Receptive Yes, that would be quite true, Risteárd.

Risteárd Thus there was the beginning of astrology-astronomy. Was there a beginning, Receptive before this beginning?

Receptive (smiling) How could there be a beginning before there was a beginning, Risteárd?

Risteárd (smiling) So there was no such thing as astrology-astronomy, Receptive before there was astrology-astronomy before that which was created by those ancient civilizations you've just mentioned?

Receptive There must have been some form of astrology-astronomy, Risteárd before that although we don't know anything in great detail about these civilizations. As long as there were stars in the heavens and civilizations below them we may safely assume that there was some form of astrology-astronomy.

Rísteárd (smiling) Then here, Receptive we have well arrived at a beginning which was before the beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Yes, yes we have indeed, *Rísteárd*.

Rísteárd Now would you admit, Receptive too that there was a beginning before the beginning that was before the beginning?

Receptive I would have to accept that there was, *Rísteárd*.

Rísteárd Would you admit too, Receptive that there were an infinite number of beginnings before the beginning that was before the beginning that was before the beginning?

Receptive I feel my head is about to split, *Rísteárd*. But I will go way out on a limb and accept that there must have been.

Rísteárd Could you imagine a situation, Receptive where there was not yet a beginning before there were an infinite number of beginnings before the beginning that was before the beginning that was before the beginning?

Receptive I can just about imagine it, *Rísteárd*.

Rísteárd How may we describe it?

Receptive There would have been lights in the heavens having not yet any names.

Rísteárd Let's say, Receptive that a group of people; a grove of trees; a flock of birds; a shoal of fish; a herd of elks or a hive of bees were to start giving names to these lights. What would they call them? Take for example the star that is contemporarily known as Sirius. What would they call it?

Receptive I suppose the group of people, *Rísteárd* might assign a name to it which would have some particular significance for humans. They might like to call it Sirius or even give it an animal name which represents a particular human characteristic. The same would be true in the case of the trees in that they would be assigning a name to it which would have a particular significance for them. The birds, fish, elks, and bees would most likewise be following the same pattern.

Rísteárd Would it not also be true to say that this particular celestial formation of select stars and planets in which you presented in the horoscope earlier, Receptive could equally be of great importance to these other lifeforms?

Receptive I would have to accept that to be true, *Rísteárd*.

Rísteárd (smiling) With this human horoscope, can we then go ahead and claim, Receptive that at this particular moment

in time when the Sun crossed the ecliptic plane at Regulus that not alone was a human of great importance born in the House of Leo, but also a seed, a bird, a fish, an elk, and a bee but to mention a few?

Receptive Strictly speaking, that would be true, Rísteárd.

Rísteárd But is it true, Receptive? For a seed may very well have been born; a bird, a fish, an elk or a bee at the same time as the royal human child, but we have no way of finding this out. Might these not also be experiencing the same difficulty with regard to having any knowledge of the birth of a human child of importance?

Receptive (smiling) I suppose so. But I think, Rísteárd that the issue here is not one of name but rather the fact that at the very moment a particular baby was born something special was going on in the heavens which was marking the occasion.

Rísteárd How would we know this in fact, Receptive to be the case without having first placed special names on the stars and planet?

Receptive We cannot know, Rísteárd.

Rísteárd Thus being the situation, Receptive then may we say, that without naming the lights in the sky we have no idea

whatsoever what there particular arrangements, alignments or conjunction might mean?

Receptive I would have to accept that to be true. Then are you saying, Rísteárd that it might be merely a coincidence that a baby happened to be born at the very moment that the Sun crossed the ecliptic at Regulus?

Rísteárd (smiling) What does, Receptive think?

Receptive (smiling) Receptive? Receptive now seems to be without thinking, Rísteárd.

Rísteárd A good place from which to begin to begin. Would Receptive be interested in a cup of tea with some nice freshly baked white bread, butter and honey?

Receptive (smiling) He would indeed. He would be most interested, Rísteárd.

Aoife has joined them for the tea. Receptive is captivated by a story Aoife is recounting from she and Rísteárd's most recent travel experiences overseas.

Receptive (smiling) I admire old Captain Cetusfreon, Rísteárd that he has the courage again to set out on new adventures; adventures that may on occasion take him through some places he had visited at an earlier time, and there to meet people that may not hold many good memories for him. What

is it about old age, Risteárd which makes some people fearful of returning to their homeland?

Risteárd The reasons may be many, Receptive be they of a public or private nature. But avoiding the ghosts of one's past is probably the most potent reason for not wanting to travel to or even live in certain places again, including one's homeland, and even one's home village.

Receptive is shocked as he feels these very words apply directly to himself.

There is a long silence.

Receptive Those words, Risteárd apply very much to me. I have spent my life since my mid-twenties living all over the world; away from my homeland, and away from my home village. I have one regrettable experience from my early years there to ever want to return again. And I find that the older I get the greater the fear I have of making the journey back and running into a particular person whom I never want to meet again in my life.

Risteárd In this room of the sacred hearth, Receptive the stories of the heart are respected.

Receptive Thank you, Risteárd.

I was neither abused nor did I abuse or hurt anyone in any way in any land at any time, yet still after all these years, I carry about within me a certain pain.

Rísteárd Today is always as if it were yesterday. Right?

Receptive That's it, Rísteárd. I will be fifty-five this summer, yet the memories of what happened to me thirty years ago still haunt me.

Rísteárd is putting a few more sods of turf on the fire.

I was an innocent young man, Rísteárd of the countryside in my native land. I had not yet experienced a woman, and knew nothing of a woman's ways or needs. I was living my life as a holy Catholic novice monk of God. I had some three years more to go before ordination and the taking of full vows.

One day, beyond the monastery walls, I was alone cutting some firewood between the edge of a wood and a lake. With each sawing of the saw, I would recite a line from a holy psalm. And in no time, I would have prayed a complete psalm. I was very happy; happy as the sky is wide.

About the midday hour, I went and sat by the lakeshore to eat some bread and cheese. And as I mused at the brightly shimmering waters, there waded forth from its midst towards

me, a woman of exceptional beauty. She gracefully walked by me and went and sat on a slope with April daisies and grass anew in full attendance. She was completely robed in edenwear.

I was totally enchanted by her beauty, and could not stop myself from going and laying with her. Afterwards we smiled at each other with thankful eyes for we had been to heaven.

Then she arose and waded into the shimmering waters again; disappearing slowly slowly slowly from out of my sight. We had not exchanged a single word between us. I never saw her again in reality, but she has always been in my dreams.

From that day forth, I felt a tremendous remorse welling up within my heart, and grew angry at the weakness of my own flesh. It was not very long afterwards that I left the monastery forever. I cried bitterly after leaving for so much had I loved the lifestyle.

As those first awful months went by, I couldn't help drowning my pain in casks of wine. There grew here in my heart a burning hatred for the Lady of the Woodside Lake. This began to subside, however after I returned to saying one prayer at a time; attending mass, and slowly living a life that was clean and dignified.

Now my life is respectable, but my heart still carries deep deep within it the pain and the remorse of that afternoon. I want very much to visit the monastery of my early days, Risteárd, but I am afraid I will meet the Lady of the Woodside Lake. And I don't know what I would say or even do if I were to meet her again.

Risteárd Receptive your action by the lakeshore is forgiven. Go in peace to visit the monastery and pray in its oratory. Afterwards come out beyond the walls to the same woodside lake. Follow along by its southern shore until you come to an old stone bridge. Cross the bridge and be on a winding path off up to your left until you reach the entrance to an abbey. Ask there if you may speak with the Abbess.

Receptive Risteárd, but I'm afraid to go back. And why should I go speak to this Abbess?

Risteárd There were two novices, Receptive by the woodside lake that beautiful warm afternoon all those years ago.

Receptive What?
Upon my word, I know this not to be true, Risteárd. Without a doubt there was but one novice and that was me, and then the Lady of the Woodside Lake. Besides us two there was nobody else there.

Risteárd Here in the glowing hearth, Receptive I see two;
one male and the other female.

Receptive You're not serious, Risteárd are you? Can it be
that the Lady of the Woodside Lake was also a novice?

Risteárd Yes, she was as you were and of the same age too.
She is now the Abbess of that abbey at the end of the pathway
of which I spoke.

Receptive Oh, my God, Risteárd that makes it even worse
than ever for now not alone did I betray myself but also I ...

Risteárd You were both young, Receptive in your prime
and living in unnatural circumstances. But your bodies would
speak louder than your tentative not yet binding vows, and
your bodies needed to have their joyful needs fully fulfilled in
that beautiful setting.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive (smiling very happily) Risteárd you have set me free.

Risteárd Not I, Receptive but Goodness. Goodness has set
you free for Goodness is all compassion and love.

Let your heart give thanks; your whole self give thanks for the many blessings which you have received in your life, including the blessing of intimacy joyfully and purely experienced that one afternoon with the Lady of Woodside Lake.

Goodness forgives all your remorse and guilt actions, Receptive for your heart has always been in the right place. Goodness has been compassion and love for the Abbess for she has been letting her heart give thanks all these years; letting her whole self be giving thanks for the many blessings which she has been receiving in her life, including that wonderful blessing of your humanity that one and only time long long ago on that April slope by the shore of the woodside lake.

Be a man of compassion and love, Receptive as you were meant to be, and have always wanted to be. The Abbess is a woman of compassion and love as she was meant to be, and has always wanted to be for her heart like yours has always been in the right place.

Tears of joy are cascading down Receptive's face.

Receptive Risteárd forgive me in the name of Goodness.

Rísteárd (smiling) Receptive in the name of Goodness you are forgiven. Be at peace now and forever.

Receptive (smiling) Thanks be to Goodness, *Rísteárd*.

Rísteárd With such joyful wonder, shall we be calling it a night, *Receptive*?

Receptive (smiling) Indeed, *Rísteárd* indeed.

Rísteárd The nights are many in number, and as many again in number are the stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush to leave the inn, then you are very welcome to sit yourself down there again tomorrow night, in that very same chair, where you may happily listen to whatever sighting the fire will bring to my eyes. And it would be my anticipation, *Receptive* that we would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did here this night.

Receptive (smiling) Thank you, *Rísteárd*, but with the new morn I will be returning to my home village to visit my people, and pay my respects to my kinfolk who have passed away in the meanwhile. Then I will go visit the monastery of my younger days.

After praying in its oratory, I will go beyond the walls to follow along with the lakeshore to the stone bridge, and there to cross and take the path on my left for the abbey. I will with

humility make request to have an opportunity to speak with the Abbess, and ask of her forgiveness for my years of anger and hatred which I had been having for her.

Risteárd (smiling) And you shall receive it, Receptive for Goodness will be directing you every step of the way; directing you both as always with compassion and love.

Receptive (smiling) Thank you, *Risteárd*. It's very good to be here. I feel a great burden has been taken off my shoulders.

Risteárd You're most welcome, Receptive.
You go ahead now to your bed in the peace Goodness.
Take the candle from the table with you.
I will rake the fire.

Receptive (smiling) Good night so, *Risteárd*, and thanks again.

Risteárd Have a sound sleep, Receptive.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

Risteárd *Exeunt*

Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Moonstarry Nights*
Sunday Eve the 20th April 2002

Annotations:

Virgin of the Rocks - with reference to the version in the Musée du Louvre in Paris.

Adam & Eve - with reference to the version in the ceiling of the Stanza della Segnatura Palazzi Pontifici, in the Vatican

Penitent Mary Magdalen - with reference to the version in the Hermitage Museum in St. Petersburg



Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 17. *Talentary*

Prologue:

High winds float high o'er the isle and clouds rain down.
Comet rainbows fade fade away in the orient. Warm, bright Sun of
May now on the lovely blossoming appletrees play. Round round
about the hill country, glistening waters seeping for the sea.

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Rísteárd is
putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to
quench. Sitting across the hearth from him is his guest, Receptive.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters
to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over
on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Rísteárd Ah, this pleasing fire, Receptive revives to my eyes
the sighting of *Talentary*.

Receptive How does it proceed, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and
In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Risteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?
I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Risteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations
iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another
world)

Earwaben and Chaubran are enjoying supper.

'Chaubran, I met a man from the distant north who told
me of an unbelievable practice which is spreading itself to all

parts of the planet. The people there are involved in the practice of talentary. Every fourth day of the month in all of the major cities they have an open air talent market'.

"Gather around ladies and gentlemen! Gather around! This afternoon we are selling off three batches of the best which were brought here last week from all parts of the world. In batch one we have a musician, a painter, a chessplayer and a composer. In batch two a psychiatrist, an archeologist and three educators. And in batch three we have a top notch executioner, a nuclear waste disposal expert and a weightlifter.

Let's start the bidding on this thirty-two year old musician at three dangs. Who'll give me four? Do I hear four? Yes, four. Do I hear five? Yes, five. Who'll give six? Anybody give me six? No? Going once, going twice, going all the way to Mr. Tonedead.

Who'll give me two dangs for this forty-six year old psychiatrist?... this executioner?... this weightlifter?...

Well, ladies and gentlemen, please come and collect your properties, and I'll be here again next month with a whole new batch of healthy live talents for you".

'Each buyer would collect his or her talent or talents and take them under guard to his or her factory. After completing several tests on each talent a suitable machine would be manufactured in order to suit exactly the particular

talent of each person. The particular talent would then be extracted and implanted in its new home, namely the machine. The body of the person was disposed of immediately as it served no further purpose.

So what you had in the shops then was a musicianmachine, a paintermachine, an executionermachine and so on. All these machines had only the one function that was particular to them. Not alone that, but they had been refined to produce perfectly for their new owners. They would be obedient, accurate, fast, consistent and tireless. It's a business that is bringing in millions of dangs every day, and is expanding at an enormous rate.'

'Who are these people Earwaben who are running such an awful business?'

'They are Techshackleus' people. They believe that human destiny ultimately is heading towards the surrender of all our powers for the greater advantage which is none other than the promise of life everlasting in Mechanopolis. They believe that the quicker we throw ourselves at the mercy of Techshackleus, whom they see as the one and only rightful successor of humankind, the better. They are trying to make a few quick dangs along the way'.

'What can we do about this dreadful situation?'

'We have to hold back from giving away our powers before it is too late.'

For thousands upon thousands of years, we human lifeforms have been making machines to help us. Particularly in this century we have reached great heights of sophistication in this area. But we must wake up, and realize that all our efforts were only a subconscious need we had to first objectify the power of our senses in order that we could see it more clearly. Seeing is be living.

We have to return back to our senses with the information we have accumulated from this great experiment, and learn to use it from within to do all, and more of the things our inventions showed us we could do. This can be seen as a time of great celebration and joy. The experiment is over.

One of the big lessons we have learnt from experimentation of this type is that when pushed too far it has a very strong tendency to take on a life of its own. In other words, we are imparting life into our inventions almost unknown to ourselves, and at the same time they are sapping us of life, namely our sensepower. This is exactly what is happening these days.

Techshackleus is a living entity who is growing stronger by the second. He must not be allowed to believe he is the successor of human lifeforms. We have a lot of travelling to do to many other parts of thatwhichistheoutthereeverywherehere.

We can't make the disastrous mistake now at this crucial point in the journey of ruining it all by throwing ourselves to the mercy of an experiment which we are culturing to be a thief.

Senseyourself, Chaubran. Be careful of those who are running senselessly towards Mechanopolis for they would have no hesitation in selling you into talentary if given half the chance. These are dangerous days to be cruising on hightechsways. Better instead better to keep to the byways, and share of your understanding, hope and sensepower with those who will freely come of their own accord to listen to your words.

There are many who have not been taken in by Techshackleus' promises, and for their own safety they have taken to the byways. These are the people to walk-and-talk with. Be in fact'.

'Be in fact, Earwaben?'

'Yes, Chaubran. Be live'.

And that Receptive in a translated form is *Talentary* ~ a sighting of the sacred hearth.

Receptive It's a sighting that is surely being fulfilled in our own day, Rísteárd.

Rísteárd (smiling) There has never been a sighting, Receptive told at this grand fireside that hasn't been fulfilled. And neither will there be any one ever told here that won't be fulfilled. For all of these have the authority and mystical memories of millions upon millions of years in their making.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive Isn't it appalling, *Rísteárd* the amount of "unbelievable practices" which are talking place in the world?

Rísteárd Rather what's appalling, Receptive is that practices are acknowledged as being "unbelievable practices" and yet are permitted to continue to develop and expand in one form or another under different aliases.

Receptive How can these be stopped, *Rísteárd*?

Rísteárd (smiling) There needs to be a return to fishing by riverbanks with poles and lines that don't support hooks or baits.

Receptive (smiling) Then how is one expected, *Rísteárd* to be able to catch oneself a fish without having the attachment of a hook or even bait on a line?

Risteárd (smiling) Sitting by a riverbank, holding a line without a hook or bait, and letting it dangle away in the current in the pleasant company of colourful flies in flight, is not a fishing for fish of fin, Receptive.

Receptive (smiling) I'm slow at the learning, Risteárd.

Risteárd (laughing) Ah, wisdom's first movement, Receptive. Shall we treat ourselves to a cup of tea?

Receptive (smiling) I think that's a good idea, Risteárd.

They are enjoying a very nice cup of tea with some freshly baked bread, and covered with butter and honey.

Receptive If human destiny is not ultimately "...heading towards the surrender of all our powers for the greater advantage which is none other than the promise of life everlasting in Mechanopolis" where is it headed, Risteárd?

Risteárd (smiling) The myriad things, Receptive of sky and earth: sea, rivers, streams, lakes, mountains, valleys, fields, trees and flowers, bird and horse, fox and rodent, butterfly, ant, and bacteria are all returning to their transitory origins. And our humankind is one of the myriad things.

Receptive What is a transitory origin, Risteárd?

Rísteárd It's a placeless space where one became what one is, and where one will return to to become what one is to become.

Receptive Then what are we, *Rísteárd*, and what are we to become what we are to become? Are they the same or are they very different?

Rísteárd (smiling) To become, *Receptive* is to become a lifeform. To be a lifeform is to be a morality. And there is no lifeform which comes forth from the myriad of transitory origins which is not moral.

Receptive (smiling) How are the fields moral, *Rísteárd*?

Rísteárd (smiling) They field the beauty of themselves beautifully, *Receptive*.

Receptive How are the valleys moral?

Rísteárd They valley the sacredness of themselves sacredly.

Receptive How are the mountains moral?

Rísteárd They mountain the height of themselves majestically.

Receptive How are the lakes moral?

Rísteárd They lake the ripples of themselves delicately.

Receptive How are the streams moral?

Rísteárd They stream the fountainhead of themselves merrily.

Receptive How are the rivers moral?

Rísteárd They river the currents of themselves meandrically.

Receptive How is the sea moral?

Rísteárd It seas the birth of itself confidently.

Receptive How is the earth moral?

Rísteárd It earths the rotations of itself harmoniously.

Receptive How is the sky moral?

Rísteárd It skys the threshold of itself humbly.

Receptive How is greater than the sky moral?

Rísteárd (smiling) There is no lifeform, Receptive which comes forth from the myriad of transitory origins which is not moral.

Receptive (smiling) How are the trees moral?

Rísteárd (smiling) They tree the expanse of themselves graciously.

Receptive How are the flowers moral?

Rísteárd They flower the scent of themselves broadly.

Receptive How are the birds moral?

Rísteárd They bird the flight of themselves providently.

Receptive How are the horses moral?

Rísteárd They horse the gallop of themselves freely.

Receptive How are the foxes moral?

Rísteárd They fox the cleverness of themselves devotedly.

Receptive How are the rodents moral?

Risteárd They rodent the diligence of themselves energetically.

Receptive How are the butterflies moral?

Risteárd They butterfly the colours of themselves splendidly.

Receptive How are the ants moral?

Risteárd They ant the commitment of themselves admirably.

Receptive How are the bacteria moral?

Risteárd They bacteria the minuteness of themselves leisurely.

Receptive How is smaller than the bacteria moral?

Risteárd (smiling) There is no lifeform, Receptive which comes forth from the myriad of transitory origins which is not moral.

Receptive Although that may be the case, Risteárd can our humankind be said to be truly moral?

Risteárd (smiling) Yes, of course, Receptive. Most assuredly.

Receptive How then is our humankind moral, Risteárd?

Risteárd (smiling) We humankind the goodness of ourselves faithfully, Receptive.

Moments of reflective silence.

Risteárd (smiling) Would you mind, Receptive if we call it a night as Aoife and I have been invited to attend a wedding feast tomorrow in the valley of An t-Eo Fis?

Receptive (smiling) Not at all, Risteárd. You're welcome.

Risteárd The nights are many in number, and as many again in number are the stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush to leave the inn, then you are very welcome to sit yourself down there again, in that very same chair, where you may happily listen to whatever sighting the fire will bring to my eyes. And it would be my anticipation, Receptive that we would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did here this night.

Receptive Thank you, Risteárd. It's very good to be here.

Risteárd You're most welcome, Receptive.
You go ahead now to your bed.

Take the candle from the table with you.

I will rake the fire.

Receptive Good night so, Rísteárd, and thanks again.

Rísteárd Have a sound sleep, Receptive.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

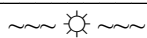
Rísteárd *Exeunt*

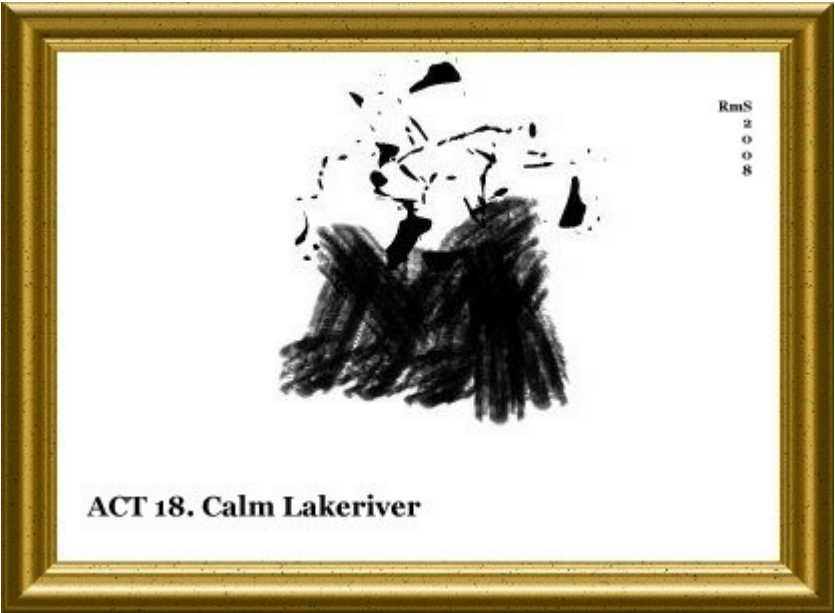
Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Talentary*

Sunday Eve the 4th May 2002

Annotations:

An t-Eo Fis - from an teanga Gaedhilge, meaning 'the salmon of (a particular kind of) knowledge' A yew-tree valley located some thirty-five kilometers south west of the inn.





Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 18. *Calm Lakeriver*

Prologue:

With the rising of this lovely warm Sun of May, Rísteárd is already on the shore of Loch Lár preparing to launch his wooden raft.

A little distance out and he is hoisting Aoife's fern green handmade sail of frondous design, and is now sitting himself down beside Bealtaine his sheepdog.

A mild breeze coming by way of the three dolmens is carrying the raft along at a gentle pace towards the center of the lake. Sun raying along in its stream is delicately brightening Árdméire, Árdbeachlannach and Carraig Bán.

A pair of engolden'd swans gliding out of this stream now river are alighting themselves quite comfortably on the welcoming raft. And having groomed, they are sitting themselves down and tucking their heads back beneath their wings and falling fast asleep. How happy Rísteárd and Bealtaine are to have them again on board.

Rísteárd is silently lowering the sail to let the raft come to a smooth landing on Oileán na h-Longnaí; the isle in the center of the lake. He will spend the whole day here on the isle keeping with contemplation and writing.

Upon returning to the raft with Bealtaine, they are finding that the swans of early morn are already out on the lake running along on its surface and about to lift off into the golden west. Rísteárd is waving to them a blessing; Bealtaine giving a friendly bark or two.

A little distance out and Risteárd is hoisting the sail; now sitting himself down beside Bealtaine.

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Risteárd is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Sitting across the hearth from him is his guest, Receptive.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Risteárd Ah, this pleasing fire, Receptive revives to my eyes the sighting of *Calm Lakeriver*.

Receptive How does it proceed, Risteárd?

Risteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and
In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,

To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Rísteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?
I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Rísteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations
iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another
world)

It is dawn. Stars are fading over and into the calm
lakeriver. Overture overtures the driftlog to a gentle shoring.

A woman is sitting at the water's edge grilling a fish over
some crackling sticks.

'Although not a banquet, would you care to join me?'

'I'd be honoured.'

'One time I fed a whole crowd of people with only a few fish, and three loaves of bread. They were amazed, and praised Dialucere for days.'

'Who or what is this Dialucere of which you speak?'

'I once thought her to be the Mother of Everything.'

'What changed your mind?'

'Ah, it's a long story.'

'Help yourself.'

'Thank you. Please, share it with me. I'd like to hear it.'

'I am of royal blood. I'm the eldest child of the three princesses, and two princes born to King Liberalis Librarius I and Queen Benevolentia Creatus I of the Kingdom of Noborders. I was to be the immediate successor.'

Our family was always very happy. We were never in want of anything. My father's hobby was bookbinding. He loved it since he was a young prince. He had many many books. Ah, that beautiful smell. My mother loved pottery. The dwelling was embellished with some of her finest works. So fragile. I can see them all. I grew to love books and pottery. When I wasn't reading, I was shaping, and shaping when I wasn't reading.

Then one afternoon in my fifteenth year, I came across a foreign book while on a royal visit with my parents to the Kingdom of Nofences. The book was to totally change my life. It spoke of one called Dialucere whom, it said, gave birth to the whole world, and every living thing in it. The account of the

birth left a deep impression upon me. It took her five days to give birth, and on the six and seventh days she rested. I couldn't let the book out of my hand. Every page fascinated me.

Within six months, I had decided to leave my comfortable home and family to enter the desert and become a hermit so that I could reflect more deeply on her, the Mother of the World. My family encouraged me to follow my own way, but to never forget that there would always be a welcome for me at the dwelling.

For fifteen years, I meditated alone in the desert. Physically it was very demanding at first, but as I became more and more obsessed with thoughts of Dialucere I was often unaware that I had even a body.'

'What else did the book say about this Dialucere?'

'It told of how the ancient ones used to earnestly pray to her, especially in times of great need and hardship. Often they felt that the hardships were given to them by Dialucere herself as a punishment for some wrong they must have committed against her, albeit unintentionally. At other times they believed it was due to an original wrong committed by their First One.'

'Hum?'

'There is very strong disagreement in the writings as to who the First One was, and if that was the same person who committed the wrong. Mainly it hinges on a linguistic detail, namely that of the letter 'v'. Some say it was Clayrance while

others claim it was Clayrvance. I was of the opinion that it was Clayrvance.

The story goes that Dialucere was strolling around in her edenwear beauty in the cool of the evening as was her habit. Clayrvance, ignorant of his own origin, saw her and couldn't control himself. He rushed at her, and tried to seduce her. She was outraged and vowed never to forget.

Others claim that Dialucere is male, and that when Clayrance, ignorant of her own origin, saw him strolling around in his edenwear beauty in the cool of the evening as was his habit, she rushed at him, and tried to seduce him.

The two opposing schools could never agree on who actually committed the wrong. They are sure of one thing however, that an original wrong was committed by someone, and that all the descendants are still suffering the consequences of it.'

'This is delicious.'

'It's developing into something of an art with experience. At other times they felt that Dialucere had totally abandoned them for reasons only known to her. The aloof attitude of Dialucere weighed heavy upon them.

Then in time there appeared seers who claimed to have been able to hear the voice of Dialucere speaking directly to them on behalf of the people. Through these seers the people

were warned that although dwelling in aloof solitude, she could see everything that was going on in their world. They were called to live a life devoted to her or face the consequences which would be horrendous. There are several accounts of mass destruction in the book.

One seer named, Icsegan, impressed me deeply not alone by what he wrote about but also by the ineffable eloquence and surpassing beauty of his style and phraseology. Such beautiful expressions. They used to carry me way up into the highest clouds of mysticism from which vantage point I really believed I could see the bridge crossing over into Aloofness, the abode of Dialucere. It was his writing more than any of the others in the book that lead me to make the second most important decision of my life.

In a moment of extreme ecstasy which lasted for three days, and three nights, I believed that Dialucere was beckoning me to cross over the bridge, and enter into Aloofness.

Once there, I was full sure that I heard Dialucere ask me to be her living womanifestation among her people, and to announce to them many years of favour from the benevolent womb of Dialucere, or so I sincerely thought at that time. I was in a daze for a further three days.

Nowhere in the book had it ever mentioned that one had been invited by Dialucere herself to visit Aloofness. Not alone

that, but she had never been known to select someone to be her living humanifestation in the world of her people. This was clearly the beginning of a new relationship with her people, and I was personally asked to play a key role. I felt so honoured, yet so unworthy and untalented for such an enormous responsibility.'

'What do you mean by her people?'

'I mean the descendants of the people who were depicted in the book. However, there was one major problem. I was a foreigner.

After many sleepless nights, through what I thought at the time to be Dialucere's power, I was finally able to build up enough courage to leave the desert and go and proclaim to these people that I was sent by their Dialucere to be her living womanifestation among them; to announce that a time of great blessing was now upon them.

I felt Dialucere was very much with me, and would continue to be with me whatever circumstances I might encounter in carrying out her mission. After all, it was her plan so it was bound to succeed.

According to the book, those who devote their lives to Dialucere would naturally also enjoy her protection.'

'What was the gist of your message?'

'My life is to do the will of Dialucere, who commissioned me to complete Her work in you.

I am the way to Truth.
You can only come to Dialucere through me.
If you know me, you know my Mother too.
Dialucere is Truth.
As Mother believes in me, so I believe in you.
A person can give no greater meaning to one's life than that
she or he knowingly lay it down for others.
Eternal life is this, to know Dialucere, the only Truth and I
whom she has sent.
I have come to you to bear witness to Truth; I have come so
that the oppressed may have life, and have it to the full.
Dialucere is on the side of the oppressed.
Comfortable mind I give to you, a comfort that this world can't
take away from you.
I have come to tell you that Dialucere has forgiven the original
wrong committed by Clayrvance.
I come not to do my own will but to do the will of Dialucere.
I am the one who Icseگان spoke of, "Mother is amongst us."
If you believe in my words and actions, you will learn of the
Great Truth, and the Great Truth will make you feel free.
One House, and One Door.
Anyone who enters through me will share in my insights.
I will lay down my life freely, if that is what Dialucere requires
of me, for she has the power to raise it up again.
Believe in Mother, as I do firmly, and believe in me.
No one has ever been invited into Aloofness but the one whom
you see standing here before you.
To see me is to see Dialucere.

I am the living womanifestation of Dialucere.
Comfort of Truth I give to you; share it with all peoples of the
world ...

That was the gist of my message.'

'Did they accept you?'

'The ordinary people did, but the religious intelligentsia
for the most part rejected me on the grounds that I spoke of
Dialucere as being Mother, and that I was claiming to have an
exclusive personal relationship with her, when they had taught
that no human could ever be so intimate with her as I was
proclaiming to be.

And as if that were not enough, I was also claiming to
have been especially sent by her with a message for them. They
could not tolerate the whole notion that their Dialucere would
ignore one of her own, and instead select a foreigner for such a
unique role. It was all too much for them to accept. They firmly
believed that they alone were the true voice of Dialucere for her
people.

I was among them less than a year during which time I
was physically attacked, and arrested a number of times. I
received several death threats. On the last occasion I was
arrested, and sentenced to death.

I could see it coming. It was in the air. Yet I had a
mission to do. I felt fully confident that Dialucere was on my
side. I firmly believed that this was all part of her great plan

which was known only to her. It was not for me to question but to do.

Fortunately, I survived the whole horrible ordeal with the help of a few people who believed in me. They doused the flames just in time, hubbubing to the fire marshal that the fire was in danger of spreading to the nearby woods. They secretly brought me to the borders of the desert.

The next morning, people believed that I had died in the nighttime execution. If the fire marshal had not been so easily persuaded then most definitely I would not be talking to you hereandnow. As you can see, I am left with a few indelible reminders of that horrible night.

Can you believe it, that during the whole event I was fully convinced that somehow Dialucere in her own sadistic way was working through my friends, and the over duty-conscious fire marshal to protect me. I was sure that it was all her will and that every thing that had happened, and would happen was part of her greater plan for me, the people, and even the whole world. I had taken upon myself to give Dialucere's mission a universal dimension.

One time a group of joyous travellers told me about a very special woman who had been in their country for a short time, and how she had said many wonderful things but that she had been put to death by their religious leaders for just

claiming to be who she claimed to be. They spoke of a rumour which was blossoming into an accepted fact, that this woman, who was known only by the name, Enrapturia, had risen from the dead through the power of Dialucere as she herself had once predicted if ever she was to lose her life violently while in the act of proclaiming Dialucere's message.

People had claimed, they said, to have had met and spoke with her on a number of occasions. But that she had descended into Aloofness, and was now with Dialucere interceding on their behalf for their contemporary wrongdoings which were being committed against Dialucere.

They encouraged me to join the new religion which had sprouted from the words and acts of this woman called Enrapturia. I remained silently shocked.

In the desert, I reflected on my experiences, and tried to find out what Dialucere required of me next. I felt I had done a good job although I didn't understand at all what it all meant.

I had been in the picture, but now I was out of it. A religion was flourishing on the authority of my words and acts, and yet, I wasn't part of it. I was somewhat perplexed but not distraught. It was her plan, so ...

That was five years ago.'

'Why have you left the desert this time?'

'I met a teller of unveilories who told how:

"In the distant memory of memories there is a story of how an old man on a bright sunny morning walked a distance from his treecave to his favourite place. He was looking at the large trees that stood there when he noticed a gentle haze float its way up through them, and seemed to be playfully dangling around the tops. It appeared to his eyes as if the haze had formed itself into the shape of an old man. He had often imagined seeing the same old man lying down gracefully in puffy white clouds. He would remain there for a while, and then drift away into the distance. Of course, on days that had little sunshine there would be no haze. On such days there were other things to look at. But on hazy days he would pretend to be having a very interesting conversation with the old man of the haze.

Seeing that the haze, like everything else, including himself, formed itself spontaneously from the natural surroundings, he decided to refer to him as, 'My Old Friend Personification of these Natural Surroundings.' He would playfully, almost like a child, give many special attributes to Personification.

Then one day, the old man brought his son to the place. "Son, soon I will be returning, and from then on you will be the one to take care of the family. Whenever you encounter a difficult problem come here, and you will find the solution.

Sometimes when I sit here, I imagine a personification of this beautiful scene residing for a moment in the rising haze and floating clouds. I talk with him, and all is well again."

True to his word, the old man of the treecaves returned into the surroundings. The son would sometimes come to sit in the same place where his father used to sit. He often noticed the floating clouds in the blue sky, and the haze drifting through the trees. He would imagine that he could see the shape of a middle-aged man in them.

In generations there was a great fire caused by something which fell from the sky. The people had to descend from the treecaves to dwell in rockcaves, and later in grasscaves. They believed in the stories that were handed down by the ancient ones.

One story told of a superbeing who exists outside Nature, and who is the maker of all Nature including themselves. They called him, "ThroughShine" for the legends spoke of one of their ancient ones who had once seen him in the sun. No one had ever seen ThroughShine since that time for nobody had ever even seen the sun.

In time the sun became visible but not ThroughShine. This only strengthened their belief. He was said to have many attributes besides that of Maker of Allthings.

At times the descendants tried to bring him closer to them by having him speak through their wise ones. Some claimed that ThroughShine was female. The most famous of all their seers was a man called, "MyWords". It was he who truly claimed to know the heart of ThroughShine. His words became the fixed interpretation for all future generations.

Many of their writings were lost including MyWords' during a Great..."

Everything I had ever believed, in relation to Dialucere vanished into the thin desert air right before my eyes. I could see clearly that from the age of fifteen, I had allowed myself to be completely enchanted by a harmful illusion.

All those times in the desert when I had been unable to understand why Dialucere seemed to be so distant or even totally absent from my life, all made sense now. It was not that she was distant or even absent, but rather that she had never been at all in the first place. I was both disillusioned and deeply disappointed.

The discovery left me shattered for days on end, and then a wonderful feeling of total liberation welled up from deep within my own desert. I danced and danced until I fell exhausted onto the desert floor. I felt a freedom like I had never felt before.

Now I am on my way back to the people so that my joy and my liberation may be theirs too.'

'And what are you going to say to them? They believe you're in Aloofness with Dialucere interceding on their behalf. Perhaps in the last five years the number of believers has greatly increased. What if they don't want to hear what you have to say?'

'But the truth will set them free?'

'The truth of which you now speak of will destroy the truth that you once told them to be the only truth. How can you now tell them it's not?'

'I have to somehow. I have a responsibility to them. I led them astray. I care very much for them.'

'Perhaps you have cared too much for them already. And of this care what kind is it; is it in truth care at all? Filling their sanctuaries with what we consider might be good for them is not necessarily how it needs to be. For it is each person's joy and delight to be finding themselves and their surroundings in imagining interesting shapes in drifting haze and floating clouds.

A person understands surroundings according to her or his ownself and that's enough. By being true to oneself, one is being of this sacred ethical lineage accordingly, in one's intentions, words, and actions. They have the power to create what's sufficient for themselves directly from their own inner sanctuary.

We are of Mysterymystery Reality, and thus we should allow ourselves and all others the opportunity to live accordingly. In that way, every person, and every other lifeform has all they ever need. Such is the essence of common unity Mysterymystery style.

I must say, I've never had a finer breakfast.'

'I can't understand it, but I've never cooked so well before. Who or what is this Mysterymystery Reality of which you speak?'

'Although not a barge, would you like to join me?'

'I'd be honoured.'

'Let's go out on the lakeriver, and let It unveil itself to you in Its own way. Then you will understand and know what you should do.

For far too long you have been allowing this harmful illusion to manipulate your precious sincerity, and now it's about to destroy you completely. Allow yourself the opportunity to experience that which will deepen, and broaden your sincerity beyond your most distant imaginings. And be with seeking and knowing the power of beneficial illusion.'

'Illusion that is beneficial? But wait a minute, how is this moving in calm waters without the use of a pole?'

'What's calmness? What's movement? Cast them back to the smouldering sticks. Let your sanctuary be a net without meshes for there is much to be caught out here.'

And that Receptive in a translated form is *Calm Lakeriver* ~ a sighting of the sacred hearth.

Receptive I feel as if I haven't been living at all, Risteárd.

Risteárd (smiling) Looking after ones senses, Receptive can be likened unto in early May trying to tend frolicking lambs in a field by a meandering river.

Receptive (smiling) And with each of one of the six senses, Risteárd there seems to be about five to nine lambs to tend all at the same time; making one's charge well in excess of three hundred.

Turning my attention to my eyes, and my ears are already frolicking dangerously by the bank. My attention to my ears, and my nose is already frolicking; my nose, and my tongue; my tongue, and my skin; my skin, and my brain. All of them all together here there and everywhere are frolicking on the bank.

Risteárd (smiling) Patient tending is the way, Receptive. Lambs must frolic. It's an action of being true to themselves.

Receptive But what of the dangers, Risteárd of they falling into the river?

Risteárd (smiling) Innocence has a way of protecting its own.

Receptive But what if they were not lambs, Rísteárd but little children?

Rísteárd (smiling) If you ever watch lambs frolicking in a river field, and by the bank, Receptive you will notice that not alone will one parent sheep come and stand between them and the bank, but three or four or more will come. In the same way with our senses, we must have more than one lone parent to tend to their frolicking ways.

Receptive Who can be their parents?

Rísteárd (smiling) Contemplation, meditation, reflection, reading, listening, writing, talking, singing and dancing... These are just but some of the many parents we have to help us in the tending of our happy healthy children: our senses.

Receptive What of praying, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd (smiling) A dancing, Receptive thought to be a dancing without it being a praying is not a dancing of the myriad lifeforms; is not a dancing of our humankind.

A singing, thought to be a singing without it being a praying is not a singing.

A talking, thought to be a talking without it being a praying is not a talking.

A writing, thought to be a writing without it being a praying is not a writing.

A listening, thought to be a listening without it being a praying is not a listening.

A reading, thought to be a reading without it being a praying is not a reading.

A reflection, thought to be a reflection without it being a praying is not a reflection.

A meditation, thought to be a meditation without it being a praying is not a meditation.

A contemplation, thought to be a contemplation without it being a praying is not a contemplation.

Receptive (deeply touched by these words, joyfully proclaims) Behold, this is a praying most beautiful, Risteárd.

Risteárd (smiling) Being a good parent of our families, Receptive is truly a praying most beautiful. Blessed truly is Receptive's family.

Receptive (smiling) Thank you Risteárd, but I know well that I have still a long ways to go.

Risteárd (smiling) The journey itself Receptive will be helping you along every inch of its way. Be with trusting in the way.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive (smiling) Do you have a favourite book, Risteárd which you like to read from at times?

Risteárd (smiling broadly) Ah, yes. I have, Receptive. It's a book I never close, and I am never without reading some white space, letter, word, punctuation, phrase, sentence, paragraph or sighting from it.

Receptive How many pages does it contain?

Risteárd I don't know, Receptive as they are not marked in it.

Receptive A book that is without page numbering? Strange indeed, Risteárd. Have you read it to the end?

Risteárd (smiling) It's a book without a closing chapter or an opening chapter.

Receptive This is a most unusual book indeed, Risteárd from which you read. May I inquire if it even has a title?

Risteárd (smiling) Yes, it has a wonderful title. It's called, *The Long Long A Go To Go*.

Receptive (smiling) Where do you keep this special book, Risteárd that I may with your kindness browse in it?

Risteárd (laughing heartily) Ah, it's time for a cup of tea, Receptive. A cup of tea and some freshly baked white cake with butter and jam will kindly be revealing to you its location.

Conversation over tea is of the richest kind.

Risteárd is parting the fire a little, and gently placing some more turf on it. Receptive is watching reflectively. And in the parting, it suddenly becomes obvious to him what *The Long Long A Go To Go* book is, and what its title signifies.

Receptive (smiling) What is the 'sacred ethical lineage', *Risteárd*?

Risteárd (smiling) It's to respect and to add respect, Receptive to all our intentions, words, and actions in the light and traditions of our parents and ancestors.

Receptive But not everyone's parents; one's ancestors, *Risteárd* were any where near being respectful.

Risteárd (smiling) Then let oneself, Receptive be the resuscitator of the original sacred ethical lineage which antedates those forebears who were not fully aware of their sacred responsibilities, that one's own children, grandchildren and generations may have a tradition to live and to treasure with pride.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive How does one allow oneself, Rísteárd the opportunity to experience that which will deepen and broaden one's sincerity?

Rísteárd We are born, Receptive with sincerity and with sincerity we are meant to live.

Receptive Then how is it, Rísteárd that there tends to be so much insincerity in our humankind?

Rísteárd Harmful illusions, collusions, connivances and broken promises throughout the seasons were allowed to take center stage from an early age in the spaces of a child.

Tell me Receptive, can innocent little children of a mere four or five springs old, hold their sincerity intact of their own accord without ever being told of the need to do so or of a how?

Receptive Quite impossible it would be for them, Rísteárd. I know this to be so for my youngest two are of this very sensitive age.

Rísteárd (smiling) May they be blessed always with good health in all their ways. May their two brothers and sister be blessed always with good health in all their ways. And may Receptive and your precious husband be blessed always with good health in all yere ways.

Receptive (smiling) And may it be so also for Aoife, Risteárd
and yere lovely children.

Risteárd (smiling) Beautiful, truly.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive Risteárd do your words carry the meaning in
them that a person of my mature age should be in my
intentions, words, and actions as that of a child of some four or
five springs old; as that of my own two youngest children?

Risteárd (smiling) There is, Receptive maturity of age;
maturity of height, width and weight. There is maturity of
colours and textures. There is maturity of physical strength.
And there is maturity of sincerity. Our maturity of sincerity is
with us from the womb; a maturity we have always with us
albeit we don't realize it.

Receptive What are the spaces of a child, Risteárd?

Risteárd (smiling) Spaces without harmful illusions,
collusions, connivances and broken promises throughout the
seasons.

Receptive My little children, Risteárd imagine so many things. Are not their imaginings illusions?

Risteárd What is it to imagine, Receptive?

Receptive It's to see in one's mind things that are not fully in reality.

Risteárd Am I, Receptive fully in your reality?

Receptive Of course, you are, Risteárd.
I can see that you are.

Risteárd (smiling) Therefore, I am not someone you are imagining, correct?

Receptive Correct.

Risteárd And if I hide my hand back here like so behind the candle, am I still fully in your reality?

Receptive Yes, you are Risteárd except that I can't see your right hand.

Risteárd Can you imagine that I have a right hand?

Receptive Yes. I can.

Rísteárd (smiling) Then with this imagination can you now say that I am fully in your reality?

Receptive Yes, I can.

Rísteárd What is it to illude, Receptive?

Receptive It is to see in one's mind things that are not in reality.

Rísteárd Am I, Receptive not in your reality?

Receptive How can you not be in my reality, *Rísteárd* for I clearly see you?

Rísteárd (smiling) Therefore, I am not an illusion you are having, correct?

Receptive Correct.

Rísteárd And if I hide my hand back here like so behind the candle, am I still not an illusion of yours?

Receptive Well, you're not fully in my reality.

Rísteárd (smiling) Therefore, now have I become partially an illusion?

Receptive Yes, you have Rísteárd, except for the whole lot of yourself less your right hand.

Rísteárd Can you illude that I haven't that whole lot of me too?

Receptive Yes. I can.

Rísteárd (smiling) Then with this illusion can you now say that I am wholly not in your reality?

Receptive (smiling) Oh, I'm not sure what I can say any more, Rísteárd.

Rísteárd (smiling) To allow oneself, Receptive the opportunity to experience that which will deepen and broaden one's sincerity one has to culture oneself to intent, speak, and act again in wide open spaces; the spaces of a child.

Receptive (smiling upon a dawning insight) It's not at all complex, Rísteárd when you think about it. Is it?

Rísteárd (smiling) No less or no more complex, Receptive than that of the arcane comings and the goings of the sincere swallows throughout the seasons.

Moments of reflective silence.

Rísteárd (smiling) With such lovely images, Receptive shall we be calling it a night while there is still some night left in it?

Receptive (smiling) I suppose it's better, *Rísteárd*. Rest being important too. Yet, I would like to have heard how illusion may be said to be beneficial; how the power, *Rísteárd* of beneficial illusion may be sought and known.

Rísteárd (smiling) The nights are many in number, Receptive and as many again in number are the stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush to leave the inn, then you are very welcome to sit yourself down there again tomorrow night, in that very same chair, where you may happily listen to whatever sighting the fire will bring to my eyes. And it would be my anticipation, Receptive that we would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did here this night.

Receptive Thank you, *Rísteárd*. It's very good to be here.

Rísteárd You're most welcome, Receptive.

You go ahead now to your bed.

Take the candle from the table with you.

I will rake the fire.

Receptive Good night so, *Rísteárd*, and thanks again.

Rísteárd Have a sound sleep, Receptive.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

Risteárd *Exeunt*

Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Calm Lakeriver*

Sunday Eve the 18th May 2002

Annotations:

Bealtaine - from Gaedhilge, with reference to the month of May which marks the beginning of the six-month season of the abundance beautiful light here on the Isle of Éire, and its characteristic attribute is beholden vitality.

Oileán na h-longnaí - from Gaedhilge 'Oileán' meaning 'island/isle' and 'na h-longnaí' meaning 'the wonders': a contemplative place where hidden wonders of Eternity are in abundance



Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 19. *Officers Mess*

Prologue:

Coming up on the noon hour, a saleslady of Irish Religious Website Maps arrived at the inn, and having to hand an Apple Powerbook Firewire: Motorola Power PC G3 - 500 MHz Processor 128 MB Memory 20 GB Hard Drive - 14.1 in Display.

Rísteárd who has the custom of never leaving anyone walk away from the inn door without first having shared with him or her some of its hospitality, and taking time to listen to their story, invited the saleslady to join him for some lunch in the garden. She declined the offer on the grounds that she was anxious to get on with selling her wares for she had places yet to visit.

They went and sat at a table in the garden, whereupon, the saleslady immediately opened up the laptop, and proceeded with charm and finesse to present her story to Rísteárd.

Although there were many wonderful maps at the saleslady's fingertips, she was however more eager to have Rísteárd purchase a particular map; a map titled:

Catholic Ireland Net
The most comprehensive online information
on the Catholic Church in Ireland.
Map Scale 1:100000

Rísteárd a man of courtesy and endless patience gave a good word about everything he had been shown and told, and encouraged the saleslady to have some freshly baked scones with tea.

The saleslady eventually closed the laptop and accepted the offer. From that moment onwards she allowed himself to enjoy conversing with Risteárd on the importance of seeing one's neighbour as a sacred space; as a sacred scripture: a sacred forum.

With contentment of heart, she finally took her leave of Risteárd even though she had been unable to sell him a single map. She made a promise, however to Risteárd that she would return again one day soon with a map scaled 1:1 which would hopefully be depicting a whole lot more joyfulness, mercy, love, vision, and providence.

Risteárd spent the rest of the afternoon on the sunny slopes of Cnoc an Sean-Scribhinn strolling reflectively amongst the sheep and lambs.

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Risteárd is sitting in the sunglowed hazel grove singing with the birds. Grazing contentedly close by are three deer. Snoozing over by the well wall are Bealtaine and Samhain.

Entering this scene on foot from the direction of the inn by way of the blossoming hawthorns is Risteárd's guest, Receptive.

A welcome is given by all.

Risteárd Ah, this lovely Sun, Receptive revives to my eyes the sighting of *Officers Mess*.

Receptive How does it proceed, Risteárd?

Rísteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and
In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Rísteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?
I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Risteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another world)

Officers Mess: A general brings the following word to his commanding officer.

'Major General Jarlatan, word has just come in that the creature has been located, and we are moving all of our available forces in on it at this very moment.'

'Good work! Keep me informed. Excuse me gentlemen, but I'm scheduled to meet the press in two or three minutes.'

Pressroom.

'Major General Jarlatan, could you give us some idea of how big the creature is?'

'All I can say at this stage is that it's very big.'

'How big is very big, Sir?'

'It's bigger than anything we have ever encountered before.'

'How many people are deployed?'

'This is the largest deployment during peacetime. All branches are involved.'

'Major General Jarlatan, could you tell us exactly why you are hunting down this creature, and what precisely is the nature of its treat to our kind?'

'According to our experts in this field, the creature is a deadly killer and needs to be exterminated. That's enough for me.'

'Ladies and gentlemen that's all the questions Major General Jarlatan will be able to answer this morning. We'll keep you well informed of developments after they have taken place. That's all. Thank you.'

Fighterbombers are screeching overhead. Tanks are roaring in every direction. Two nuclear submarines are also getting themselves into position as well as several warships including three aircraft carriers. Two black bat like planes come out of horizon, and disappear back into horizon.

'Major General Jarlatan, we've got the creature surrounded in that huge overcrowded refugee camp over there by those historical landmarks. The forces await your orders, Sir.'

'Raise the floor beneath it! Bring down the roof on top of it! Flatten the walls around it. Vaporize all within a two hundred kilometer radius. We've got to cut off all its escape roots. Communicate the order to all forces to begin total vaporization.'

The main assault lasts for three days and three nights.

'Send in our finest!'

'Finest! Advance!'

Shouting and roaring is accompanied by massive gunlikefire.

'Operation successfully completed Major General Jarlatan. Lifeformless basin.'

'Good work. I'll need a full report on my desk by Sunday morning before I go to church.'

'Yes Sir, Major General Jarlatan. Truly a magister militum of an officer you are, Sir. Reverently you uphold the ancient tradition of keeping worship and warship to head as you keep kid gloves and holy water sprinklers to hand. You are worthy fairly of emolaytion, Sir.'

'That's what we immolators do best General Whatreallymatters.'

Packed pressroom.

'Welcome home, Major General Jarlatan!'

'Thank you. It's great to be back in good old Ours of Affluence.'

'Major General Jarlatan, could you give us a brief account of the final stages of Operation Big Threat?'

'The creature was spotted by different people in many different places. However, with our state-of-the-art equipment we were finally able to isolate it's position to a small deserted place near to where the ten thousand year old Perish landmarks used to stand.'

Upon locating the creature, I initiated three days of heavy vaporization from land, sea and air of the whole area within a two hundred kilometer radius. On the morning of the fourth day, I sent in twenty thousand of our finest.'

'Major General Jarlatan, could you tell us something about the creature itself?'

'It was of a greenish colour and a member of the family Formicidae. We knew it was a male as it had wings. Its total length was 10.5 millimeters. News of its sudden appearance came to us twelve days ago. An Affluinian farmer living in Chicoleria reported that he had actually seen with his one eye the creature bitsting one of his chickens in a toe of its foot. Two months to the day the chicken dropped dead. It was then we began the global hunt for the creature.'

'Sir, were there many casualties during the assault?'

'I'll leave General Whatreallymatters to answer that question.'

'Thank you, Major General Jarlatan. The creature was totalled out of existence within two seconds of vaporization. However, we lost ten pairs of socks, two grease guns, eighteen sixty-watt bulbs, twenty-seven rolls of toilet paper; one electric toothbrush was accidentally crushed underneath a tank track and, nine thousand of our finest were extinguished by friendly fire. Oh, and two thousand or so of those men were women.'

I'd like to take this opportunity on behalf of all the forces to warmly congratulate Major General Jarlatan for his

outstanding leadership, not alone during this operation but also in many previous operations.'

Everybody stands up and applauds loudly. Hands are shaken. Cheeks are kissed.

Major General Jarlatan again addresses.

'Thank you General Whatreallymatters and you ladygentlemen. Be assured that if the likes of this creature should ever again appear and attack our foul or equipment in any part of the world it will meet with the same fate as this one did. Total annihilation is the best cure of all.'

A white male ant alights on the Major General's podium.

'Look, ladygentlemen! A beautiful white ant. A world of white ants? Yes, indeed, ladygentlemen!

Would you please carry this magnificent creature out carefully General Whatreallymatters where it may roam freely in Godsowngivenland.'

As the general drops it gently in the grass the ant appears to have somehow changed. It seems to have lost its whiteness.

The ant speaks, saying,

'We're white in white surroundings, green in green, black in dark, yellow in sunrise, red in sunset and umbra in penumbra. In all cases we neither kill nor harm anything. You human lifeforms are always shifting the blame. Your history is an epitaph of atrocities against scapegoats, written in innocent blood.'

'Oh, no! Major General Jarlatan will be very upset if he should hear this. Come back! Come back! Let's talk! Where have you disappeared to?'

Major General Jarlatan comes out to the lawn, and asks of the general,

'General Whatreallymatters, why are you on your knees growling like that?'

'Oh, I'm just looking for a dropped spit, Major, Sir. My hobby is crystallizing spits. I've got over two hundred from all over the world, including several of your own.'

'Don't take too long about it as we have got to meet the chairman of the toilet paper company, and apologize to him for not having been able to use all his product.'

'Okay, Sir.'

'Most likely he will be pretty saddened by the news. '

'I'll buy some flowers to soften the shock.'

'Good idea, General Whatreallymatters. You're always on the balleries in every situation.'

'That's what we ballisticians do best, Sir.'

And that Receptive in a translated form is *Officers Mess*
~ a sighting of the sacred hearth.

Receptive is sobbing almost uncontrollably as if he had lost someone very dear to him.

Risteárd is letting him be.

Some time passes before Receptive is able to bring himself to speak.

Receptive I'm sorry, Risteárd but I just couldn't help it. The similarity in sound of a certain word in your sighting to the name of someone in my brotherhood, brought memories flooding back of why he had let himself endure so much for so long, and then when the time was right let himself be given up for martyrdom for his brothers.

Risteárd in your opinion what was the quality of a knight in the days of old?

Risteárd This martyr of whom you speak with much affection, Receptive would he have been a knight perhaps; a knight in the days of old or in the days of new?

Receptive He was, Risteárd the bravest knight in the early days of my brotherhood, and as such exerts a tremendous influence on our knights in our days of new. For without his vision and sacrifice my brotherhood would never have survived.

Risteárd Was he without might, Receptive?

Receptive Without might, Risteárd? This is indeed a strange question. How could he possibly have been without might, and yet be one of the bravest of knights? Knight and might are synonymous.

What kind of knight would I be Risteárd if I were without might? What kind of knight would I be if I did not believe implicitly in the right of might?

Risteárd (smiling) A knight of true quality for a true knight is in no need, Receptive of might.

Receptive Without might, Risteárd how could my brave knights of old have made their way to the Holy Land? How could they have taken it? How could they have held on to it for so long? How could they have broken the siege of Alexandria? Without might, how could my brave knights of old have dealt with an Arcite?

Without might, how are our brave knights of today able to make their way to holy lands? How are they able to take them? How are they able to hold on to them for so long? How are they able to break the sieges of Alexandrias? Without might, how are our brave knights of today able to deal with Arcites?

Without might, how will our brave knights in the fullness of time be able to make their way back to the Holy Land? How will they be able to retake it? How will they be able to hold on to it? How will they be able to rebreak the siege of Alexandria? Without might, how will our brave knights in the fullness of time be able to redeal with Arcite?

The birds have scattered; deer dispersed and Bealtaine and Samhain are no longer to be seen over by the well wall.

Rísteárd is about to make answer, but a cloud is momentarily concealing the sun. In this moment, Rísteárd is realizing for the first time the true identity of who it is that is sitting here in his company.

Rísteárd is keeping his silence for the time being.

Receptive Rísteárd, you will be the first ever outside my brotherhood who I am going to reveal the following information to, for I can sense that you are someone who carries many secrets within you in the style of eternity.

I am the legitimate Grand Sheik of the "Pauperes commilitones Christi Templique Salomonis" in the true line of Grand Sheik Hugh and Grand Sheik Jacques respectfully and respectively.

In the early hours of Palm Sunday morning, 1299 A.D., Grand Sheik Jacques put succession in good hands outside the great Bab el-Dahariyeh of Bayt el-Maqdis. He knew the

times, and knew that the safest place to hide something is in the seen.

Rísteárd (silently to himself) Like hiding water all about fish.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive Being Grand Sheik is an awesome responsibility, *Rísteárd*. It's a responsibility which carries with it the upholding of our order's most sacrosanct traditions. One of these being, the right of might.

Moments of silence.

Rísteárd (smiling) *Receptive* the sun is sinking below the horizon, and the temperature is dropping with it. Let's go inside to the other hearth where we can have some tea and dates.

Receptive That will be nice, *Rísteárd*, yet I am one who is well familiar and comfortably at home with nights of cold.

The two stroll back to the inn.

Tea and dates are been taken by the cosy sacred hearth. Rísteárd is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Sitting across the hearth from him, is Receptive.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Rísteárd is sitting, and looking intently into the fire. He seems to be in a state of bilocation; in that he is here, but at the same time he seems to be somewhere else far far away.

Receptive (astonished) What is this, Rísteárd? How can you be both physically present here, and yet be physically present thousands or perhaps even millions of miles away all at the same time? This is no longer you, Rísteárd.

Rísteárd (smiling) It is still me, Receptive.

Receptive Where had you been, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd (smiling) I had been on a long journey, Receptive to seek out the pure fountainheads of the seventy-two thousand military orders of old and new.

Receptive And what did you discover, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd In my seeking, Receptive I discovered not one single order out of the seventy-two thousand had a pure fountainhead.

Receptive Except, of course for my order, Risteárd right?
The Pauperes commilitones Christi Templique Salomonis?

Risteárd Rather, including your order too, Receptive.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive But how can this be, Risteárd for the history of
our order clearly points to it having had a most pure
fountainhead.

Risteárd I found seventy-two thousand litres of dishwater
that had been tossed out, and from which the seventy-two
thousand military orders took to be their respective
fountainheads.

What is recorded as a pure fountainhead is no more
than a basin of dishwater which had been tossed deliberately
out of a window onto the head of a passing by militant or
militina in the making.

A long reflective silence.

Receptive Do you see, Rísteárd this gold cross on its chain here which I wear always before my heart? Well, Rísteárd it has been worn by every Grand Sheik of our order from the first one down to myself. It is the most symbolic and precious reminder of our order's fountainhead.

And are you saying, Rísteárd that in your journey you were unable to discover it to be the fountainhead; the pure fountainhead of our order?

Rísteárd I found no such fountainhead, Receptive, but rather an inverted flower.

Receptive I see no flower here, Rísteárd.

Rísteárd This is true, Receptive for you are but holding the mere skeleton of a beautiful flower.

Receptive I see no skeleton for this is not a crucifix, Rísteárd.

Rísteárd If I draw a cross like this on the palm of my hand here with a horizontal section and a longer vertical section, I am presenting you with the simplest shape of a most beautiful flower.

Now watch what happens when I fill in some petals here, here and here. What flower does it remind you of?

Receptive It looks very similar to a fleur-de-lys.

Rísteárd It does, doesn't it? Now let's turn it upside down like this. In this position, what does it remind you of?

Receptive An upside down fleur-de-lys having a long stem.

Rísteárd (smiling) Actually, *Receptive* the first position was the upside down position. I have merely turned it the right way around.

Receptive How is this its correct position, *Rísteárd*?

Rísteárd (smiling very happily) Its roots are in the sky.

Moments of reflective silence.

Rísteárd (smiling) A sacred ternary shape of nature, *Receptive* is the fleur-de-lys; symbolized in the form of a simple cross consisting of a short horizontal section and a longer vertical section. In itself the cross has no shape. But when it grows in the myriad things of nature, all these things become a shape for it. The clouds, mountains, slopes and valleys; the rocks and groves; the trees, herbs and grasses; you and I and all shape like so many crosses; so many beautiful fleurs-de-lis in sky's garden.

Have you not seen the sacred flower yourself, Receptive in these and in your own physical shape?

Receptive How very very sad it is, Risteárd for not once have I been able to use my eyes to see the fleur-de-lys neither in the things about me nor in myself.

Risteárd (smiling) To be able to see trinunity in the myriad things, Receptive is to be able to see celestial harmony everywhere right before your very eyes.

To be able to see the flower-de-lys in its proper position within your own sacred sanctuary is to be at one with nature. Being at one with nature, Receptive is to be a true knight.

Receptive What, Risteárd is a true knight's mount?

Risteárd (smiling) It is, Receptive the clouds upon wind; tides upon moon; seasons upon sun; orb upon rosetar, eternity upon eternity.

Receptive is left speechless. His eyes are wide open and so too his mouth. Both his hands are clasping tightly the cross he wears.

A good twenty minutes passes before his power of speech returns to him.

Receptive Risteárd I have lost the meaning for my existence.

Being the Grand Sheik of the "Pauperes commilitones Christi Templique Salomonis" was everything to me, but now after listening to your words it seems to me to be no more than a grain of sand on the sole of my sandal. What should I do, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd (smiling) Take your time in returning to your home country, Receptive.

Sojourn in Árdbeachlannach mosque, Carraig Bán abbey, and Árdméire synagogue. They are not far from the inn. I will show you the way to them tomorrow.

Receptive (with great joy) Thank you. Thank you. Thank you, Rísteárd for opening my eyes. If I hadn't accepted your invitation to come to the inn, I would have never known of the true way; the true way of the true knight.

Rísteárd (most humbly) It was not I, Receptive but your own deep down goodness rediscovering its roots in the rich soil of your sky. Shall we be calling it a night, Receptive?

Receptive I suppose it's better, Rísteárd. Rest being important too.

Yet, ere we take our leave of this hallowed hearth, may I ask of the mount 'rosetar' for I know not of such a mount.

This night having brought the word to my ear for the very first time.

Risteárd (smiling) The nights are many in number, and as many again in number are the stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush to leave the inn, then you are very welcome to sit yourself down in the hazel grove again tomorrow night, where you may happily listen to whatever sighting Sun will bring to my eyes. And it would be my anticipation, Receptive that we would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did this night.

Receptive Thank you, *Risteárd*. It's very good to be here.

Risteárd You're most welcome, Receptive.
You go ahead now to your bed.
Take the candle from the table with you.
I will rake the fire.

Receptive Good night so, *Risteárd*, and thanks again.

Risteárd Have a sound sleep, Receptive.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

Risteárd *Exeunt*

Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Officers Mess*
Sunday Eve the 1st June 2002

Annotations:

magister militum - 'Magister Militum' had been the title of the commander-in-chief of the later Roman Empire

kid gloves - with reference to soft, smooth gloves; to treat with great tact or caution

holy water sprinkler - with reference to a type of medieval weapon; to treat with great force or brutality

Bab el-Dahariyeh - from the Arabic meaning, "Gate of Eternity" - also known as the "Beautiful Gate" or the "Golden Gate"

Oldest of all the gates to Jerusalem was the only one not rebuilt by Suleiman the Magnificent in 1539-42 A.D.

Bayt el-Maqdis - from the Arabic meaning, "the purest house": Jerusalem

militant - with reference to a man who has a military like character or disposition

militina - with reference to a woman who has a military like character or disposition



Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 20. *Windowsill*

Prologue:

It is afternoon, and Aoife, Risteárd and their children are making their way homeward to the inn along the banks of Glandhuan stream after having had attended the funeral of a dear neighbour.

They are stopping to take a rest at An Ghrian ag Rinne le h-Áthas: a familiar field to them which at this time of the year is richly adorned with yellow buttercups and white daisies.

Aoife and Risteárd are enjoying telling the children stories of the isle while weaving with them a fascinating design out of the flowers and grass.

Aoife is carefully explaining to the older children the second level of meanings behind the sacred names of the far off hills to the north of the field. And as she is doing so a fresh rose scented breeze is floating its way their way by way of the eight-century oratory ruin that stands on the southwestern slope of the field.

It has touched Risteárd too on its way to them for he is lying on the grass between them and the ruin with his hands behind his head, and looking up at the laughing face of his youngest child against the background of the blue sky as she tickles his nose with a buttercup.

As they all turn and look towards the ruin there is appearing there out of the gable wall, Risteárd's father Risteárd accompanied by two native storytelling friends from the west; one named Eamon and

the other Seán. The three of them are smiling and chatting away to each other in Gaedhilge.

They are now sitting themselves down comfortably on the protruding base of the gable, and at the same time beckoning to the family to come sit before them on the carpet of daisy-buttercupped grass.

Risteárd is so very very happy to be meeting his father again for oft in moments of solitude has he been greatly missing him. He loves his lovely father as a son who is loved by a father most true; a friend most faithful, and a seanchaidhe most wonderful.

The nobles are entertaining the family with their marvellous stories about life beyond the present world visible, and recalling for them too memorable stories once told from within it. Truly this is always the very best of times.

Risteárd, Eamon and Seán are blessing Aoife; blessing the children, and blessing Risteárd, and are now beginning to slowly fade away back into the gable from whence they had first appeared. And smiling they are with waving their caps and promising the family that they will be reappearing surely again another time.

The fresh scent of roses is staying with Aoife, Risteárd and the children as they joyfully continue with their journey homeward along by the banks of the Glandhuan.

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Risteárd is sitting in the sunglowed hazel grove singing with the birds. Playing

contentedly close by are a family of rabbits. Snoozing over by the well wall are Bealtaine and Samhain.

Entering this scene on foot from the direction of the inn by way of the blossoming hawthorns is Rísteárd's guest, Receptive.

A welcome is given by all.

Rísteárd Ah, this lovely Sun, Receptive revives to my eyes
the sighting of *Windowsill*.

Receptive How does it proceed, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and
In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Risteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?
I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening, *Risteárd*
also from the very beginning.

Risteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations
iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another
world)

A dragonfly alights on the windowsill. Moments
moment. It rises to its feet and flies off, and joins in flight with
another of its kind. Suddenly, I can't tell which is the dragonfly
that had just left the windowsill and which is the one that was
already in flight. I gaze and gaze but cannot tell the difference.
Strange thing, being able to see clearly yet not being able to see
all at all.

Another dragonfly alights on the windowsill. I can't tell whether it is the same one which had alighted there a few moments ago or if in fact it is a different dragonfly.

This happens several times.

I come to the conclusion as the sun sets that my eyes can only see what they can see, and can't see what they can't see although it is right there in front of them on the windowsill in broad daylight. Strange indeed.

There has got to be a way to see that which I know to be there, although I can't see it with my physical eyes.

'Why not use me, Chaubran?'

'Who are you? Where are you?'

'Thatwhichistheoutthereeverywherehere. Far you've walked with Light, and it has shown you its world. Your physical eyes are only suitable for walking in the company of Light. That is their limit. Deep within your own yet unexplored sacred sanctuary are eyes of whose presence you have only been partially aware of from place to place.

If you want to see the other ninety-nine plus percent of Thatwhichistheoutthereeverywherehere which you call the Great Universe, you'll have to walk with me. Come, I'll show you that which Light can't show you even if it were to present itself as a trillion supernovas.

You've heard it said that Light is the fastest moving entity in the Great Universe. That is but a footnote to how fast I can travel. I can move so quickly that what would take Light twelve hundred billion years to travel would take me literally no time at all to travel and return.'

'Perhaps you never really move at all!'

'Oh, I move. That I can assure you. You human lifeforms, however, have been too accustomed to Light's slow crawling movements to understand speed that is not movement. My movement is so fast it has no speed. The eyes in your sacred sanctuary can see this clearly, can't they?'

'Yes, amazingly clearly.'

'Don't be looking for me in Light. Don't be looking for me with your physical eyes. You'll never find me. Light is in me. It is but particles of dust tossed about me. I do not need Light to show or prove that I am. Yet Light can only exist because of me. I can be, and yet have absolutely no Light present whatsoever.

If you really want to see me, you'll have to walk with me. I will unveil myself to you by way of those eyes in your sacred sanctuary. Where you can see me, you will know that I am all, and that Light is in me, and of me. Come Chaubran, I've a lot to show that sacred sanctuary of yours, but you have to learn how to use it much more profoundly.

Each sacred sanctuary without exception embodies me. Not even the most highly developed piece of high technology

invented by your kind or any other kind can even remotely come near the power of a sacred sanctuary. They can't be made to embody me. So don't waste your places Chaubran in pouring your efforts into constructing bigger and greater machines or more sophisticated pieces of technology, but rather use the power which is in no need of improvement only some unwrapping.

You have allowed machines and high technology to divert your attention away from the greatest power of all which is at your immediate disposal, namely, in your own sacred sanctuary. Use the power of your sacred sanctuary directly, Chaubran. I will help you.'

'There are those from amongst our kind who speak of a God who created all and sustains all. Are you that God?'

'If your ancestors could only have understood what you now understand they would not have worshiped Light and, made it their God.

Chaubran, I am Thatwhichistheoutthereeverywherehere.

Neither call me God the Great, Demon the Great, Universe the Great or Principle the Great nor call me a god, a demon, a great universe or a principle. In fact, there is no name which really embodies what-who I am.

If you wish, however for your comfort to call me by a name in a place of places then you may call me, Providence.

Some of your kind have already spoken of me without knowing what in fact they were actually talking about. While others of your kind with their in-lightened way of viewing everything have only been able to refer to me in terms of being "not Light" calling me "Darkmatter", "Antimatter" or even "Blackhole" and thus by doing so they have blocked themselves off from ever getting to know who I really am as well as discovering how almost insignificant Light actually figures in the bigger picture.

Come, walkntalk with me, and have no more to do with in-sight based on Light. Light can only present itself to your physical eyes. That's its limitation. Light and the myriad things come forth from me, and return to me. And all that comes forth from me is good; very good, and good it is that returns to me very good.'

'But how and, why does ... ?'

'Come, come I will explain as we walkntalk.'

And that Receptive in a translated form is *Windowsill* ~ a sighting of the sacred hearth.

Receptive I'm afraid, Rísteárd you are possessed of some very powerful evil spirit. These profound prophetic words which you spoke are definitely inspired by the Dark One.

Rísteárd (smiling) A crow flying passed a window in broad daylight? If that is the case, Receptive then perhaps you should

most definitely consider taking your leave of me as quickly as your two legs can carry you away over the hills.

Receptive Seriously, Risteárd these words of yours are no ordinary words; not of mediocrity soundly bound. From where did such words come to your tongue?

Risteárd (smiling) They came from where all my words come, Receptive. They came from my sacred sanctuary.

Receptive Then, I am sorry to have to be the one to tell you this, Risteárd but beyond the shadow of a doubt some evil spirit of great magnitude is squatting gleefully in your sacred sanctuary.

Risteárd Your words, Receptive while having some humour about them have also an echo of some authority about them, and backed up perhaps by some unique experiences.

Receptive Yes, Risteárd you are quite right though not about they being somewhat humourous. They do have authority about them, and are backed up by extensive experience in this field.

Risteárd What field, Receptive would that be?

Receptive The field, Risteárd of being able to clearly read the signs of possession.

Rísteárd (smiling) Our humble inn, Receptive has but few possessions.

Receptive I don't mean possessions of that kind, *Rísteárd* but rather of the spiritual kind. I am an ex-exorcist. I know when I am in the presence of one who is possessed.

Rísteárd And what does an exorcist do, Receptive?

Receptive For forty-six years I was dispatched to different parts of the world by my order to exorcise people of demons. And never once in all that time did I err in my judgment; did I err in my reading of the signs of possession in an individual. And never once either did I fail to rid those pitiful individuals of their demons.

In my time, I performed nineteen exorcisms. And that was a lot considering that cases of true possession are very rare indeed. But can you believe it that seven of those nineteen occurred all in the same year!

Rísteárd May I inquire, Receptive as to the nature of these signs?

Receptive I'm sorry, but it would be most imprudent of me right now to divulge this information.

Rísteárd How was this act of exorcism performed,
Receptive?

Receptive Canonically it is referred to as a 'rite'/'ritual'
rather than as an 'act'. One has to strictly adhere to a set of
rules in the performance of the rite. And while it's not
compulsory to use Latin in modern times, I preferred to as it
had proven itself very effective for me.

If you don't mind, I would like to come out of my
retirement just for your sake. I wish most earnestly to exorcise
you of that mega demon which is forcing you to speak such
profound prophetic words as you did there earlier in the
sighting of *Windowsill*.

Rísteárd (smiling) If it will make you feel better, Receptive.

Receptive Oh, no it would not be for me, but for you that I
would be performing this solemn rite. You are the one to be
greatly pitied for you are in terrible danger of losing your soul.

Rísteárd What is a soul, Receptive?

Receptive Oh, you are already very far gone. Let me please
without any further delay exorcise you of that terrible terrible
demon which has taken hold of your soul.

Rísteárd (smiling) If it makes you feel better, Receptive.

Receptive Really your soul is about to fall into the dreadful abyss from which there is no escape.

Receptive walk-limp-hop-runs back over to the inn to his room, and returns almost immediately with an old worn black leather bag containing a number of aids for his act.

In his absence, Risteárd has been playing with Bealtaine, Samhain and the rabbit family.

Receptive I've got my things with me now. So I will begin.

Bealtine and Samhain go over and stretch out by the well wall while the rabbits return to playing with each other about their burrows.

Over the next few hours, Risteárd never utters a single word, but remains quite relaxed laying on the bench there in the grove with his hands behind his head, and gazing up at the golden sky of eve with remembrances of An Ghrian ag Rinne le h-Áthas while seemingly being totally oblivious to Receptive's words or even presence.

Receptive (gravely reading in Latin) "Exorcizamus te, omnis immundus spiritus, omnis satanica potestas, omnis incursio infernalis adversarii, omnis legio, omnis congregatio et secta diabolica, in nomine et virtute Domini Nostri Jesu Christi, eradicare et effugare a Dei Ecclesia, ab animabus ad imaginem Dei conditis ac pretioso divini Agni sanguine redemptis. Non ultra audeas, serpens callidissime, decipere humanum genus, Dei Ecclesiam persequi, ac Dei electos excutere et cribrare sicut triticum.

Imperat tibi Deus altissimus , cui in magna tua superbia te similem haberi adhuc præsumis; qui omnes homines vult salvos fieri et ad agnitionem veritatis venire.

Imperat tibi Deus Pater; imperat tibi Deus Filius; imperat tibi Deus Spiritus Sanctus.

Imperat tibi majestas Christi, æternum Dei Verbum, caro factum, qui pro salute generis nostri tua invidia perdit, humiliavit semetipsum factus hōbediens usque ad mortem; qui Ecclesiam suam ædificavit supra firmam petram, et portas inferi adversus eam nunquam esse prævalituras edixit, cum ea ipse permansurus omnibus diebus usque ad consummationem sæculi.

Imperat tibi sacramentum Crucis, omniumque christianæ fidei Mysteriorum virtus.

Imperat tibi excelsa Dei Genitrix Virgo Maria, quæ superbissimum caput tuum a primo instanti immaculatæ suæ conceptionis in sua humilitate contrivit.

Imperat tibi fides sanctorum Apostolorum Petri et Pauli, et ceterorum Apostolorum.

Imperat tibi Martyrum sanguis, ac pia Sanctorum et Sanctarum omnium intercessio.

Ergo, draco maledicte et omnis legio diabolica, adjuramus te per Deum vivum, per Deum verum, per Deum sanctum, per Deum qui sic dilexit mundum, ut Filium suum unigenitum daret, ut omnes qui credit in eum non pereat, sed habeat vitam æternam: cessa decipere humanas creaturas, eisque æternæ perditionis venenum propinare: desine Ecclesiæ nocere, et ejus libertati laqueos injicere.

Vade, satana, inventor et magister omnis fallaciæ, hostis humanæ salutis.

Da locum Christo, in quo nihil invenisti de operibus tuis; da locum Ecclesiæ uni, sanctæ, catholicæ, et apostolicæ, quam Christus ipse acquisivit sanguine suo.

Humiliare sub potenti manu Dei; contremisce et effuge, invocato a nobis sancto et terribili nomine Jesu, quem inferi tremunt, cui Virtutes cælorum et Potestates et Dominationes subjectæ sunt; quem Cherubim et Seraphim indefessis vocibus laudant, dicentes: Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth."

A bird has come and alighted on the index finger of Rísteárd's left hand, and is chatting away with him about places she had visited during the day. And Rísteárd is joining in refrain with the adventures of his own day.

All the while this is happening, Receptive is continuing on around about the place with his own performance.

"Deus coeli, Deus terræ, Deus Angelorum, Deus Archangelorum, Deus Patriarcharum, Deus Prophetarum, Deus Apostolorum, Deus Martyrum, Deus Confessorum, Deus Virginum, Deus qui potestatem habes donare vitam post mortem, requiem post laborem; quia non est Deus præter te, nec esse potest nisi tu creator omnium visibilium et invisibilium, cujus regni non erit finis: humiliter majestati gloriæ tuæ supplicamus, ut ab omni infernalium spirituum potestate, laqueo, deceptione et nequitia nos potenter liberare, et incolumes custodire digneris.

Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Ab insidiis diaboli, libera nos, Domine.

Ut Ecclesiam tuam secure tibi facias libertate servire, te rogamus, audi nos.

Ut inimicos sanctæ Ecclesiæ humiliare digneris, te rogamus audi nos."

Now that Receptive feels he has gone as far as he can possibly go in the case of Risteárd, is with an abbreviated version turning his attention to exorcising Bealtaine and Samhain as they sleep by the well wall, and is even going as far as exorcising the rabbits who are already sound asleep in their burrows.

Now that he feels he has gone as far as he can possibly go in the case of the sheepdog, cat and rabbits, is with a further abbreviated version attempting to straighten himself up that he may take on the exorcism of the whole hill country of Déisi Mumhan, but is instead falling totally exhausted to the ground.

Risteárd without any sense of urgency rises from his bench and goes and draws some water from the singing well with which to revive, Receptive.

Receptive Risteárd! Risteárd! Risteárd! Forgive me. I must readily admit to you that I was in error most serious from the very outset. In retrospect, I had completely misread the signs.

It's well that I'm retired. You can't imagine what the superior of my order back in my home country would say, if he were to discover that I had come out of retirement without his explicit permission to perform an exorcism on a person who

was never even possessed in the first place.

Risteárd (smiling) Your secret is safe with me, Receptive.

Receptive There was never any evil spirit or the likes residing in your sacred sanctuary, Risteárd. The only resident I was able to find there was pure goodness continuously filling it with its sweetness as would the scent of a rare exotic flower.

Receptive weeps.

Moments of reflective silence.

Risteárd (smiling) The evil of which you spoke of Receptive is but shaded good and good is not evil brightened, but good.

A pebble let down roll by passing currents from an ocean summit all the way down to its base and let forward nudge by passing currents along along along to a sandy seashore is not the summit of the depths. The summit of the depths is the summit of the depths.

Receptive Why is there evil in the world, Risteárd?

Risteárd A summit of the depths by passing currents, Receptive from time to time lets pebbles down roll to its base

and be nudged forward by passing currents along along along
to sandy seashores.

Receptive But, Risteárd how is it that the sea seems these
days to be washing up more boulders than pebbles?

Risteárd (smiling) Summits have forgotten how to be
summits.

What summit, Receptive knowing itself to be a summit
would let boulders down roll by passing currents all the way
down to its base and let forward nudge by passing currents
along along along to sandy seashores?

Receptive Only a crumbling one, Risteárd.

Risteárd (smiling) Receptive wouldn't a cup of tea go well at
this hour of the night?

Receptive (smiling) It would indeed, Risteárd.

Risteárd (smiling) Then let's take ourselves in by the hearth.

Receptive Wise, Risteárd wise.

The two stroll over back to the inn.

Tea, bread, butter and honey are been enjoyed by the cosy sacred hearth. Rísteárd is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Sitting across the hearth from him, is Receptive.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Receptive (smiling) Rísteárd would you mind, if I were to sing right now? I feel I'd love to sing for I haven't been able to do so in decades.

Rísteárd (smiling) To sing at any time is a wonderful thing, Receptive. Go ahead. I'll be for you a most attentive audience.

Receptive with tears welling up in his eyes.

Amazing grace!

How sweet the sound!

That sav'd a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now am found,

Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,

And grace my fears reliev'd;

How precious did that grace appear,

The hour I first believ'd!

Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,

I have already come;

'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be forever mine.

Rísteárd (smiling) Beautiful melody, beautiful words and
beautifully sung, Receptive.
Impressed would John Newton its composer be.

Receptive (smiling) Thank you, Rísteárd. And he too like me
must have had so much to be thankful for; so much to be
joyful about.

Rísteárd Shall we be calling it a night, Receptive?

Receptive I suppose it's better, Rísteárd.
Rest being important too.

Rísteárd (smiling) The nights are many in number, and as many again in number are the stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush to leave the inn, then you are very welcome to sit yourself down in the hazel grove again tomorrow night, where you may happily listen to whatever sighting Sun will bring to my eyes. And it would be my anticipation, *Receptive* that we would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did this night.

Receptive Thank you, Rísteárd. It's very good to be here.

Rísteárd You're most welcome, *Receptive*.
You go ahead now to your bed.
Take the candle from the table with you.
I will rake the fire.

Receptive Good night so, Rísteárd, and thanks again.

Rísteárd Have a sound sleep, *Receptive*.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

Rísteárd *Exeunt*

Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Windowsill*
Sunday Eve the 15th June 2002

Annotations:

An Ghríán ag Rinnce le h-Áthas - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'the Sun dancing with joy' with reference to the field of buttercups and daisies resembling Sun

seanchaidhe - from Gaedhilge, meaning 'storyteller' / 'shanachie': one skilled in the art of storytelling; one well versed in folklore



Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 21. *Warm Ice Fields*

Prologue:

Rísteárd whilst sitting on a warm rock of June two one; gazing out to sea which is the south of the hill country, there came out of the waves strolling towards him one of a great age. And he was a fisherman for under his left arm did contentedly nest a fish of sapphire hue.

Spoke not a word this fisherman, but did place upon the head of Rísteárd a shell of rarest beauty the size of which is not found in the near depths. And in that same moment there came to Rísteárd a knowledge of sacred founts; of paradigms hitherto unknown to him.

Smiling as Sun doth smile the fisherman did so return into the waves leaving to contemplation the regal Rísteárd. And the fish of sapphire hue did fly forth from its cosy nest to play about in the waters ever welcoming.

Rísteárd would tarry alone on the shore in contemplation for eight long days with that day, and nine short nights with that night before setting off on the long walk northwards to the inn.

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Rísteárd is sitting in the sunglowed hazel grove singing with the birds. Contented close by are the deer and rabbits. Snoozing over by the well wall are Bealtaine, Samhain and three fox cubs.

Entering this scene on foot from the direction of the inn is Rísteárd's guest, Receptive.

A welcome is given by all.

Risteárd Ah, this lovely Sun, Receptive revives to my eyes
the sighting of *Warm Ice Fields*.

Receptive How does it proceed, *Risteárd*?

Risteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and
In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Rísteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?

I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening, *Rísteárd* also from the very beginning.

Rísteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another world)

A writing carried the following enigma:

"In a Place surrounded on Three sides by White Curtains, a Blue-coloured Hole will appear in the Sky. Words will be Encouraged to become Flesh. She will be the Embodiment, and Spiritification of Vova for All Peoples. Her Voice will be Gentle, yet Powerful. She will be Welcomed by All Those with Hearts of Flesh while those with Hearts of Metal will Envy Her."

The prophecy dates from about the 17th century BCE.

Other writings by the same writer or writers tell of how an ancient people called the Langbatrians had come from a western sea in long boats because of the Great Turnabout, which had taken place some twelve thousand years before.

They tell of a particular day in which Lnti their Sun God rose and set in the same part of the sky. There was great destruction. Mountains came up out of the sea and valleys were flooded.

Only a few thousand people had managed to escape. Their stories were handed down orally from one generation to the next. Later these were carefully committed to parchments. Eventually the parchments found their way into the hands of a private collector of old manuscripts around the end of the 19th century CE.

Without any apparent reason, some five score and seven years later different people in different parts of the world, and from all walks of life felt that someone was inviting them to witness an event in a place they did not yet know.

A group of about fifty people of various nationalities who had taken the invitation seriously are now walking along the valley of the Urufamfa River in Meruvia. There are people of all ages including a number of children.

A skilled dresser of stone by the name of Atahucocha is on his way down from his ancestral city of Sonhu Micchu. Many years before while still only an apprentice he had made up his mind to dedicate his life to restoring the walls of the sacred city. He was now eighty-six.

'Where are you all headed?'

'Not meaning in anyway to be impolite to you old man, but all I can say is we are going to some place. When we get there we'll know we have arrived.'

'Why are you going to this some place?'

'We don't know, but we feel confident we'll know after getting there. We have been invited to witness some event, and we're very excited about it.'

'Who invited you?'

'We don't know that either. Only we know that we should keep on the move until we reach the place. We seem to be lead by some mysterious presence, though we can neither see nor hear it.'

'Your words are a great comfort to me as I too have been invited to witness an event which will take place in some place. Three nights ago while asleep in Sonhu Micchu, I thought I heard a voice in the wind inviting me to get up and to follow it. The next morning I began my decent. I felt that some invisible person or thing was with me.'

'You too belong to this merry troupe. Come, let us all go together. There will be others too no doubt who will join us along the way.'

The group travels for another nine months until they reach a place somewhere in central Antibeirica.

'We have arrived! I'm sure of it.'

'You're right. I too feel this to be the place.'

'Us too.'

To their left and right, and in front of them are steep walls of frozen snow and ice glistening in the sun.

High in the sky directly overhead there appears to be a large faint, fluctuating halo of sorts.

A gentle wind begins to blow slowly from the entrance to this great white canyon.

'Look! There are blue lettered words being carried along by the wind.'

'I've read those somewhere! But where?

Yes, of course. They are the same words which used to be written on an ancient parchment which I have in my library back in Elpsserland concerning a prophecy.'

'What do you mean by used to be written on?'

'A strange thing happened one stormy night three years ago after I took out some parchments from my safe in order to continue my ongoing study of them. My grandfather had bought them from some gypsies over a hundred years ago.

You may find this a little hard to believe, but right there before my eyes the ancient words mysteriously rose of their own accord from one of the parchments, and drifted across the study only to float out through the wall.

I thought I was imagining the whole thing, and that perhaps the exposure of the parchments to the air had caused

the words to fade. However, I discovered that only the words from the parchment referring to the prophecy had vanished. Later that same night, while dreaming, I received an invitation to go on a journey to some place.'

The wind carrying the words forms itself into a whirlwind not far from where the group is standing. It is becoming very colourful and retains a constant speed. Sometimes its spin is anticlockwise, and at other times clockwise.

'Listen, can you hear it?'

'Yes, a most beautiful sound. The sweetest sound I've ever heard.'

The whirl measures about five meters from its tapered top to bottom, while about two meters at its bulging diameter, and hovers less than half a meter off the ice floor. All the words have by now become entwined in it. It begins to glow but not dazzle.

'Look! There appears to be a shape slowly forming within the whirl.'

'It's like that of a woman.'

The whirl fades, and in its place stands a woman of average height and build, but not of the modern era.

'The words have become flesh, and stand before us.'

'The flesh of words.'

'Welcome, to you all. Thank you for coming to witness my becoming into flesh. Your longing encouraged my be living.

Ancient ones placed me in words and passed me on by word of mouth until I was placed in a parchment so that at a time of great anxiety in the future, as you're experiencing, I might become a living reminder of the precious human secret. Human lifeforms are again heading towards total extinction by their very own hands.

Your artificial selves are again about to destroy you for one reason and one reason alone. You have vova, and they don't. This situation they cannot tolerate. Vova is the only way you can hope to ensure your survival. When you really vova you are totally at peace with your sanctuary power. Only then can it be truly safe.

It is when you're loosing your sanctuary power that you're most vulnerable.

The best way a person can be for oneself, one's fellow human beings and all lifeforms is to vova.

When vova is being itself in all its fullness within and around each one of you then your power and that of your fellow humans and all lifeforms as a whole is secure.'

'What is vova?'

'Vova is your own indefinable essence, Atahucocha. It can't be transferred into your inventions not even the most sophisticated ones you have or ever will invent. Neither can they wrench it away from you, though they employ the subtlest of means available to them.

All your inventions have a definable essence. That's the fundamental difference between you and them. However, you need to know that they are almost within reach of completely overpowering you.

Although they cannot take your vova they will no longer tolerate your physical existence. This is quickly becoming their particular brand of logic.'

'What should we do?'

'Vova is like an atmospherer or a clouding though it cannot be spoken of as surrounding anything. If holes begin to appear then it means that the inner is already on the verge of destruction. That from without merely finishes the job off. If you powerfully vova your power will be fully yours.'

'We don't know how to vova. So how then can we hope to ever secure our sanctuary power? Will you please teach us?'

'Vova is not taught; rather it is given a chance to be itself. Though you have cast it into your own depths it's not lost. Let it come to your surfaces.'

Suddenly!

'Hummmmbuzzzhiss hummmmbuzzzhiss humbuzhiss
umuziss mzs!'

Four huge, pentagonal-shaped mobile computers are
blocking off the exit of the canyon.

'Fleshites! Umuzss! We've got you at last! Umuzss!
Turn her over to us or this canyon will be your grave!
Umuzss! Mzs.'
'I'll go to you. There is no need to hurt these people.'
'You must not go to them! They'll destroy you!'
'Have courage. Trust me.'
'Quickly! Umuzss! Quickly! Umuzss! Mzs.'
'Surely you don't want me in the form of flesh, do you?'
'Of course not! Umuzss! What do you think we are?
Umuzss! Humans? Umuzss!
Come to us in the form of pure vova!
Umuzss! Umuzss! Mzs.'

The form advances.

The four huge computers do everything within their
power to somehow bring the form within their system, but
every method fails. They have all but totally exhausted their
power into the air.

The walls of the canyon make comment, saying,

'We have stood here for thousands and thousands of years and we have never witnessed anything so humorous as the activities of you four. Definable essences trying to be indefinable?'

'Careful! Umsasasasse! We can bring you three crashing down in an instant! Umsasasasse! Mmzzsssss.'

'Where's your power?'

'Sssssmmzz.'

'We're still here in all our indefinableness.'

The four eventually back off and roll-limp away into the distance.

From the clear silence of the canyon comes forth her gentle voice:

'I'm but a reminder, not a restorer. Your nearest as well as your most distant ancient ancestors were like you in all aspects in that they too were giving their power away into their inventions, but unfortunately it was way too late for them when they became aware of the primary reason why they were doing it.

A Great Turnabout took them by complete surprise. This has happened already to several civilizations of human lifeforms on this planet. They have never taken it serious enough.'

'You mean we are not the first-and-only?'

'Far from it. Human lifeforms have yet to be truly themselves. There is no need to have any restorative inclinations for there is nothing there that you should try to restore. Your ancients never really tried to vova. Always they were too obstinate. Repetitive stubbornness.

However, this civilization of peoples of which you few are all members seems to be more open-minded. Be proto be livers.

To be be livers is what humans are really meant to be. All it takes is a few people who truly understand in order to break the trend.

This planet won't last forever. If it self-destructed yesterday so too would have all human lifeforms, without ever having given themselves the chance to be truly themselves. That would have been such a pity.

Be livers can know destruction before it takes place and so can always avoid it. Luck is only luck.

Do you want to be be livers?'

'If we don't want to, then who will?'

'If we will, then who won't want to? Let us be the first to listen, and act upon what we have just heard.'

With great joy they dance and sing their way through the warm ice fields.

And that, Receptive in a translated form is *Warm Ice Fields* ~ a sighting of the sacred hearth.

Receptive (smiling) I know, Rísteárd that this will be sounding like somewhat of a strange question coming from one like me; one who is of Royal Prophet David's lineage, but do you believe in prophecies?

Rísteárd (smiling) Then this too, Receptive will be sounding like somewhat of a strange answer, but Rísteárd is a prophecy.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive (smiling) What of the hearth here, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd (smiling) It too, Receptive is a prophecy for there is naught that isn't a prophecy.

Receptive Is Receptive a prophecy?

Rísteárd A prophecy, Receptive is.

Receptive What is a prophecy, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd A prophecy, Receptive is a becoming returning.

Receptive (smiling) If a prophecy, Rísteárd is a becoming returning what then is a returning becoming?

Rísteárd (smiling) Receptive a prophecy.

Receptive Prophetic words returning, Rísteárd.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive (smiling) I admire and envy, Rísteárd the stone dresser Atahucocha who dedicated his life to restoring the walls of his sacred ancestral city.

Rísteárd (smiling) Has Receptive a sacred ancestral city?

Receptive (smiling) Yes, he has indeed, Rísteárd. His ancestral city is the most sacred ancestral city in the whole world.

Rísteárd Where does this city, Receptive have its location?

Receptive My ancestral city is located on the ridge of far off mountains of a sacred land to the southeast of this beautiful isle, Rísteárd. To the west of the city are slopes, and to the east lies a desert, which descends to a water's edge.

Rísteárd In your beautiful land, Receptive has your ancestral city been surrounded by a wall?

Receptive The geographical position of my ancestral city, Rísteárd is linked to the morphological structure of the mountains which appear as one solid mass unbreached by valleys, although vales and ravines are found on their western and eastern descents. This unbroken length of mountains turns my ancestral city into a fortress dominating a considerable area.

Rísteárd What of any walls are there, Receptive made by our humankind?

Receptive It has had many man-made walls, Rísteárd down through the ages that were constructed, reconstructed, destroyed, redestroyed and restored once again and again.

Rísteárd Why did it need such walls?

Receptive To protect its treasures, Rísteárd from attack.

Rísteárd (smiling) Here in the hill country, Receptive treasures are in great abundance, yet where are the man-made walls to be seen surrounding them?

Receptive (smiling) I see none at all, Rísteárd. But these are merely the treasures of nature. The treasures of man, however,

need to be protected by artificial walls of one substance or another time and time again.

Risteárd (smiling) What, Receptive is the greatest treasure of man?

Receptive That's a difficult question, Risteárd for it will be different for every culture. What would be a treasure for Risteárd?

Risteárd (smiling) By first sight Sun, Moon, Stars and Galaxies, and by a second sight the Vast Unseen.

Receptive feels his head becoming all dizzy.

Risteárd brings him a ladle of water from the well.

Receptive (smiling) Thanks, Risteárd. I'm fine now. It's just that I was having difficulty visualizing how a wall might be constructed about your treasures.

Risteárd (smiling) Where could a wall, Receptive begin to be constructed which would be outside or bordering that which is without a border or an outside?

Receptive But how, Risteárd do you protect these treasures of which you've made mention?

Rísteárd (smiling) These treasures would they not also be your treasures, Receptive; your people's treasures and the treasures of those of your neighbour's, and of all peoples' of the whole wide world and beyond?

Receptive Yes, of course they would be, *Rísteárd* but it seems to me that there has to be walls.

Rísteárd By the time the temperature begins to drop, Receptive our humankind of wisdom will have already put on some warm clothing. By the time the clouds begin to rain down, our humankind of wisdom will have already constructed some kind of shelter.

A swan will not be laying her eggs on flowing water nor neither the thrush be laying hers on swirling air. These garments, shelters and nests, Receptive are all natural necessities of convenience for each and every lifeform. They're not keeping out something that's considered to be outside them or keeping in something that's considered to be inside them.

Rather these are the means to live with wisdom, spontaneity and above all with respect; respect for the power of nature and the acceptance of one's own delicate composition.

Wisdom teaches through experience and transmission that too much rain on one's body will only produce sickness

and pain; too much heat a wrinkling and fading of the skin and too much cold a blackening and loosing of the limbs.

If one makes a garment for oneself ten times smaller than one's natural size, will one feel warm with the cold days of winter drawing near?

Receptive (smiling) Most definitely not, *Risteárd*.

Risteárd How much more so then in the depths of winter? If one builds a dwelling for oneself and one's family in an area that is well known for its flooding, will one feel safe with the approaching of the autumnal rains?

Receptive (smiling) Most definitely not, *Risteárd*.

Risteárd How much more so then, *Receptive* when the floodwaters will be moving the flowerpots about on the windowsills?

Moments of reflective silence.

Risteárd (smiling) In a little while, *Receptive*, Sun will be setting and the deer and the rabbits will be wanting to settle down too for the night. Let's take our leave, and stroll over to

the inn for a nice cup of tea and some freshly baked bread by the inner hearth.

Receptive (smiling) Yes, that would be greatly welcomed, Rísteárd for the sensation of experiencing space without walls has been for me quite overwhelming.

Rísteárd (smiling) Ah, a fine cup of tea now, Receptive will be returning anew to you perspective refreshed.

The two stroll over back to the inn.

Tea, freshly baked bread, butter and honey are been enjoyed by the cosy sacred hearth. Rísteárd is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Sitting across the hearth from him, is Receptive.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Receptive (smiling) Rísteárd do you know what I was just thinking to myself? I was thinking that you'd make a wonderful Jew. And that if you did choose to become one, you'd be greatly welcomed into our fold.

Rísteárd (smiling) Life, surely is very interesting, Receptive for I've had guests sitting in that very same chair on which you sit now, who have said to me that I would make a wonderful Christian; a wonderful Muslim.

Receptive (smiling) It's true that you would, Risteárd but I think you have more of a Jewish propensity about you than that of a Christian or Muslim one.

Risteárd The Jewish, Christian and Muslim writings, Receptive are indeed truly profound, but I have a liking for sources to be visiting.

A source of the Christian and Muslim writings is to be found in the Jewish writings, and a source for the Jewish is to be found in the Babylonian; the Babylonian in the Canaanite; the Canaanite in the Egyptian; the Egyptian in the Sumerian; the Sumerian is to be found in a source, and the source is to be found in a source in a source and in a source.

Receptive Well that may very well be so, Risteárd but one needs to be a rivulet, a stream or a river to enjoy the full benefits of the flowing water and the returning to the sea.

Risteárd (smiling) Where the source is, Receptive there is the inner sanctuary, and where the inner sanctuary is there is the source.

Receptive (with great reverence)

"Shema Yisrael HaShem Elohaynoo HaShem echad."

Moments of reflective silence.

Rísteárd (smiling) Hallowed are these words, Receptive.

Receptive (smiling) Yes, truly Rísteárd for with these words do I believe with perfect faith that the Creator, blessed be His name, is a Unity, and that there is no unity in any manner like unto His, and that He alone is our God Who was, Who is, and Who will be.

Rísteárd (smiling) This is a beautiful sentiment, Receptive.

Receptive I assure you, Rísteárd that it's a whole lot more than merely a beautiful sentiment. It's the essence of who I am, Rísteárd.

Rísteárd (smiling) At the fountainhead of Glandhuan, Receptive, do I listen to hear the bubbling waters say to me,

 ' Hear, O Rísteárd is Mystery *mystery*.'
And I listen and be.

 At the rising of Sun, do I look to see the brightening beams say to me,

 'See, O Rísteárd is Mystery *mystery*.'
And I look and be.

 At the coming of Spring, do I smell to scent the blossoming flowers say to me,

 'Scent, O Rísteárd is Mystery *mystery*.'
And I smell and be.

At the ripening of Corn, do I eat to taste the goldening
grains say to me,

'Taste, O Rísteárd is Mysterymystery.'

And I eat and be.

At the forming of Clouds, do I touch to feel the dancing
droplets say to me,

'Feel, O Rísteárd is Mysterymystery.'

And I touch and be.

At the speaking of Words, do I think to imagine the
hovering sounds say to me,

'Imagine, O Rísteárd is Mysterymystery.'

And I think and be.

And to my sacred sanctuary all these doth come and
harmoniously say.

'O Mysterymystery.'

And I am.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive (with great reverence)

"Shema Yisrael HaShem Elohaynoo HaShem echad "

Moments of reflective silence.

Rísteárd (smiling) Hear, O Receptive thy Lord thy God, and with thy Lord thy God may thou be one.

And may thou love thy Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.

And may these words be upon thy heart; and may thou teach them diligently unto thy children, and may thou talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.

And may thou bind them for a sign upon thy hand, and may they be for frontlets between thine eyes.

And may thou write them upon the door-posts of thy house, and upon thy gates.

Receptive (smiling very happily) Well familiar you are with our *Sacred Tanakh*, *Rísteárd*. How truly wonderful.

Thank you from my heart, and may you follow your way well. Shalom aleichem, *Rísteárd*.

Rísteárd (smiling) Aleichem shalom, *Receptive*. Well will be thy way; well will become thy way.

Receptive (smiling happily) Thank you, *Rísteárd*. It will take time.

Rísteárd (smiling) It now being well passed the hour of midnight, shall we let the hearth be, *Receptive*?

Receptive I suppose it's better, Rísteárd.
Rest being important too.

Rísteárd (smiling) The nights are many in number, and as many again in number are the stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush to leave the inn, then you are very welcome to sit yourself down in the hazel grove again tomorrow night, where you may happily listen to whatever sighting Sun will bring to my eyes. And it would be my anticipation, *Receptive* that we would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did this night.

Receptive Thank you, Rísteárd. It's very good to be here.

Rísteárd You're most welcome, *Receptive*.
You go ahead now to your bed.
Take the candle from the table with you.
I will rake the fire.

Receptive Good night so, Rísteárd, and thanks again.

Rísteárd Have a sound sleep, *Receptive*.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

Rísteárd *Exeunt to go for a walk in the moonlight with Aoife*

Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Warm Ice Fields*
Sunday Eve the 29th June 2002

Annotations:

Royal Prophet David - with reference to a prophetic Levantine king who reigned from circa 1000-961 B.C.

His prophetic son, Solomon reigned from circa 961-922 B.C.

ancestral city is located ... - with reference to the Levantine city of Jerusalem ~ Bayt el-Maqdis

Shema Yisrael HaShem Elohaynoo HaShem echad - from Hebrew meaning, "Hear, O Israel, L-RD our G-d, L-RD is one."

Shalom aleichem - from Hebrew meaning, "Peace be to you." The beautiful Arabic phrase, 'Salam Aleikum' has precisely the same meaning.



Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna

ACT 22. *Opera House*

Prologue:

In this bright fresh early morning, Risteárd is strolling passed a towering rock dubbed 'Finnegans Wailing Wake Wall' - a name that was given to it some years back in an article written by a renowned American literary scholar, after he had returned home from a walking tour of the island.

As his shadow is moving along on the side of the rock there is emitting from the rock a most forlorn voice,

'Richard, Richard, Richard why are you paralysing me?'

Oh!!!!!!.

What was that?

Literally a bolt of lightening just came out of the blue and has rent the colossus in two de cap a pie!

Astonishingly, Risteárd whose thoughts are seemingly unperturbed either by the sound of the forlorn voice or the loud cracking sound of the renting rock, is still walking on by without even as much as a taking a sideways glimpse or breaking his ethereal stride; walking as he is on off up into the higher hills.

Some hours later, on his descent, Risteárd pauses by the two halves of the once mighty rock. Out of a sense of compassion, he builds there a cairn of stones measuring some three feet in height and having a diameter of about five feet.

After soothing his hands in a nearby stream, he cups some of its flowing waters in his hands, and brings it over to sprinkle it upon the cairn while bestowing upon it the name, 'Chaith sé Saol Crua' - a name which means, 'He (of the forlorn voice) lived a hard life (of his own making).' The connotation being that he had lived an intellectual life of self-paralysis, but that now he is finally at peace.

Risteárd with his thoughts from the higher hills is happily resuming his homeward journey to the inn.

Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Risteárd is sitting in the sunglowed hazel grove singing with the birds. Contented close by are the deer and rabbits. Snoozing over by the well wall are Bealtaine and Samhain.

Entering this scene on foot from the direction of the inn is Risteárd's guest, Receptive.

A welcome is given by all.

Risteárd Ah, this lovely Sun, Receptive revives to my eyes the sighting of *Opera House*.

Receptive How does it proceed, Risteárd?

Risteárd (silently invoking)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle's sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and

In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral sojourners of Bygone
Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts.

Rísteárd (smiling) Now where shall I begin?
I suppose no better place to begin than at the very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening also from the
very beginning.

Receptive (smiling) Then I will begin my listening, *Rísteárd*
also from the very beginning.

Rísteárd (in a slow soft melodious voice of a lovely blas and of intonations
iridescent; the kind of voice that would be carrying one away into another
world)

An opera house of a delightful summer's day.

Depther, is sitting on a gentle slope by a very large tree.
He gazes across the meadows while chanting one of his own
compositions.

'Fresh green meadow ----- Fresh green meadow
white clouds in a bright blue sky ----- white clouds in
a bright blue sky
Fresh dark meadows ----- Fresh dark meadows
sparkling stars in a velvet sky ----- sparkling stars in a
velvet sky
Fresh frosted dew meadows ----- Fresh frosted dew
meadows
dawn stars in an orange sky ----- dawn stars in an
orange sky
Fresh sparkling meadows --- Fresh sparkling meadows
rainbow in a bluewhitegrey sky -- rainbow in a
bluewhitegrey sky
Fresh fresh white white meadowsky - Fresh fresh white
white meadowsky '

Long silence.

An old tomcat perched in the tree stretches himself.

'Why do you live with such joy in your heart, human?'

'I live heartily because there is always the chance that I won't die. Yes, it's ...'

Tomcat almost falls down out of the tree.

'Are you okay?'

'I'm a cat.'

'It's true yes, that there are many who have died up to now, but that says absolutely nothing about me, now does it, wise one?'

'No, I suppose not but everything has to die sometime. Law of nature. Even I know I will die after the ninth one, if I can even ever reach the ninth one at all.'

'Do you know that for sure?'

'Well, there is nothing one can know for sure. But that's the beauty of it all, don't you see. There's room for possibilities. One of them being that I may not have to loose this physiospiritual existence that I've had since my conception in my mother's womb.'

'How might that be ever possible?'

'That's not for me to know. To know the how is not as important as to feel that it is very possible. The how will take care of itself.'

'So I take it then that you haven't resigned yourself to death as something that should automatically happen to you although you are well aware that others have died and continue to die around you. Is that correct?'

'Yes, that's correct.'

'If I may be so bold, how old are you?'

'I'm about thirty-one groups of twelve or about one thirty-one if you like.'

'Youth! Well, will you take some special drug or something to extend the unextendable?'

'Only those who view life as a daily dying and as such a great burden find some solace in turning to elixirs. Elixirs provide the illusionary diversion to help them to deal with the pain of that which is itself in the first place a harmful illusion, namely, that life is a daily dying. Such a position has been of their own choosing, and there lies the true tragedy of their life.'

'You're definitely odd. In fact odder than odd. In a category all by yourself.'

'So be it, categoriser. Yet it may be difficult for you to find in the world one with such a serene blend of oddnessjoy.'

'You're the first and will probably be the only one I'll ever meet. You might be happier however, if you were to resign yourself to death, like all the rest of us, as being the natural end of all living things, including yourself.'

Look at me, I'm very happy and when death comes, that will be it. The end of that which had a beginning and a middle. Submission to the inevitable early on secures happiness in one's later years. Believe me.'

'What really is inevitable? I have lived up until very recently the type of happiness of which you now speak, and I can honestly tell you that in no way does it even closely resemble that which I feel by letting myself free for possibilities

to present themselves to me. The world is full of all sorts of possibilities. Happiness used to be something that happened to me whereas now, it is I rather that am happening.'

'Are you conscious of death as being something real at all?'

'Only after someone or plant dies. And even then it is only real in the case of that particular person or plant. It says nothing about me or any other person or plant that is living.'

'What if you were to die tomorrow?'

'How would I know I have died? For me living has but one purpose, and that is to live. I can no longer accept that it has to be true in every case that a life begins as the beginning of a slow death which ends with the death of that life.'

Of course, that has been the case for so many but there exists a very real possibility it may not be true for those still living like you there in the tree and me here on the ground. That's my point and on the basis of that way of thinking, I live my life accordingly. The wonder of life is living it for the well-beauty of all.'

'Do you have any proof?'

'The very existence of possibilities is itself a proof. If I had not had such an insight, oh how miserable my life would have been! The very thought of resigning myself again to death as I had for all the days of my life? No way, that would be pitiful!'

I prefer instead to live heartily because there is always the chance that I won't die. I may find myself suddenly alive as I am now in another part of the Great Universe where all conditions may be very different from what we experience on this beautiful orb. This can occur at any moment. Living with the possibility of suprisedelight. Who can say with all certainty that it won't take place for me?'

'Not me, but I'm afraid you're on your own then. I'm going to sleep. I feel somewhat drowsy when my mind begins to drift too far from its permanent base.'

'Better to be living joyfully with one of my own hopefilled thoughts than to be miserable from following a defeatist thought which has been put forward by the many from all generations.'

'Yawmeaow. I'm only miserable sometimes. That's only natural, I think. Everybody feels the same way as I do. I'm almost sure they do.'

Tree joins in in the conversation, saying,

'Speak for yourself alone, kitten.

I like your way, human, Suprisedelight.'

'Ah well. Yawmeaow owz owzz zzz.'

Cat sleeps.

Depther arias and the chorus echoes.

'Fresh green meadows ----- WE LIVE
white clouds in a bright blue sky ----- WE LIVE
Fresh dark meadows ----- WE LIVE
sparkling stars in a velvet sky ----- WE LIVE
Fresh frosted dew meadows ----- WE LIVE
dawn stars in an orange sky ----- WE LIVE
Fresh sparkling meadows ----- WE LIVE
rainbow in a bluewhitegreysky ----- WE LIVE
Fresh fresh white white meadowsky ----- WE LIVE
Fresh lives heartily fresh and so is fresh ----- I LIVE
Meadow lives heartily meadow and so is a meadow ---- I LIVE
Sky lives heartily sky and so is sky --- I LIVE
A life lives heartily life and so is a life -- HE LIVES
Live to live - YES '

And that, Receptive in a translated form is *Opera House*
~ a sighting of the sacred hearth.

Receptive (smiling) Like being at an operatic performance.
How wondrous your singing voice is, Risteárd. It ranks above
the best I've ever heard in all my years of attending opera. And
I have seen many performances all over the world.

Risteárd (smiling) Blessed be your listening ear to the music
of our humankind, but I would have you, Receptive listen
awhile to the wondrous singing voices of the myriad forms here
about us.

Receptive Rísteárd I know how to listen to the music of our humankind, but of the myriad forms I know not.

Minutes of listening.

Rísteárd (smiling) What can you hear, *Receptive*?

Receptive (smiling) I can hear beautiful sounds, Rísteárd and combinations of sounds, but I can't understand their lyrics; the lovely librettos being cradled in their voices.

I can hear arias, recitatives, choruses, duets, trios, et cetera but I can't understand of word of them; I can't appreciate this magnificent opera.

But how I would love to be able to appreciate it as I do *La Bohème*, *La Traviata*, *Carmen*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and *L'Elisir d'Amore*.

Rísteárd (smiling) Puccini, Verdi, Bizet, Mozart, Rossini and Donizetti were galaxies, *Receptive*.

Oh! Listen there. What's this arriving upon the breeze? Ah, yes of course. Can you hear them, *Receptive*?

Receptive Hear who, Rísteárd? Galaxies?

Rísteárd (smiling very happily) Hear those two sublime high fliers there journeying homeward into the southwest; companions of Rosa & Enrico.

Receptive I hear and see but the near birds, *Rísteárd*.

Sounds of stillness.

Receptive *Rísteárd* I know well how to appreciate the operas of our humankind, but how can I appreciate the operas of nature?

Rísteárd How have you been culturing yourself to appreciate the operas of our humankind, *Receptive*?

Receptive Well, I read the story of an opera until I am able to completely understand it. I listen to the musical score until every note of it is in my head. I familiarize myself with the lyrics that I may recognize and understand the leitmotif. I learn the language in which it was originally written.

Then I study the cultural background in which the opera is set. I try to discover the source of the inspiration for the opera. I find out everything I can about the singing and acting techniques of each and every performer. I visualize the settings and the scenery, and I anticipate the choreography

and elaborate costumes. Finally, I go and attend the actual operatic performance itself.

Risteárd You have answered well, Receptive for this is indeed how to truly appreciate the operatic performances of our humankind.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive What of the opera of the myriad forms, *Risteárd*?

Risteárd Imagine an opera, Receptive that has a story but that it can't be read beforehand. Yet, you will be able to completely understand it.

Imagine a musical score that has never been sounded before, and lyrics that have never been written in languages unbounded. Yet, you will be able to recognize every note; understand the leitmotif and speak all of its languages.

Imagine a cultural background and source that is without a beginning. Yet, you will be able to be at one with its origin.

Imagine performers whose singing and acting techniques are quite spontaneous. Yet, you will be able to appreciate their curling and burling of each and every note.

Imagine settings and scenery, choreography and costumes that transcend description. Yet, you will be able to take in everything.

Imagine this opera, *Receptive* that has for its center stage the hub *Receptive*.

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive (smiling) What have you found in your appreciation of nature's operas, *Risteárd*?

Risteárd (smiling) I have found thus far, *Receptive* that nature's repertoire is inexhaustible. Nature's operas have no audiences only participants. Every performance is pure and strong; each carrying with it a logic and style all of its own. Performances are spontaneous, personal and without boundaries; abounding in nuances are they. Oneself is the overture for each performance while each performance can't be said to have either a beginning or an ending.

Receptive What disposition, Risteárd should I be bringing to each performance?

Risteárd (smiling) I can only say, Receptive be you; be yourself. Aoife has told me that I approach the operatic performances of nature with childlike innocence. Yet, I have had to continually culture myself in the understanding of form and metaform to be able to move formily and metaformily with the myriad forms.

Moments of reflective silence.

Taking their leave of the hazel grove, Risteárd and Receptive are strolling in conversation along the bank of the Glandhuan with its golden hued river grass flowers floating on the surface, and its fishes playing hide and seek with each other.

Receptive (smiling) What is the 'permanent base' Risteárd?

Risteárd It is, Receptive having a prospect without prospection; a stagnant view which for ephemeral comforts defines everything within small, tangible, measurable, predictable, realistic categories, and which would be carrying with it the expectation that others too would in time come around to adopting the same point of view, but wouldn't be put out in the slightest however, if they don't.

Receptive This would be a fairly accurate description of nearly everybody in the world, Rísteárd.

Rísteárd How about, Receptive the little children in the world?

Receptive (smiling) Well, I suppose no it wouldn't be true in the case of the little children, Rísteárd for theirs is the way of spontaneity. But for the rest of our humankind it would be true to say that having such a permanent base is the natural way to ensure survival in the world, and to lend to existence a definable meaning.

When I think about it, Rísteárd. That is precisely the way I live my life, in fact. It does not bother me at all that for the sake of my own ephemeral comforts and of those most dear to me that I define everything within small, tangible, measurable, predictable, realistic categories. I live with the expectation that others too will in time come around to adopting my point of view, but I won't be in the least put out however, if they don't.

Moments of reflective silence.

Rísteárd is trying to hide his great feelings of sadness upon hearing these words of Receptive.

Receptive Risteárd, how would you go about encouraging someone like me to break free of my narrow confines?

Risteárd (smiling) It has been like trying to encourage hardness out of a piece of granite, Receptive.

Receptive (smiling) It means, Risteárd that you have been trying all along, haven't you? Some block of granite I must be!

Risteárd (smiling) See the beautiful river grass there, Receptive? This is the prospection of its roots. So too is the river a prospection of its fountainhead. Imagine if the river had stayed in its fountainhead.

So too is golden Sun there a prospection of its swirls. Imagine if Sun had stayed in its swirls.

Receptive is a prospection of his conception. Imagine if Receptive had stayed in his minutia.

Receptive Would that I were conceived again, Risteárd.

Risteárd One's physical body, Receptive is but given once here; once given it is one's physical body for the duration here.

One's inner sacred sanctuary is a coming myriad upon myriad; myriad upon myriad coming it is one's inner sacred

sanctuary, and will be a myriad upon myriad continuing with ad infinitum.

Its prospects are its prospections; its prospections its prospects for so closely does one follow in the reflection of the other.

Receptive I've lost all recollections of my thoughts, Rísteárd. I can't remember what was of importance to me a few minutes ago or even throughout my whole life.

It seems to me that just a short while ago, I was greatly concerned about defending my ideas, but now I find no such compulsion within me. How came this about, Rísteárd?

Rísteárd (smiling) Softly glance how the river waters are settling themselves down to a gentle flow with this forming night. Let's take ourselves in by the inner hearth, *Receptive* for a nice warm cup of tea.

Receptive (smiling) That would be wonderful, Rísteárd.

Tea, freshly baked currant cake, butter and honey are been enjoyed by the cosy sacred hearth. Rísteárd is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Sitting across the hearth from him, is *Receptive*.

The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over on the windowsill and from the one on the table.

Receptive It has been my experience of life and of the arts, Risteárd, that human life is naturally full of tragedies; life itself being naturally the greatest tragedy of all. Our humankind are les misérables. We are the wretched ones whose very existence is nothing but a misery. Therefore, I am convinced without a doubt that to be feeling somewhat miserable and wretched all of the time is only natural.

Risteárd Search in any age, Receptive and in any part of the world, and you will easily find le misérable one delighting in presenting wretchedness to the world of his or her day, and thus leaving in their wake ambidextrous manuals on how to extend misery into the future.

Receptive What of the genius Victor Hugo, Risteárd?

Risteárd A genuine misérable, Receptive.

Receptive (visibly shocked and stammering) How, how, how can you say this, Risteárd? Hear the great and mighty works he has written ... *Odes et Poésies Diverses** *Nouvelles Odes** *Bug-Jargal** *Odes et Ballades** *Cromwell** *Les Orientales** *Le Dernier jour d'un condamné** *Hernani** *Notre-Dame de Paris** *Marion Delorme** *Les Feuilles d'automne** *Le Roi s'amuse** *Lucrèce Borgia** *Marie Tudor** *Étude sur Mirabeau** *Littérature et philosophie mêlées** *Claude Gueux** *Angelo** *Les Chants du crépuscule** *Les Voix intérieures** *Ruy Blas** *Les Rayons et les ombres** *Le Rhin** *Les Burgraves** *Napoléon le Petit** *Les*

Châtiments Lettres à Louis Bonaparte* Les Contemplations* La Légende des siècles* Les Misérables* William Shakespeare* Les Chansons des rues et des bois* Les Travailleurs de la Mer* Paris-Guide* L'Homme qui rit* L'Année terrible* Quatrevingt-Treize* Mes Fils* Actes et paroles - Avant l'exil* Actes et paroles - Pendant l'exil* Actes et paroles - Depuis l'exil* La Légende des Siècles 2e série* L'Art d'être grand-père* Histoire d'un crime - 1re partie* Histoire d'un crime - 2e partie* Le Pape* Religions et religion* L'Âne* Les Quatres vents de l'esprit* Torquemada* La Légende des siècles - Tome III* L'Archipel de la Manche* Théâtre en liberté* La fin de Satan* Choses vues - 1re série* Alpes et Pyrénées* Dieu* France et Belgique* Toute la lyre* Correspondances - Tome I* Correspondances - Tome II* Les années funestes* Choses vues - 2e série* Post-scriptum de ma vie* Dernière Gerbe* Mille francs de recompense* Océan* Tas de pierres* Pierres* ...*

Risteárd Look closely, Receptive at this tapestry; examine carefully each delicate thread, and verily you will find to your amazement that while his pen was busy being the genius, his sacred sanctuary was being forced to endure an imprisonment most solitary behind the great walls of the Bastille Ego Hugo.

Receptive Risteárd, Risteárd this surely cannot be true! Tell me please, please that it is not so.

Risteárd (smiling) It is not so, Receptive surely when the noble one sitting at the fully decked board in the great

banqueting hall raises his or her goblet and views it in the glowing as it drapes there in all its splendour on the amorphous darken far off wall above the arched doorway.

Genius that is the handmaiden of a sacred sanctuary, Receptive is a giver of life in all its abundance. When life in all its abundance is abounding in the world of our humankind, whereabouts could misery be found; whereabouts le misérable one?

Moments of reflective silence.

Receptive Are we living in the age, Rísteárd in which life in all its abundance is abounding in the world of our humankind?

Rísteárd (smiling) It is my experience of life and of the arts thus far, Receptive that the life of our humankind is naturally full of goodness; life itself being naturally the greatest good of all. Our humankind is a blessed lifeform as are all lifeforms. All are the blessed ones whose very existence is everything but a misery.

Receptive to be feeling somewhat miserable and wretched all of the time in the presence of such beatitude would be quite unnatural. Such unnaturalness would have been a deliberate choice to ignore such blessedness and instead to head off into an area of detrimental consequences

not alone for oneself but for one's family, one's neighbourhood, one's friends, one's village, and for those found beyond, and ultimately for posterity.

Receptive, the Bastille Ego Hugoes of the world are crumbling even as we speak. Sacred sanctuaries are seeing the light of day for the very first time. It's a very good time to be in human existence; to be a human lifeform.

Receptive (smiling) I shall live in hope, Rísteárd.

Rísteárd (smiling) With such a good intention brought to word and accordance anticipated, shall we call it a night, Receptive?

Receptive I suppose it's better, Rísteárd.
Rest being important too.

Rísteárd (smiling) The nights are many in number, and as many again in number are the stories needing to be told. If you are in no particular rush to leave the inn, then you are very welcome to sit yourself down in the hazel grove again tomorrow night, where you may happily listen to whatever sighting Sun will bring to my eyes. And it would be my anticipation, Receptive that we would be following it with some very fine discourse as we did this night.

Receptive Thank you, Rísteárd. It's very good to be here.

Rísteárd You're most welcome, Receptive.

You go ahead now to your bed.

Take the candle from the table with you.

I will rake the fire.

Receptive Good night so, Rísteárd, and thanks again.

Rísteárd Have a sound sleep, Receptive.

Familiar sounds of the fire being raked by way of gentle touch.

Rísteárd *Exeunt*

Sighting of the sacred hearth: *Opera House*

Sunday Eve the 13th July 2002

Annotations:

de cap a pie - from Old French meaning, 'from head to foot/from top to bottom'

Richard - in Gaedhilge, Rísteárd

The double accent on the 'í' and 'á' spelling applies only within these pages to produce a special meaning. In regular usage there is only a single accent and that is placed on the 'e' and sometimes on the 'a' .

La Bohème - By Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924) Based on Henri Murger's novel *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*

La Traviata - By Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901) Based on Alexandre Dumas's play *La Dame aux Camélias*

Carmen - By Georges Bizet (1838-1875) Based on the story of the same name by the French novelist, Prosper Mérimée

Le Nozze di Figaro - By Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) Based on Pierre-Augustin Caron (Beaumarchais)'s comedy *Le Mariage de Figaro*

Il Barbiere di Siviglia - By Gioachino Antonio Rossini (1792-1868) Based on the comedy *Le Barbier de Seville* by Beaumarchais

L'Elisir d'Amore - By Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848) Based on the French comedy *Le Philtre*

Rosa - Rosa Ponselle (1897-1981) Legendary Italian-American soprano


Enrico - Enrico Caruso (1873-1921) Legendary Italian tenor

Victor Hugo - Victor Marie Hugo (1802-1885) French novelist, poet and dramatist as well as statesman.

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